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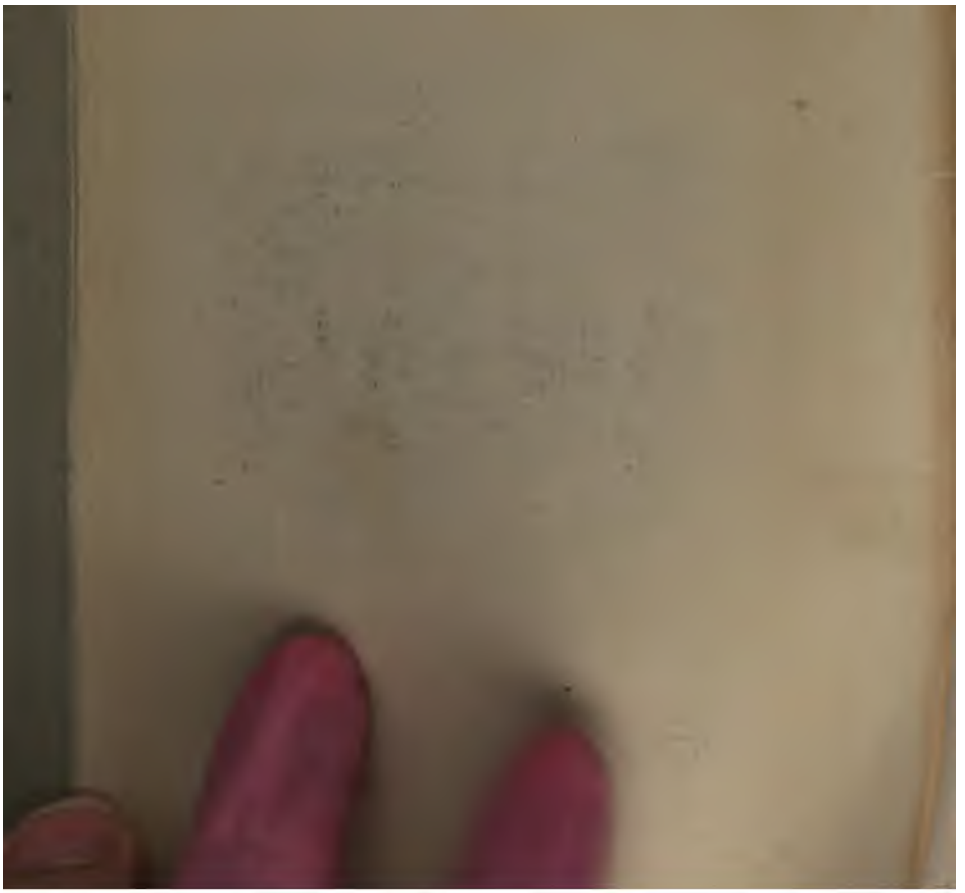
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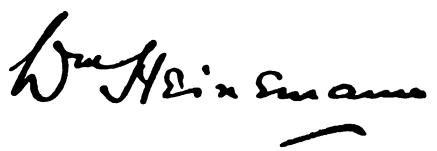
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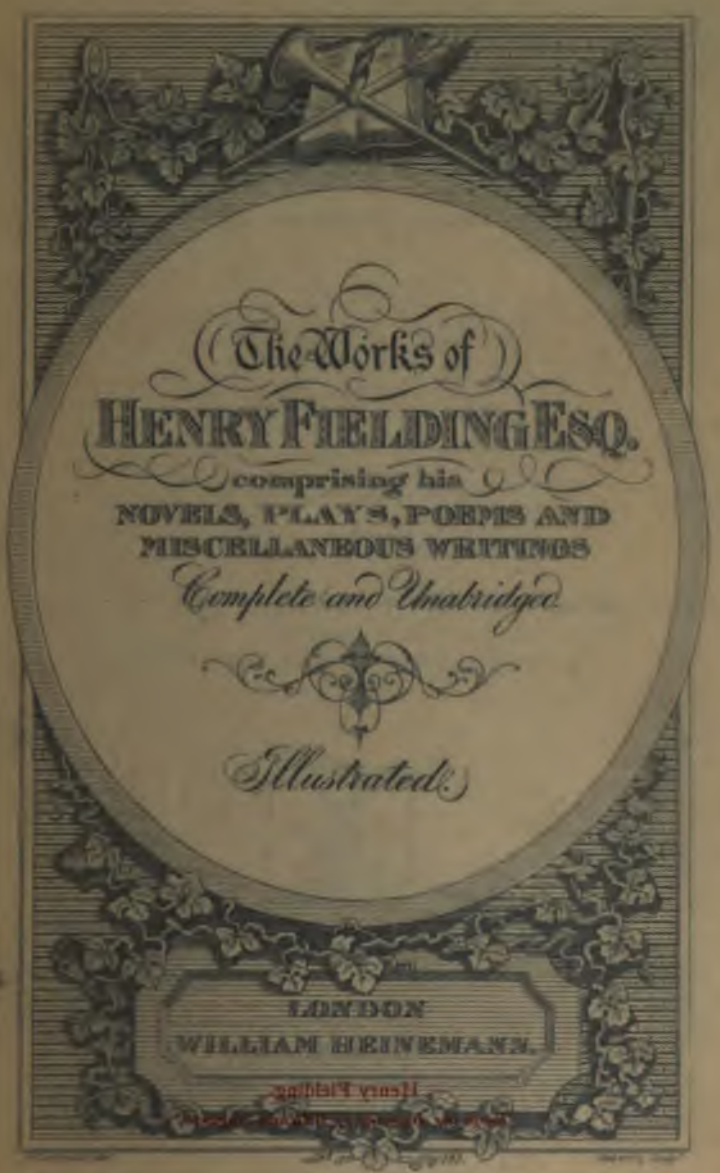
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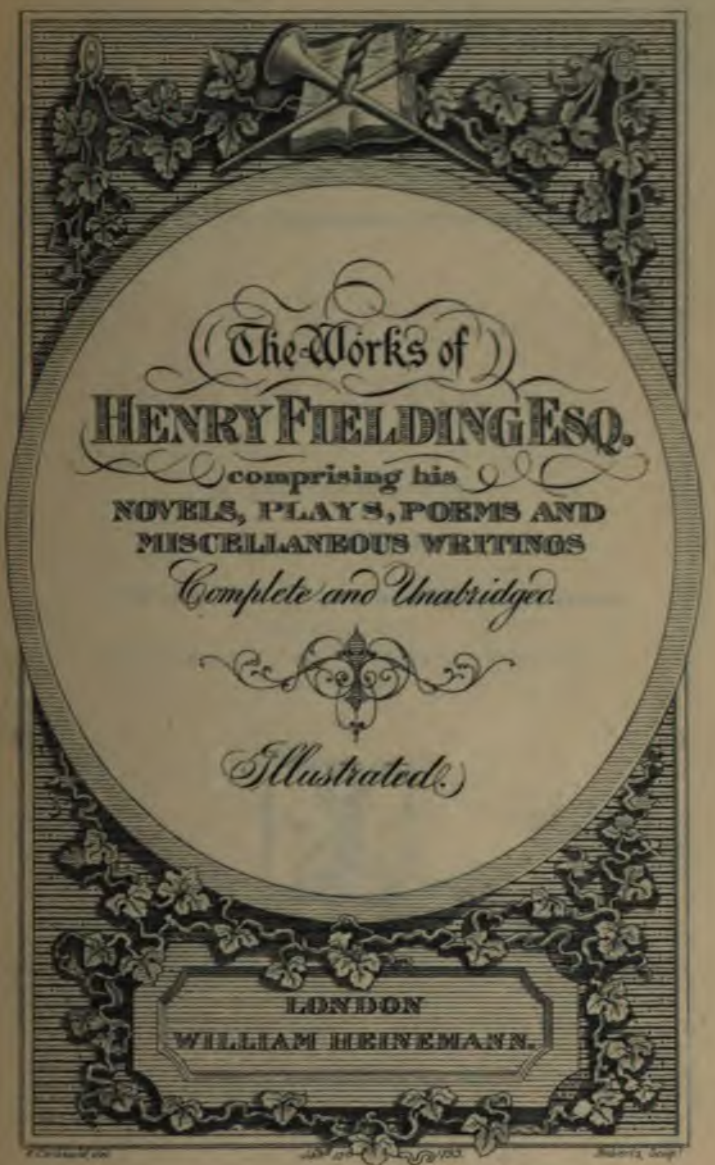

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VOL XIII
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Henry Fielding.

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HENRY FIELDING

BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, LL.D.

HENRY FIELDING

1707-1754

THEY are not few that have dealt with Henry Fielding's work and fame; but not too many of them have done the best by him. The most of his life is, and must ever remain unknown to us; and in the absence of accredited facts, men have had to make inferences, and the most of these have failed to stand the tests of reflection and time. Was our premier Novelist an habitual "bulker": a party, that is, who slept on public benches, or butcher's stalls, or the like open air conveniences, among thieves, and buttocks, and beggars, for the sole reason that he had nowhere else to sleep?[1] Did he play Bilkum in fact, and tap a real Stormandra for his share of her fees in the service of a living, breathing Mother Punchbowl? Was he used to blow a trumpet at a booth in Bartlemy Fair? All these villanies were laid to his charge (for a frantic Scotchman is no respecter of God, or Man, or History), and all are demonstrably false. Smollett (the aforesaid frantic Scotchman), who wrote of him in his life-time, wrote in so violent a passion that, his humour being for the moment in abeyance, he could not see that, in dealing as he did with a superior, he was simply revealing himself for a person sick with envy and vanity; and Richardson, who also wrote of him in his life-time, wrote also as a megalomaniac, and with a feminine acidity in his madness, a sort of elderly-maiden-lady ruffianism in intention and effect, which admirers of *Clarissa* are at some pains to dissemble. There are

[1] Of course, he may have bulked it once and again for fun. I myself . . . But who has not?

glimpses of him in his cousin, the Lady Mary Montagu, and these, if they be kindly on the whole, are on the whole contemptuous;[1] there are others in Horace Walpole, that Faddle of genius, whom God and his opportunities made the best letter-writer in Eighteenth-Century England; there is one magnificent reference, as it were a leaf from Apollo's laurel bough, in Gibbon. Comes Arthur Murphy, the Editor of the first collected Edition (1762), an excellent creature, but one not well acquainted with Fielding's life, nor able, had he been so acquainted, Mr. Boswell's inimitable performance being still undone to make use of his knowledge to any particular advantage; comes Sir Walter, who writes as your right Scot will, and frankly prefers his countryman above the "Englisher," though in the long run, being Sir Walter, he is constrained to write Fielding down "the Father of the English Novel;" comes Thackeray with that achievement in portraiture of his, a piece of work delightful as literature but wholly disloyal to letters; come Lawrence and Keightley, who want to learn whatever may be learned, and in their need go far to redeem our world from the reproach of knowing nothing of one of its greatest men; comes Sir Leslie Stephen, "a good man, good at many things," who knows and loves his Fielding, and says the wisest and the most affectionate things of him, yet cannot refrain from making comparisons, and finding resemblances, between Fielding, the immitigable Ironist, and Thackeray, the unmitigated Sentimentalist, which make you wonder how and why in the world he contrives to be so affectionate and so wise as he is. Meanwhile the Figure itself remains legendary, vague, obscure. Was there a Lady Bel-

[1] *Cf* her taunt that he was capable of "sharing a rapture with his maid." Mr. Saintsbury's comment on this takes the shape of a quotation:— "Which many has." 'Tis but three words long; yet is it long enough. Her Ladyship, by the way, had a mortal contempt for Mr. Pope, the poet; but she nowhere goes so far as to reproach him with his capacity for "sharing a rapture" with a tainted harlot. (See *post*, pp. xxviii-xxx, my note on Colley Cibber.) But then, you see, Mr. Pope had begun by solemnly, even ardently, making love to her; and, so far as we know, her cousin had not.

laston in his life? Who knows? Yet the chances are that there was? Who cares? Did he smoke so furiously that he needed nothing but the wrappings of his tobacco for the manuscript paper of the very solid Five Volumes of *Théâtre* contained in this Edition? Was he commonly drunk, always begrimed with snuff, and ever bending the stiles along his path up Parnassus' Hill with no better dunnage than a yard of clay and a flask of champagne? Thackeray's charming but (in the circumstances) really rascally discovery of him made strongly for these last conclusions; for Thackeray you see, knew all about the Eighteenth Century, and was good at Grub Street, and had all but published with Lintot and Cave. So the Middle-Victorian feeling against the Author of *Tom Jones* was strong: so strong that Lord Houghton (himself a man with an idiosyncrasy which demanded privacy) writing of Thackeray dead, could actually refer to him as "Fielding without the manners' dross."[3] It sounds incredible; yet so it is. And, for my part, I cannot be emphatic enough in my praise of them that have done what they could to discredit this affecting perversion of life, and character, and fact. Mr. Saintsbury, for one, has brushed it aside: not without a twinge of conscience, I imagine, as becomes a *fervent* of Thackeray; but critically and finally.[4] Still, the first great

[3] So, too, Miss Bronte: who compared him to a vulture (the "eagle" of her antithesis being W. M. T.), talked of his taste for carrion, and professed to discern terrific potentialities for mischief and illiberality (especially in his contemplation of his female friends) in the shape of his lower jaw. It is pretty evident that the impassioned spinster knew nothing of what she was talking about; but it is also pretty evident that she followed the trend of her time. On the whole one is not sorry that her "eagle" found her dull, and escaped her society for the Garrick, as soon as ever (with an approach to politeness) he could.

[4] Mr. Saintsbury is nearly always correct about Fielding. A whiff, for instance, and he disposes, once and for ever, of what Sir Walter (who is quite prepared to believe it of Fielding, by the way: though I think he would have stiffened his back and bronzed his brow against it, had it been told of Smollett) rightly terms that "humiliating anecdote," which is related by Horace Walpole on the

effort to redeem our Fielding from the reproach affixed upon him by the inheritor of his province in art, his genius, his cynicism, and the rest—("his wit, his humour, his pathos, and his umbrella")—was Mr. Austin Dobson, in that excellent monograph which he contributed to the "English Men of Letters" Series (1883). I may think Mr. Dobson is rather more apologetical than he needs to be: that, in dealing with this great man apart from his works, he also is somewhat Middle-Victorian in mood and effect. But his is a brave book, all the same: and none can read it without learning as much of Fielding as will probably be known this side Doomsday. Many may write, and many will write (as I hope), about this Man among Men of ours; but howsoever many they be, there is none but will owe a great deal to the good Poet and fine Scholar to whom 'tis due.

I

It was long the fashion: a fashion to which Gibbon gave the weight of his serene assurance and immense authority: to treat the Feildings,[5] as descended from a Hapsburg. This fashion is now discredited; but there is no doubt that the greatest of them sprang from an ancient and gallant stock, and came from forbears distinguished in English life and history. I am not concerned with the passage of the Feild-

authority of such political and social scum as Rigby and Peter Bathhurst: I mean the story of Fielding at supper, in company with a dirty cloth, a ham-bone and a mutton bone in one dish, a blind man, a whore, and three Irishmen. A touch of Mr. Saintsbury's finger; and 'tis seen to be, while good enough Horace Walpole, entirely incredible history.

[5] So the name is still spelled, I believe, by the Denbighs—the ruling branch. Fielding's retort upon a Denbigh, who asked why he wrote his name with the "i" before the "e"—(that he supposed it was because his branch was the first that learned to spell)—leaves the question exactly where it was.

ings through the years. It is enough to begin with Sir William, created Earl of Denbigh, who married Susan Villiers, sister to George, First Duke of Buckingham; died for his King in Rupert's rush on Birmingham; and left behind him two sons, Basil and George. The first of these, a vigorous yet independent Roundhead, married wisely and variously,[6] lived to a great age, and dying without issue, passed on the Earldom of Denbigh to William, his nephew, second son of his brother George. This same George was raised to the Irish Peerage as Viscount Callan, "with succession to the Earldom of Desmond;" and his fifth son, John, who entered the Church, and became Canon of Salisbury, and Chaplain to William III., took to wife Bridget, daughter of Scipio Cokain, of Somersetshire, by whom he had issue three sons and three daughters. His third son, Edmund, followed the wars, served with distinction under Marlborough, and made a match, whether runaway or not remains obscure, with Sarah, daughter of Sir Henry Gould, Knight, of Sharpham Park, Somerset, a Judge of the King's Bench. And at Sharpham Park, on the 22nd April, 1707, there was born to these two that Harry Fielding who is known to us as the Father of the English Novel, or (as Byron put it) "the prose Homer of human nature." [7]

Edmund Fielding may, or may not, have been what his contemporaries would have called "a queer bitch." Inasmuch as he fought well under Marlborough, as I have said, and died a Major-General, the chances are that he was not exactly *that*. But there is a suspicion that he was by way of being something in that line; for in 1706 his father-in-law bequeathed to Harry Fielding's mother a fortune of £3,000—(to be invested either in the "purchase of a Church or Colledge lease, or of lands of Inheritance")—for her sole use, he (Edmund) having "nothing to doe with it." Sir

[6] Either he was, or he might have been, responsible for no less than four several Countesses of Denbigh.

[7] A niece of Dr. John's, the Lady Mary Pierrepont, was afterwards the renowned Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In effect, she was Harry Fielding's second cousin.

Henry knew his namesake and grandson, for he did not die till 1710; when Edmund and his wife removed from Sharpham Park to a house in East Stour (or Stower) in Dorsetshire. There other children were born to them, notably Sarah, author of *David Simple* and a valued correspondent of the celebrated Mr. Richardson,[8] and there in 1780, when Harry was somewhere about eleven years old, his mother died. That is all that is known. Whether Edmund Fielding did, or did not, stay on in the pleasant house at East Stour none living can tell; and they that bet on the event do so in an utter lack of information But, speaking with perfect caution—(that is to say, with the voice of Mr. Austin Dobson)—"it is clear that the greater part of Harry Fielding's childhood must have been spent 'by the banks of sweetly-winding Stour' . . . to which he subsequently refers in *Tom Jones.*" Also, it is recorded that his education at this time was the work of the Rev. Mr. Oliver: presumably "the clergyman of Motcombe, a neighbouring village." According to Murphy, Oliver sat for Parson Trulliber; but I had rather think that on this point, as on others, Murphy was mistaken. 'Tis to be noted (for one thing) that Harry Fielding, while something of a pedant, was an excellent classical scholar. I cannot believe that he learned to become one at Eton. I make bold to conclude that, whoever it was that took on the brilliant, apprehensive, inquiring youngster, he could not choose but do his best with the material at his hand. Now, if Oliver were the Trulliber whose sole concern was pigs and pigs-wash, then one of two things is certain: either Fielding, the most generous and the most upright of men and writers, very horribly maligned him; or Trulliber (pig-dealer and pork-butcher; sow-gelder *à ses heures)* was not Oliver; and Arthur Murphy, meaning quite handsomely by all parties, as is the manner of his kind, here said the thing which was not, and so did mischief now past repair.

Well grounded, however: whether by Trulliber-Oliver or

[8] Who insulted her in her brother, the victorious author of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, as only an underbred, agitated, offended citling could.

by another: in due course Fielding went to Eton. Here he remained for certain years, no "Colleger" (one harboured within) but an "Oppidan" (a scholar boarded in the town); here, "with true *Spartan* fortitude," as he remarks, he sometimes sacrificed at that "birchen altar" dear so long to the High-Priests of Science; here he met his fast friends, George Lyttelton, Winnington, and Charles Hanbury (afterwards Hanbury Williams), and had for his contemporaries Henry Fox, and William Pitt (Pitt, the Great Commoner; Pitt the sublime Lord Chatham!), with, it may be, Gilbert West, who translated Pindar, and little Tommy Arne, who was afterwards to write the music of *Artaxerxes,* and *Rule Britannia,* and many a classic in English song besides; and here, in the noble, if ambiguous, speech of the illustrious Mr. Gray, (himself an Etonian, of a somewhat later date) he "chased the rolling circle's speed" and "urged the flying ball" with all the energy that

> **Buxom health of rosy hue,**
> **Wild wit, invention ever new,**
> **And lively cheer of vigour born,**

could give. I know not (nobody does) the date of his reception;* but I have had several lads of genius through my hands, and I make bold to say that here came his Choice of Hercules, and that that choice was hardly one which would commend itself to Minerva. There is nothing to guide one, nothing to illuminate, nothing to suggest. But women are women; such boys as the boy Fielding, seld-seen or not, are ever occurring; and Fielding's mind was in the main an experimenting, an observing, a debating mind. Is Molly Seagrim Mr. Jones's first? If she be, then assuredly, I take it, there is not near so much likeness between Jones and Fielding as has hitherto been perceived. In Fielding's life and work, the Accidental Woman takes her place, and gets her due. That is one of the many things which mark him off from other English novelists. Of itself, the point is unimportant. Boyhood

*Mr. Dobson conjectures that he was entered soon after his mother's death.

counts for little or nothing in the development of sentimental Man, and Youth for very little more. It is only when Manhood lays hold upon a boy that Woman begins to count: till then she is but a sensation and a jest. But to be a Man is to be conscious of a heart; and with, and in, that consciousness your rakish Youngster becomes a decent Male, and (forgetting his experiences) looks round for Somebody with whom to fall in love. That, as I think, was Fielding's case; as it has been the case of many millions of lusty lads besides. To put things plainly, I think that he had learned his grammar thoroughly before he went to Eton; and I am fully prepared to meet him when, on his departure thence, he falls over head and ears in love with Miss Sarah Andrew.

She was "a fortune and a beauty," as they said in those days; she lived at Lyme Regis; she was a lonely, lovely orphan; one Andrew Tucker was her Guardian. It was so desperate a business while it lasted that, though the lover was but eighteen or so (but, like the abducting Rochester before him, he cannot but have been an uncommonly handsome and brilliant boy), the Young Lady herself was sent away out of his reach; while the Young Lady's Guardian was moved to protest (in an affidavit) that he went in fear of his life on account of young Mr. Fielding and his man, which latter "he feared would beat, maim, or kill him." Is young Mr. Fielding's man a far-away vision of Black George? I love to think so; but evidence, much less proof, is wanting. What is certain is that Miss Andrew, having been deposited for safety with another Guardian, one Rhodes of Modbury, in South Devon, was presently married off out of harm's way to one of Rhodes's sons; had several children; and was afterwards honoured among the Tuckers and the Rhodeses as the original of Sophia Western. Of course, she was nothing of the sort; for, as we all know, Fielding was at some pains to make it history that, in essentials and particulars alike, Sophia Western was none other than his first wife, Charlotte Cradock. But it is scarce possible to doubt that Mrs. Rhodes, who, at the time of affidaviting, was a damsel of fifteen (she died in 1783, being then some three

and seventy years old) shared, if she did not encourage, the delusion; for it is a fact that Woman, whatever her age, and whatever her fashion, dearly loves being written about in books, and that Ronsard's lovely sonnet:—

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle:—"

enshrines and glorifies an eternal truth. I do not for a moment think that, however romantical the Fielding of Lyme Regis, he knew thus much: and I am equally sure that the lady did not. But by the time that *Tom Jones* appeared, both he and she were wiser. Both were some thirty years older; but the woman was by that much the worse for life, while the man, his eye on immortality, had so far learned his lesson that Miss Andrew was at best a pleasant memory, and he was conscious of nothing vitally glorious in the past except the girl he had married; loved to distraction; honoured with motherhood; spree'd with; starved with; betrayed (it may be; I know not); and seen die.

Meanwhile he had done enough. A lad of eighteen, he had been foiled in a fine, scandalous attempt at abduction; he had seen a fortune and a beauty violently removed from his neighbourhood, and married out of hand with a view to making him impossible; and he had been bound over to keep the peace by an elderly gentleman, who went in bodily fear of young Mr. Fielding and his follower. He rose to the situation (or Edmund Fielding rose for him); and, instead of going to Oxford or Cambridge, as in the ordinary course of things he would have done, he went to Leyden to read law under "the learned Vitriarius." Also, he "took it out of" Miss Andrew by translating a part of Juvenal's Sixth Satire "in English Burlesque Verse," in the manner of Mr. Butler's *Hudibras*. It will be owned, I think, that this was not the revenge of a desperate man.[10]

[10] *Austin Dobson, Henry Fielding* (New York), Appendix I. It was Keightley who unearthed old Tucker's affidavit. It was sworn the 14th of November, 1725, before John Bowdidge, Mayor of Lyme Regis; with the result that Henry Field-

II

NOBODY knows how long Fielding remained under the wing of the learned Vitriarius, nor, when the learned Vitriarius was doing something else than lecture, exactly how he employed himself. It is said, however, that he worked hard at the "civilians;" and it is history that he had his eye upon the drama, and brought back with him the first draft of his *Don Quixote in England*.[11] It is plain that, if any Dutch maiden attracted him, the affair was attended by no memories, whether humourous or tragic, nor issued in any more translations from the Roman Satirists; and it is also plain that neither the country nor the people made any sort of impression on him; for I recall but a single reference to either in his after-work.[12] I suppose, with others, that when he did return to England, he returned because he could not count

ing, Gent, and "his servant or companion, Joseph Lewis," were bound over to keep the peace, insomuch as the said "Andrew Tucker, Gent., one of the Corporation," was "in fear of his life of some bodily hurt to be done or to be procured to be done to him by H. Fielding and his man." Further: it was a Tucker tradition that Andrew of that ilk considered himself hardly used by Rhodes of Modbury, for the reason that, all the while he was going in fear of his life, etc., he was resolving that Miss Andrew should marry his own son. One Davidson, a Devon antiquary, is responsible (under an "it is said") for the statement that Fielding (his "companion or servant," no doubt, aiding, and abetting) "made a desperate attempt to carry the lady off by force on a Sunday, when she was on her way to Church." Last of all, as Miss Andrew's mother and the mother of Sarah Gould were in some sort connected, the Chloe and Strephon of this highly romantic business appear to have been a kind of cousins. Why in the *Théâtre* of Henry Fielding is there no comedy called *The Rival Guardians?*

[11] As his formal comedy, *Love in Several Masques*, was played while he was yet in his twentieth year, it seems highly probable that it also was at least begun at Leyden.

[12] I forget for the moment where it occurs. But the inspiration of it is merely the stenches of a Dutch canal.

on ready money from his father—(who had married a second time, and was begetting a second family with all the lustiness of a British soldier)—and was unable to pay his lodgings and his fees. At any rate, return he did; and, being by this time a handsome, vigorous, inspiring, creature, over six feet high, shaped (the inference is) like one of his own heroes, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with a presence, and a temperament, and a tongue, he plunged, and plunged again, and yet again plunged into the roaring, rioting pool of early Georgian London. His nominal income was one of £200 a year; but it came from his father, and, as he himself remarked of it, anybody might pay it that would: so that, men and women being what they are, and have always been, I see no reason to doubt that he knew Lady Bellaston at first-hand, and, on occasion, was no more carefully concerned to reject the favours of Miss Matthews than was Lieutenant Booth. I may be slandering him; but I do not think that he himself would have either said or thought so, and I am sure that Balzac, whom he anticipated at more than one point, and in whose theory of Fiction as a right expression of Life the Woman who gives, and the Man who takes are essential elements, would, had he been consulted, have explained (at great length) that human intercourse is largely conducted on these lines;[18] and if M. de Fielding had not, on occasion, vied with MM. Henri de Marsay, and

[18] In point of fact, the outcry against Mr. Jones's acceptance of money from Lady Bellaston, "for value received," is largely, if not wholly, an effect of cant. Such connexions, such fine confusions of beatitude and gratitude, have existed at least since Woman began to assert herself as Man's complement and equal; nor, if you clear your mind of Puritan hysteria, and think it out, is there any reason, especially if you consider the practice of the whole civilized world, during many hundreds of years: Puritanism (or, better still, the Prudery which is the worst and most mischievous effect of Puritanism) always excepted: why there should be. This apart, however: it is certain that such connexions are common yet in all civilized polities; and it is shrewdly suspected that, even in England, their morality and convenience are found

Lucien de Rubempré, and Maxime de Trailles, and the rest of those brilliant blackguards which we know, he would have been at best the "good buffalo" of Taine's report. Of course, Fielding was no more La Palférine, nor Nathan, nor de Marsay, than he was the "good buffalo;" and, of course, we cannot get behind that much of his autobiography which he chose to publish in his novels. But it is evident that one of his merits is his hold on Character and Life: especially upon Life and Character as they are shaped and determined by the uses and the circumstances of Society. Men and women, as I have said, and as everybody knows, are pretty much now what they were then; as then they were pretty much what they have always been. And I no more doubt that the Matthews and Bellaston episodes were profitable to Fielding: profitable and deemed in no sort reprehensible: than I doubt that their author wrote the *Journal of A Voyage to Lisbon,* every sentence in which is stamped the utterance of a humane, stately and honourable gentleman.

Be this as it may, "young ravens must have food;" and if this particular young raven differed from others, his brethren, at this point, it was that, having far larger appetites than they, he needed a fuller choice and a steadier supply of victuals. As he could get nothing from his father, and was therefore debarred that study of the Law to which, as his grandsire's namesake and firstborn grandson, he was perhaps devoted from his birth, he presently found himself face to face with an "extensive and peculiar" difficulty. Should he turn hackney-writer? Should he turn hackney-coachman? So he says himself; and, however considerable his gift with cattle may have been, I take it none can wonder that he took to persuading men and women rather than to driving hacks. In truth, there was no choice for him. Even in Grub Street the literary calling was not without its genteel

immensely less unnatural in fact than they are in fiction: so that a real Jones were not nearly so much to blame for taking real money in an inkhorn, real life from a real Lady Bellaston as he is in taking money from Lady Bellaston, as the mere hero of a novel.

elements. The loosest and arrantest of them that "wrote for the booksellers;" the men who sold their shirts for tripe and gin, and cut themselves arm-holes in a blanket, or a sack, to shelter them while they rapped out translations from Xenophon or Tacitus, or wasted their ink in speculation as to the economic future of the Realm, or in essays on *The Effect of the Precious Metals on the Conduct and Conscience of Mankind:* even these wretches, I say, could call themselves scholars and gentlemen, and, if they pawned, and starved, and cadged, and potted, could always do so on the argument that their profession was honourable, and that they themselves, however unfortunate, yet chiefly suffered by reason of the dull and stupid self-esteem of the Mobility, for which they wrote, and the rapacity of the Bookseller, whose business it was to keep the Mobility going in the matter of Polite Letters, and to pay his furnishers as little as he might, at the same time that he extorted from them every scrap of "copy" which their famished intellectuals would yield. Plainly Fielding had no choice: he must turn to literature, or perish. So to literature he turned. And, being young, and therefore foolish; being ignorant, and therefore unwise; having nothing to the purpose but high spirits, a bowing acquaintance with certain languages, and a versatile and clever turn for imitation; he did as all the adventurous youngsters have done who ever attempted Letters, and took to writing for the Stage.

III

'Twas a courageous thing to do; and it might, had he been such an *homme du théâtre* as Dumas was afterwards: Dumas, or even Sheridan; to say nothing of Vanbrugh and Wycherley before: it might, I say, have taken him to fame and fortune. But, for one thing, he was far too young for anything but apprenticeship to this most difficult of trades; and, for another, he had few touches of the Stage in him, and neither

saw its true inwardness nor divined the means which heaven-born dramatists use to secure their ends. To him, in the beginning at all events; to him, as I see him in these years; a play was a form of literature in five divisions, called Acts. It was written in dialogue; and in writing it, therefore, you might be as facetious, or as irrelevant, or as pointed as you liked, since in these modes of composition, you were, or you thought you were, presenting Character. Then, having presented Character through some three or four Acts: in the course of which you suggested a couple of adulteries, and brangled together as many absurd and futile intrigues as your scheme would comprehend, on the pretext, and with the idea, that you were painting Manners: you made, in your Fifth Act, a kind of *amende honorable* to your persecuted Hero. And Mrs. Takewell went to the right hand, and Mrs. Shakewell to the left hand; and the hideous old guardian, Justice Gripewell, was confounded and bamboozled; and Filchwell (the valet) brought in a box of deeds; and Pinchwell (the chamber-maid) volunteered a confession; and Mr. Valentine and the lovely and blushing, but not too innocent, Aurelia were made happy for life. A caricature? Why not? Caricature or no, I cannot see that, in the matter of Formal Comedy, Fielding, though he did other things on other lines, ever got beyond the Theory of Drama herein contained and expressed. Indeed, he took that theory very seriously; did his best to live up to it; and sometimes succeeded, more or less, in his endeavour. But in the end, the thing about him to be got from his plays is that, if he were (as he was) the very Genius of the Novel, that terrible entity the *homme du théâtre,* whose absence has wrecked so many ambitions, was not included in his magnificent and various endowment.

When, at twenty, he produced his *Love in Several Masques,* the Gods of Comedy were dead, and the Town was running mad on that entertaining bastard, *The Beggars' Opera.* Congreve and Wycherley were ancient history. Farquhar's last and best comedy, *The Beaux' Stratagem,* had been produced by Mr. Wilks in 1707, the year of our neophyte's birth. Even Cibber—(the popular Actor-Manager-Author: as who should

say the Georgian or Early-English Dion Boucicault; the Cibber of Mawworm and Dr. Cantwell, of Sir Novelty Fashion and Sir Charles Easy)—was himself a kind of relic, or antiquity. Vanbrugh, our most humourous, most vivid, most generous and abundant stage-humourist since Fletcher, was newly dead, and his posthumous *Journey to London*—"faked," perverted, finished, by "Old King Coll"—had, as *The Provok'd Husband,* given the thrice-admirable Mrs. Oldfield one of her last and greatest opportunities (1727). But his best play *The Provok'd Wife,* dated from 1697, while his *Relapse,* a master's descant on certain trifling themes set forth in Cibber's *Love's Last Shift:* his *Relapse,* with Hoyden and Foppington, with Berinthia, and Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, and the Nurse: was but a year younger; and his *Confederacy,* that inoubliable reminder that the Comic Muse is naturally no better than she should be, dated as far back as 1705. Of course the good men were about, and in the air. Wycherley, I take it, had passed: 'twas a big, lusty English brute, with a rare sense of the Stage, and a *vis comica* never so well shown as in his grossest offences against accepted morals,—such as they were. But there was always Congreve, the boldest, the wittiest, the most deliberately literary of them all: Congreve, so truly the heir of Jonson that his diversions, his asides, his accidents, his incidental scenes, his studies in humour, his English, remain incomparable to this day. There was Farquhar, a kind of prose Fletcher, with his velleities of romance, his dissolute, kindly humour, his mastery of a certain sort of character, his turn for telling speech, his unalterable disposition to see everything in the rosiest, the most sparkish, the most gallant light. Last of all there was Sir John Vanbrugh; and I think that in Sir John, young Harry Fielding might very well have found that he wanted. For our Man among Men was not at all romantically given: he cared nothing for that sort of gay and adventurous, yet poignant, contrast of character and event, which Farquhar set forth in *The Inconstant,* and *The Twin-Rivals;* so Farquhar was not for him. As for Congreve, well—! "Il ne fait pas ce tour qui veut." In such matters as expression and invention, is

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not even Sheridan's a poor reflected glory beside Congreve's? And *The School for Scandal,* however gallantly it go, does it contrast effectually with *The Way of the World* and *Love for Love?* And how should this masterly and vigorous, yet rare and exquisite, craftsman attract your 'prentice-hand in any but the worst sense and to the fondest end? In fact the sole and only model left to Fielding was Vanbrugh; and he, with all his deep and all his surface qualities, was every whit as hopeless an exemplar as the rest; inasmuch as in his composition there was intensely and especially included that aforesaid *homme du théâtre,* an appreciable strain of whom had somehow been omitted from Fielding's.

The two men had much in common; but their effects are never so far apart, their results exhibit never so glaring a discrepancy, as when each is drawing on their common heritage. As regards Morality, for instance: both are lewd in fancy, abrupt in treatment, coarse in intention and effect. But Vanbrugh's lewdness is amusing, Fielding's is dull; Vanbrugh's method is brilliant and exhilarating, Fielding's is seldom either one or other; Vanbrugh's effects, his *jeux de scène,* his processes and conclusions, are essentially dramatic, while Fielding's—well, are they for the most part worth a thought?[14] A better way to mark the essential difference between the two is to consider them in their several methods of treating Character, and to this end I will take each man

[14] As Fielding's, yes, a thousand times. As stage-stuff, no. I except the Burlesques: *Tom Thumb the Great* and *The Covent Garden Tragedy.* Both are masterpieces; but in both the interest is largely literary and pedantic; it has but a kind of rotting acquaintance with human nature; the Poet-in-Charge is rather gibing and japing a certain mode of literary activity, and therewith a select few among his literary brethren, than doing anything for English Comedy. In other words, the Drama of Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Hoadley, Cibber (even), Sheridan, is in divers ways and degrees an expression of Life. Fielding's Burlesques, which are the best of his *Théâtre,* are but a criticism of one side, one aspect, one ambition of a particular expression of Art.

in his peculiar province: Vanbrugh on the Stage, Fielding in the Novel. And taking them thus, I stop on the one hand at Sir John Brute, on the other at Squire Western. No contrast could be more instructive. The Novelist literally plays with Western: he knows him ever so intimately, yet his introduction of him seems almost careless; he shows him a tyrant and a ruffian and a sot; yet he has ever a kindly, and at the same time a leisurely, half-laughing, half reticent mastery of his creation, which he never permits to get out of hand; so that he is able, on occasion, to assert, and to make us assent to, such an outrageous familiarity as that of the boxing of Squire Western's ears, by a person unnamed, whose sole title to credence is that, being an officer and a gentleman, he is as well acquainted with Squire Western as Squire Western's creator.[15] Now, with Western contrast that other most excellent study in Georgian English; I mean Sir John Brute. No purpose would be served by disarticulating or anatomizing the Somersetshire squire and the London mohock. My concern is with methods; and I ask you to note how, while Fielding's Western is always presenting himself, yet is not once fully presented, so that, to get a complete impression of him you have to take the *History of a Foundling* first and last: in *The Provok'd Wife* Vanbrugh presents his Brute from the beginning in such terms that misunderstanding is impossible.[16] The character that is to say, leaps instantly into life and energy and colour, complete as Pallas springing from the brows of Zeus. A dramatist, a Comic Poet, has passed,

[15] That is to say, a great deal better than Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Saintsbury. Sir Walter thought that Mr. Western ought to have retaliated; Mr. Saintsbury (speaking, he says, as a Tory) agrees, and seems to think this inimitable and daring touch the Novelist's "one slip." For myself, I am, like Mr. Dobson, of Mr. Fielding's party: for the reason that he knew his Western, and that his Western, if we are to accept him at all, must be accepted on his terms.

[16] *The Provok'd Wife*, Act 1, Scene 1. *A Room in Sir John Brute's house. Enter* SIR JOHN BRUTE. SIR JOHN. "What cloying meat is love, when matrimony is the sauce to it," *Etc.*

[illegible] of Sir John's, you could swear to [illegible] thousand.

[illegible] such an injustice as to compare any- [illegible] this masterpiece of dramatic presenta- [illegible] a little further: let us compare the Nov- [illegible] Poet; let us take the immortal scenes [illegible] his Sister and the scene in which Sir [illegible] begin to tell each other what they must [illegible]. These scenes are the true apotheosis of the [illegible]: the Squire and his Sister are handled with [illegible] an adroitness, a mastery alike of male bru- [illegible] imbecility, a command of English as it ought [illegible] except in novels, which make them one of [illegible] things in letters; and you take them to your- [illegible] the reflection that this is how the good man, sure [illegible] and master of his material, *does*. Does, that [illegible] he is writing a novel. But how if the same good [illegible] out to write a play? And how would this gem of fic- [illegible] sparkle on the boards? The answer is instant and un- [illegible]: it would not sparkle at all. It could not: not even [illegible], at a given point, the Squire should "suit the action [illegible] word," and thereby make himself a shrined Saint for [illegible] Naturalists in Time. Now, Sir John Brute is a frank [illegible] violent blackguard; he is also a villainous drunkard; he [illegible] (further) a rake of the dirtiest habit; and he hates, in- [illegible], and despises his wife, as lively a person as Vanbrugh [illegible] make her, for the sole reason that she is his wife. She, My Lady, is pursued (much to her contentment) by one Con- [illegible]; and in the end comes one of the completest scenes in English Comedy. Constant and Lady Brute, supported by Heartfree, Constant's friend, and Belinda, Sir John's niece, are taking tea, and talking agreeable treason. *Alarum. Excursions.* The two gentlemen are dissembled in my Lady's closet; and to my Lady and Belinda enters Sir John—(who has been beating and despoiling citizens, and has passed the night in a cell, and is fresh from the hands of a scandalized Justice and an astonished Constable)—as drunk, as filthy, as cynical and detestable as a man may be. At a wink from the Comic Spirit

Sir John, insisting on "some of your cold tea, Wife," breaks open the closet, and Messrs. Heartfree and Constant emerge. Sir John is magnificent: drunk as he is, he rises to the situation, and is magnificent. But, says Constant in effect, after giving a lucid yet inexpressibly futile explanation of things: —"If you don't choose to believe all this, Sir, why, then, I wear a sword;" and so departs with Heartfree, leaving Lady Brute and Belinda to face the storm. To these Sir John: wickedly drunk, yet with a fine eye for facts, and the strongest sense imaginable of his own position, as determined by the other man's announcement that he wears a sword: to these, and to himself, Sir John:—"Wear a sword, Sir? And what of all that, Sir?" . . . I dare quote no further. But he that runs may read; and he that doth so read may, having first of all rejoiced in Miss Western and the Squire, as being among the best the English Novel contains, go search me all the plays that Fielding wrote for a speech that on the stage would mean one fortieth so much, or a part that would play one fortieth so well. The conclusion is inevitable. Fielding's Rambles and Veromils, his Sotmores and his Millamours, his Guzzles and Ruffiers, his Positive Traps, and Bellamants, and the rest, are stuff ground out for the Stage to keep some actors in parts and a certain "young raven" we know of in mutton and champagne; while Vanbrugh's Sir John is stuff done for the Stage for the very simple reason that it could not possibly, any more than *Othello* and *Hamlet* could, be done for anything else.

I shall not attempt to analyze the several essays in Formal Comedy, Farce, Translation, Burlesque, and Political Satire, which Fielding, between *Love in Several Masques* (1727), which was exalted by Oldfield, Wilks, and Cibber, and *The Wedding Day* (1743), which not even Garrick and Woffington and Macklin could keep from sinking. With this last (there was a posthumous play, called *The Fathers; or The Good-Natured Man)* his varied, picturesque, and in some ways interesting career as a writer for the theatres came to a rather poor full close. He is said to have remarked that he left

off play-writing at the moment when he ought to have been beginning to write plays. But, for my part, while I am prepared to admit that, if he did speak to this purpose, there was much truth in what he said, I am very glad, for the sake of the English Novel, that he discovered his mistake too late to profit by it. Mr. Dobson has said all there is to say about his five and twenty essays in play-writing, and, in denoting *Pasquin*, and *The Author's Farce*, and the Burlesques for special commendation, has left me and the others nothing particular to say. For the Burlesques they are, as I think, unapproachable. In a sense they are echoes; but they are echoes so vocal and so plangent, so wanton and so vigorous, as altogether to drown the Voices that set them calling.[17] For the Ballad-Farces, and some of the Formal Comedies, there is this to add: that Fielding knew his London, and in them made as good and profitable an use of it as lay in him to make. Of the Satires, I will but note that they filled his pockets, and—incidentally, at least,—suggested to Sir Robert

[17] One, *The Covent Garden Tragedy*, (1732), a travesty of Ambrose Philips and Racine, is altogether too naughty and too riotous to be included in any list of *Masterpieces of the English Drama* which an honest critic might essay to eternize. Yet a masterpiece it is; and the Author was a young fellow of five and twenty. The other, *Tom Thumb the Great*, though something more pedantic, is even better fun. It was written when Fielding was twenty three; according to Mrs. Pilkington it forced from Swift one of the two laughs of his life; it had a run of many nights, the last scene being invariably encored; in a redaction (with songs), by Kane O'Hara, it held the stage for years. Liston was magnificent as Lord Grizzle; and "James" said Walter Scott to the elder Ballantyne, on a day in the Year of Grace, 1814—"James," he said, "I'll tell you what Byron should say to me, when we are about to accost each other:"—"Art thou the man whom men famed Grizzle call?" And then how germane would be my answer:—"Art thou the still more famed Tom Thumb the Small?" The quotations are not so much from Fielding as from Kane O'Hara. But certain men of admirable Genius—Fielding, Byron, Scott—take hands, in them, and I give them for all that means.

Walpole the creation of that Dramatic Censorship by which, in the person of the Licenser of Plays, the English Stage has ever since his time been throttled. The adaptations from Molière, *The Mock Doctor* (1732) and *The Miser* (1733) are well done; and what is more, perhaps, they served to increase the reputation of the Miss Catharine Raftor afterwards famous as Mrs. Clive.[18] The latter was a favourite with "heavy leads" as late as the late Sam Phelps.

But, the Burlesques apart, Fielding's *Théâtre,* while it displays the Author as a dramatic adventurer of uncommon energy, industry, and versatility, is none the less essentially *oubliable.* I have read it several times; and every time it has been new to me. New, and dull. I can remember Lord Ogleby and Dr. Cantwell; I have not forgotten Mrs. Centlivre; I have, to put my case on higher ground, a good running interest, in *The Squire of Alsatia* and *The Suspicious Husband.* But Fielding's heroes and heroines, his rascals and his gulls, his intrigues, his diversions, his attempts at invention, are ever a blank to me: I forget them as I read. And my conclusion is that, while he makes so interesting and respectable a figure as to bulk largely in the history of the English Stage, yet, however timely and enterprizing, however *ondoyantes et diverses,* his ambitions were, he left English Drama and the English Stage pretty much as he found them. It is absurd to say that he did not often—(not always; but often)—do his very best. Drunk or sober, Bellastonized or only "on" with this lady or that, the man was a serious artist in whatever mode of art he sought for distinction. I take it that he could not—positively *could* not—embark upon a five-act comedy without getting interested in his work; and to be interested is to do one's best; and there is enough honest intellectual effort in *The Temple Beau,* or *The Tragedy of Tragedies,* to furnish forth (say) a dozen *Second Mrs. Tanquerays.* But, in the long run, there is but one thing to say of his protracted and laborious experiment: that he was not the man for

[18] I know not if Fielding discovered this remarkable woman. But, if he did not, he did so much for her, having seen her once, that he may fairly be said to have created her.

the work, and that his *Théâtre* is therefore no place for lovers of the Play, as Congreve's is, and Farquhar's, and Vanbrugh's. To be content with it, we must rather regard it as a burrowing-ground for historians, and antiquaries, and all such persons, whether useful or not, as are interested in the manners and the Stage of Georgian London.

IV

THUS much of Fielding's Plays. And Life, meanwhile: Life, which at the worst means old mutton and tobacco and champagne, and at the best is a prolonged occasion for self-respect, a luxury which Fielding never lacked, I take it, for more than a day or two at a time? How did the author of *Tom Thumb* and *The Temple Beau* contrive to "keep his end up" (as we say), and pay his way? Did he come into money through his mother, and had he ever a small but regular income, in addition to that £200 a year, which "anybody might pay who would," to keep him in shin of beef and "British Burgundy" and "Freeman's Best," when champagne and what goes with it were impossible? We do not know. In his position, and with his opportunities,[19] a modern[20] would get an actress to pay his debts, and mother his failures, or would simply work as some Miss Matthews: with a wealthy "friend," and a strong, but wholly imbecile, ambition to make as much of her sex in drama as (say) Mme. Duse makes of her unique temperament and unrivalled art: would have him work, so that he presently fitted her with a tailor-made part, much as Sardou fits Réjane or Sarah. Fielding, it seems, did neither; though, as I have said, he

[19] It is to be noted that, whether he hit or missed, he never lacked a stage, but played whatever he did the moment it was done.

[20] Of course, I mean a modern Frenchman. For who ever heard the like of any Englishman, unless he were the hero of an Eighteenth-Century novel?

made all the use he could of the admirable Miss Raftor;[21]—and, being an adventurer of resource and parts, played off the idiosyncracies of Mrs. Charke (Colley's daughter), and Theophilus Cibber (Colley's son), and Quin, and Macklin, and even Colley himself, as well as ever he could. It is pretty certain that he made money by his experiments in drama: for the very simple reason that, if he had not, he could scarce have lived, and must certainly, if one refuse him his Bellastons and his Matthewses—(as, of course, in the interests of Purity and Art and Victorian-England one does)—have taken for a livelihood to hackney-coaching after all. For my own part, I wish he had left a diary of his assault upon the Stage. He must, I think, have loved the life, while it lasted; for he is nowhere very severe on any of the trade. The exception is Colley Cibber.[22] Fielding soon

[21] Who was, it is told, a woman of so strict a virtue that her fair fame was never so much as touched by a breath of anything that was not demonstrably Slander.

[22] Cibber was certainly a man of parts. As an actor of fops and villains, he seems to have had remarkable merit; his perversion of *Richard the Third* held water for something like a couple of centuries, and was played by Garrick, Kean, Macready, everybody, down to the day when Sir Henry Irving sent it to Limbo for ever; in Vanbrugh's hands his Novelty Fashion became the inimitable Lord Foppington; as Poet-Laureate he was very little worse bestowed, he was not much more ridiculous and ineffectual, than the Austins and the Whiteheads and the Pyes; for such critical portraitures of actors and actresses as are contained in the *Apology*—(a work which Fielding, in the course of his vengeance, was at some pains to show must of necessity be written in English, inasmuch as it could not possibly be written in anything else)—are so good, so complete, so convincing that we have to wait for Lamb and Hazlitt at their best to get anything to vie with them, and, even so, we cannot choose but feel, in comparing the antient and the moderns, that, if Hazlitt and Lamb be the better literature, 'tis the old Actor has the finer insight, and that his technical inspiration (so to speak) gets nearer, far nearer, the truth than the fine results, however closely observed or well imagined they be, of these others, *par nobile fratrum*, even though they had Munden and Kean to write about; also, some of Cibber's work for

saw its true inwardness nor divined the means which heaven-born dramatists use to secure their ends. To him, in the beginning at all events; to him, as I see him in these years; a play was a form of literature in five divisions, called Acts. It was written in dialogue; and in writing it, therefore, you might be as facetious, or as irrelevant, or as pointed as you liked, since in these modes of composition, you were, or you thought you were, presenting Character. Then, having presented Character through some three or four Acts: in the course of which you suggested a couple of adulteries, and brangled together as many absurd and futile intrigues as your scheme would comprehend, on the pretext, and with the idea, that you were painting Manners: you made, in your Fifth Act, a kind of *amende honorable* to your persecuted Hero. And Mrs. Takewell went to the right hand, and Mrs. Shakewell to the left hand; and the hideous old guardian, Justice Gripewell, was confounded and bamboozled; and Filchwell (the valet) brought in a box of deeds; and Pinchwell (the chamber-maid) volunteered a confession; and Mr. Valentine and the lovely and blushing, but not too innocent, Aurelia were made happy for life. A caricature? Why not? Caricature or no, I cannot see that, in the matter of Formal Comedy, Fielding, though he did other things on other lines, ever got beyond the Theory of Drama herein contained and expressed. Indeed, he took that theory very seriously; did his best to live up to it; and sometimes succeeded, more or less, in his endeavour. But in the end, the thing about him to be got from his plays is that, if he were (as he was) the very Genius of the Novel, that terrible entity the *homme du théâtre,* whose absence has wrecked so many ambitions, was not included in his magnificent and various endowment.

When, at twenty, he produced his *Love in Several Masques,* the Gods of Comedy were dead, and the Town was running mad on that entertaining bastard, *The Beggars' Opera.* Congreve and Wycherley were ancient history. Farquhar's last and best comedy, *The Beaux' Stratagem,* had been produced by Mr. Wilks in 1707, the year of our neophyte's birth. Even Cibber—(the popular Actor-Manager-Author: as who should

say the Georgian or Early-English Dion Boucicault; the Cibber of Mawworm and Dr. Cantwell, of Sir Novelty Fashion and Sir Charles Easy)—was himself a kind of relic, or antiquity. Vanbrugh, our most humourous, most vivid, most generous and abundant stage-humourist since Fletcher, was newly dead, and his posthumous *Journey to London*—"faked," perverted, finished, by "Old King Coll"—had, as *The Provok'd Husband,* given the thrice-admirable Mrs. Oldfield one of her last and greatest opportunities (1727). But his best play *The Provok'd Wife,* dated from 1697, while his *Relapse,* a master's descant on certain trifling themes set forth in Cibber's *Love's Last Shift:* his *Relapse,* with Hoyden and Foppington, with Berinthia, and Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, and the Nurse: was but a year younger; and his *Confederacy,* that inoubliable reminder that the Comic Muse is naturally no better than she should be, dated as far back as 1705. Of course the good men were about, and in the air. Wycherley, I take it, had passed: 'twas a big, lusty English brute, with a rare sense of the Stage, and a *vis comica* never so well shown as in his grossest offences against accepted morals,—such as they were. But there was always Congreve, the boldest, the wittiest, the most deliberately literary of them all: Congreve, so truly the heir of Jonson that his diversions, his asides, his accidents, his incidental scenes, his studies in humour, his English, remain incomparable to this day. There was Farquhar, a kind of prose Fletcher, with his velleities of romance, his dissolute, kindly humour, his mastery of a certain sort of character, his turn for telling speech, his unalterable disposition to see everything in the rosiest, the most sparkish, the most gallant light. Last of all there was Sir John Vanbrugh; and I think that in Sir John, young Harry Fielding might very well have found that he wanted. For our Man among Men was not at all romantically given: he cared nothing for that sort of gay and adventurous, yet poignant, contrast of character and event, which Farquhar set forth in *The Inconstant,* and *The Twin-Rivals;* so Farquhar was not for him. As for Congreve, well—! "Il ne fait pas ce tour qui veut." In such matters as expression and invention, is

not even Sheridan's a poor reflected glory beside Congreve's? And *The School for Scandal,* however gallantly it go, does it contrast effectually with *The Way of the World* and *Love for Love?* And how should this masterly and vigorous, yet rare and exquisite, craftsman attract your 'prentice-hand in any but the worst sense and to the fondest end? In fact the sole and only model left to Fielding was Vanbrugh; and he, with all his deep and all his surface qualities, was every whit as hopeless an exemplar as the rest; inasmuch as in his composition there was intensely and especially included that aforesaid *homme du théâtre,* an appreciable strain of whom had somehow been omitted from Fielding's.

The two men had much in common; but their effects are never so far apart, their results exhibit never so glaring a discrepancy, as when each is drawing on their common heritage. As regards Morality, for instance: both are lewd in fancy, abrupt in treatment, coarse in intention and effect. But Vanbrugh's lewdness is amusing, Fielding's is dull; Vanbrugh's method is brilliant and exhilarating, Fielding's is seldom either one or other; Vanbrugh's effects, his *jeux de scène,* his processes and conclusions, are essentially dramatic, while Fielding's—well, are they for the most part worth a thought?[14] A better way to mark the essential difference between the two is to consider them in their several methods of treating Character, and to this end I will take each man

[14] As Fielding's, yes, a thousand times. As stage-stuff, no. I except the Burlesques: *Tom Thumb the Great* and *The Covent Garden Tragedy.* Both are masterpieces; but in both the interest is largely literary and pedantic; it has but a kind of rotting acquaintance with human nature; the Poet-in-Charge is rather gibing and japing a certain mode of literary activity, and therewith a select few among his literary brethren, than doing anything for English Comedy. In other words, the Drama of Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Hoadley, Cibber (even), Sheridan, is in divers ways and degrees an expression of Life. Fielding's Burlesques, which are the best of his *Théâtre,* are but a criticism of one side, one aspect, one ambition of a particular expression of Art.

in his peculiar province: Vanbrugh on the Stage, Fielding in the Novel. And taking them thus, I stop on the one hand at Sir John Brute, on the other at Squire Western. No contrast could be more instructive. The Novelist literally plays with Western: he knows him ever so intimately, yet his introduction of him seems almost careless; he shows him a tyrant and a ruffian and a sot; yet he has ever a kindly, and at the same time a leisurely, half-laughing, half reticent mastery of his creation, which he never permits to get out of hand; so that he is able, on occasion, to assert, and to make us assent to, such an outrageous familiarity as that of the boxing of Squire Western's ears, by a person unnamed, whose sole title to credence is that, being an officer and a gentleman, he is as well acquainted with Squire Western as Squire Western's creator.[15] Now, with Western contrast that other most excellent study in Georgian English; I mean Sir John Brute. No purpose would be served by disarticulating or anatomizing the Somersetshire squire and the London mohock. My concern is with methods; and I ask you to note how, while Fielding's Western is always presenting himself, yet is not once fully presented, so that, to get a complete impression of him you have to take the *History of a Foundling* first and last: in *The Provok'd Wife* Vanbrugh presents his Brute from the beginning in such terms that misunderstanding is impossible.[16] The character that is to say, leaps instantly into life and energy and colour, complete as Pallas springing from the brows of Zeus. A dramatist, a Comic Poet, has passed,

[15] That is to say, a great deal better than Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Saintsbury. Sir Walter thought that Mr. Western ought to have retaliated; Mr. Saintsbury (speaking, he says, as a Tory) agrees, and seems to think this inimitable and daring touch the Novelist's "one slip." For myself, I am, like Mr. Dobson, of Mr. Fielding's party: for the reason that he knew his Western, and that his Western, if we are to accept him at all, must be accepted on his terms.

[16] *The Provok'd Wife*, Act 1, Scene 1. *A Room in Sir John Brute's house. Enter* SIR JOHN BRUTE. SIR JOHN. "What cloying meat is love, when matrimony is the sauce to it," *Etc.*

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Nash in *Jack Wilton*,[27] brutified and stultified by the Head of *The English Rogue*, half-visioned, yet never seriously attempted, by Defoe, touched in a pretty futile way by Mrs. Behn—the English Novel, I say, became a living, breathing, working fact.

The book began as a parody of *Pamela* (1741); it ended as the first English Novel. In *Pamela* Richardson set forth the circumstances of a virginal and very lovely Menial, whose Master, the incredible and indescribably wooden Mr. B., made divers desperate but entirely silly and ineffectual attempts upon her Virtue. Then, in the long run, having baffled his wiles, and beaten off his assaults, she permitted him to marry her; so that she was amply rewarded for being a good girl, and declining to part, unless on terms, with what M. Dumas *(fils)* has called her *capital*. The story of her resistance to the impossible Mr. B. and of her final triumph over his vile passion made excellent reading for all sorts of women: fine ladies, blooming virgins, and good plain wives and mothers: then, and would make excellent reading for all sorts and conditions of maid-servants now; though, to be sure, I pity the young woman who should risk her *capital* on Richardson's theory of the Master—("Kinder they than Missuses are," Policeman X has said; and certainly he is right)—as embodied in the once celebrated Mr. B. To Harry Fielding: who, for one thing, knew the worth of a wench's humour, and for another how the noble Mr. B. should have done by Pamela, and would assuredly have done by Pamela, had he not been the creation of a Vegetarian, who knew nothing of life, and wrote of women only from their own report of themselves:[28] to Harry Fielding, I say, *Pamela* appeared (as in fact it is) so much strained, unhealthy, and unnatural rubbish. That being the case, he began upon a

[27] Euphues, Sidney, Green, Lodge—what are they but romantic futilities? As little in touch with life as Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, and as bad at narrative as any one you please.

[28] The worst education possible; since it tells you nothing but what they wish to be known of themselves, at the same time that it makes you acquainted with certain subtleties which, being un-

parody: with Pamela's brother, Joseph, being wooed to his undoing by the sister of Mr. B., whose Footman he is, even as the obstinate Pamela is Mr. B.'s Maid. Now, Pamela is in love with Mr. B.: which makes her resolution all the nobler in fact and all the more romantical in design. But Joseph is in love with somebody else; so that Mr. B.'s Sister, though she plays the game a vast deal better than her idiot brother, comes off no better with Joseph [29] than Mr. B. came off with Pamela. If her Ladyship could have but a single rouse! But the Comic Spirit is afoot; and she cannot. Also, she must not; for here comes Adams (the Rev. Abraham: sure the nearest thing to Don Quixote in English!); here come Fanny, and the incomparable Slipslop, and Beau Didapper, and the excellent Towwouses, and Trulliber and Betty, the Maid of the Inn, and—how many besides? Who knows? The book being a pure joy from beginning to end, who stops to count? As a Person of Consequence in letters once said to me:—"In *Joseph Andrews* the Old Man"—(he talked of Fielding *ætat* 35, as "the Old Man!")—"got his hands right into the guts of Life." That says anything there is left to say about this gamesome and delightful Epic of the Road.[30] And it may

consciously revealed, appear, and probably are, so true that, seen in their light, the veracity of the whole report is made to seem unassailable.

[29] That old affair of Mrs. Potiphar's goes on until this day.

[30] 'Tis a pleasure to record that it began as the success it is. It had not, one gathers, so instant and so splendid a triumph as *Pamela;* but there were Editions; and now, I take it, for one that reads the story of Mr. B. and the sublime Miss Richardson (for that, and nothing else, that is what Miss Pamela Andrews is) some sixty read the story of Joseph and Fanny. For the rest, it may be noted that Fornication, the sole Unpardonable Sin in English Fiction, is but a detail (as it is in life) in *Joseph Andrews;* but in much of *Pamela* it is the staple of the book. In the work done by the man who knew the world there is My Lady, there is Betty, there is the fair and desperate Slipslop, there are Didapper and Towwouse. But they are but circumstances: they fit in well enough, but they are nothing like the whole. Now, in *Pamela,* none is permitted to fornicate; yet the theme of the novel is Fornication.

stand here for all the "critical" rubbish, which I might, but will not, accumulate about it.

1743 was the year of the *Miscellanies:* included in which, with much in prose and verse which is interesting to us only because Fielding thought it worth printing, are a *Journey to the Next World,* that odd, clever half-success in the manner of Lucian; and *Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great;* that tremendous achievement in pure Irony, that masterpiece in a mode in which none save Swift has excelled this author.[21] *The Journey to the Next World* is ingenious and clever; but it is not to be named in the same breath with *Jonathan Wild the*

Mr. B. is always hovering round in a most dreadful and indecent state; and Pamela is always praying to be protected from a kind of Walking Phallus (as in a Kaulbach allegory), terribly menacing and ever ineffectual, or resisting its approaches, or writing to her parents to tell them that it has had no luck, and that she is still their Virgin child. Which is the more moral writer? Which the more buxom book?

[21] And has he, has Swift himself, done better? I cannot think so. Mr. Saintsbury says the other thing; but I take leave to disagree. Swift was a master; but in all his work there is no Jonathan, no Miss Tishey, no Mr. Snap—in fact no *Jonathan Wild the Great.* Sir Walter did not understand the book: he thought it was a piece of realism, and, as I believe, preferred his countryman Ferdinand Count Smollett. Thackeray, though he wrote very prettily of it, seems to have grasped the writer's purpose at least as ill as Scott had done before him. The truth is, the book is an exemplar, and the best we have, of a certain mode in letters; and the mode which it examples is Irony: a mode in which few Englishmen have excelled, and in whose practice even Mr. Meredith has come, at times, to hopeless grief. And for this reason it is isolated in English Letters. It is given to few to love Irony for its own sake; to still fewer to delight in the Ironical Presentation of life and character, which in this book Fielding essays with complete success. What did the vulgar think of it? What but that they have always thought of what they could not understand?

Some Plays he wrote sans Wit or Plot,
Adventures of Inferiors,
"Which with his lives of rogues and thieves
Supply the Town's————."—

Great, which is in some ways Fielding's masterpiece, and which is certainly one of the masterpieces of English Literature.

Need I say anything about the rest of the *Miscellanies?* About the *Essay on Conversation?* Good as it is, it is only considerable because our Fielding wrote it. About the verses? In truth, all one can say of them is *(a)* that they are not bad, and *(b)* that some of them show the Poet in the act of making love to Miss Cradock. It is better to leave these things untouched, and to go on with the story of Fielding's life, so far as we know it. That story, so far as we know it, is very easily and briefly told. He went the Western Circuit; the gout took hold of him; he lost his wife, and eventually married her maid; he did lots of journalism, some of it witty and appropriate, but none of it worthy the author of *Jonathan Wild* and *Joseph Andrews;* in 1748, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for Westminster. It was a poor post for a man like Henry Fielding: a man versed in law, already a great writer, an adept in humanity, a past-master of the ways and uses of Society. But it seems to have contented him; and he continued in it till he died. Also, he was evidently a most capable, humane, intelligent, and vigorous magistrate; or the Bow Street records printed in *The Covent Garden Journal* go for naught. Then, again, there is no doubt that he got his death in the pursuit of certain gangs of robbers, which gangs he, being then quite horribly ill, did utterly confound and annihilate. In the meanwhile, he published *Tom Jones* (1749) and *Amelia* (1751 [22]); he endured the brutalities of Smollett, sick with envy and hate and rancour; he edited *The Covent Garden Journal.* Then the time came for him. His health was irreparably broken; he had dropsy, and he had gout; the magnificent Young Man of not so many years ago

That was all they got from this unrivalled book; and I doubt not that Lady Mary, and Mr. Walpole, and Mr. S. Johnson, and Mr. Richardson, the celebrated novelist, got still less from it than these others. The ruck counts not; but I think that Mr. Johnson should have known better.

[22] Published in the December of that year; but dated 1752.

was plainly dying. That he knew as much is certain: that he had lived his life, and here was the end. But he did not say so; and that thief-catching affair, however splendid a piece of good magistracy and good citizenship, may fairly be said to have but precipitated an inevitable event. Our sole satisfaction in it now is that he also was satisfied: he had answered to the call of Authority; had done his duty and retired. When he sailed for Lisbon, his work was over; and he knew it. Still, he had enough of life and energy left to enact and write the circumstances of his pilgrimage; and, as I think, 'tis in this book, this *Voyage to Lisbon,* that we find the true Fielding. Modest, patient, suffering, ever dignified, perfectly wholehearted, perfectly cheerful, perfectly resigned: in fact, the great Englishman, whose ghost, if he have a ghost, has pretty certainly put Thackeray's on its knees long since, very much as in his real body he put his Captain on his marrow-bones in the cabin of that *Queen of Portugal* in which he sailed for Lisbon. Lisbon and Death. In Lisbon among *Os Cyprestes,* the secular trees in the English grave-yard hard by he lies until this day.

> There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
> And the Nightingale sings in them all the day long.

So he does over the grave of Harry Fielding. Meanwhile, "Luget Britannia Gremio Non Dari Fovere Natum." There is no more Fielding now. But we have not been idle. Far from it. And there is now an infinite deal of Messrs. Howells and James.

VII

Of all the definitions that ever were defined Taine's definition of Fielding as "a good buffalo" strikes me as one of the most absurd. But Taine, man of genius as he was born, and *savant* as he made himself, was at all times the prey of any

theory that happened to commend itself to his imaginative yet very logical mind; and either this, his theory of Harry Fielding,[23] was one of the unluckiest he ever developed, or you can pay no man a higher compliment than to call him a Good Buffalo. For consider what, in Fielding's case, is comprehended in the term. Here is a man brave, generous, kind to the *n*th degree; a man with a great hatred of meanness and hypocrisy, and a strong regard for all forms of *virtus*, whether natural and impulsive or an effect of culture and reflection; an impassioned lover, a devout husband, a most cordial and careful father; so staunch a friend that his books are so many proofs of his capacity for friendship; of so sound a heart, of so vigorous a temperament, of so clear-eyed and serene a spirit, that years and calamities and disease do not exist for him, and he takes his leave of the World in one of the most valiant and most genial little books that ever was penned; distinguished among talkers by a delightful gaiety, a fine and gracious understanding, an inalienable dignity; withal of an intelligence at once so vigilant and so penetrating, at once so observant and so laborious and exacting, that, without hurry as without noise, patient ever and ever diligent, a master of life, a master of character, a master of style, he achieved for us the four great books we have, and, in achieving them, did so nobly by his nation and his mother tongue that he that would praise our splendid, all-comprehending speech aright has said the best he can of it when he says that it is the speech of Shakespeare and Fielding. If to be a Good Buffalo be all that—(and in Harry Fielding's case it is all that, and

[23] It was as Harry, I think, that he was known to the contemporary crowd: at all events to such of it as knew and loved him. I recall an odd instance. In certain records of the Old Bailey Sessions, purchased for professional uses by the late R. L. S., and devoutly perused by me, we came on a case of blackmailing, the details of which are happily unfit for print. One of the Hunters—John, I *think*—was a chief witness for the defence; and in the course of his evidence he noted that he had seen such a case before; at Bow St., "in Harry Fielding's time." I am sure of the quotation, though I have forgot the speaker's Christian name.

more)—why, then, I can't help wishing that the breed were more prolific; and even that M. Henri Taine had himself belonged to it.

I shall say nothing about the four great books, for the very simple reason that everything there is to say about them has been said. Like Dickens's work, and Scott's, but, as is inevitable and natural, to a still greater extent, as yet they are as essential a component in the mighty fabric of our Literature as the plays and poems of Shakespeare, or the poetry of Spenser and Milton, and Gibbon and John Bunyan, and Defoe's half-failures, and Mr. Boswell's biography. And when I say that to consider them: in all their stately shapeliness of plan, their admirable completeness of structure, their reasoned prodigality of detail and adornment: is for me about the same, neither more nor less, than considering St. Paul's, which I esteem the piece of architecture the nearest to perfection these eyes of mine have seen, it will be apprehended, I hope, that I keep not silence out of irreverence. But everybody worth mentioning—(as Lady Mary, Gibbon, Gray, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Lang, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Saintsbury,[24]) has spoken:

[24] Whose notes on Fielding are edifying and sagacious in no mean degree: especially the passages in which he deals with Mr. Jones's relations to Lady Bellaston, and seeks to explain Dr. Johnson's dislike of Fielding. Thackeray's view was distorted and obscured by the fact that *(a)* he was so terrible a Sentimentalist that he thought Amelia Sedley and Laura Bell ideals for which to live and die; *(b)* that he considered Fielding the Man a most improper Person; and *(c)* that he envied Fielding the Artist his chances, would have liked to make a real Man, as Fielding had done, and could do nothing better than the ingenuous Pendennis. Scott is, as they say, "all right as far as he goes;" but he goes not very far, and, as I have said, he frankly prefers Smollett before Fielding, even to the extent of making the Englishman pick a quarrel with the Scot, and so completely falsifying history; the fact being, of course, that Smollett: who, take him all round, was a worse case of megalomania than Richardson himself: began by grossly insulting Fielding and his friend Lyttleton in the First Edition of *Peregrine Pickle*, and went on to produce the really

and why should I essay to say something new and convincing after these? 'Tis enough that, as I think, Harry Fielding was a great and good man; who also, by premeditation and design, laboriously created an Art, and created it in such terms, and to such a purpose, that none has practised it since his time but must have worked and written differently if this immortal Master had not written and worked before him.

W. E. H.

infamous pamphlet in which (1752) he professed to give an account of the strange and dreadful madness of one Habakkuk Hilding, "trading justice and chapman." Another critic, whose identity I will not discover, goes so far, in the vain endeavour to be original (an endeavour which hath made him eminently individual in the matter of facts and dates), as to ask if *Amelia* be not "a little dull?" I will close this note by owning that Thackeray, if he, whether wilfully or stupidly, misunderstood and mis-stated the Man, was in absolute sympathy with the Writer, and that his eulogy of Fielding (in *The English Humourists)* is the most eloquent and the best there is.

THE

DESCENT OF HENRY FIELDING

By A. C. FOX-DAVIES.

AUTHOR OF "ARMORIAL FAMILIES" & "THE BOOK OF PUBLIC ARMS."
EDITOR OF "THE GENEALOGICAL MAGAZINE."

HENRY FIELDING, the novelist was a descendant of that illustrious English family of which the present head is Rudolph Robert Basil Aloysius Augustine Feilding, 9th Earl of Denbigh.

The origin of the Feilding family has long been the subject of bitter controversy, and the highly illustrious descent asserted by themselves, though much questioned, and now seldom accepted by critical genealogists, has little to recommend it beyond the fact that the story itself is of very ancient origin. The well-known writer "G. E. C." in his "*Complete Peerage*," refers to the matter thus:—"His ancestor, Geoffrey Feilding of Misterton Co. Leict., is said to have styled himself in a letter, 11 June (1316), 9, Edward II., "filius Galfridi, filii Galfridi, Comitis de Hapsburg et Domini Laufenburgh et Rin *felden* in Germania," and to have accordingly taken the name of Felden, having pretension to that dignity. No mention, however, of this illustrious origin is made in the Heralds' Visitations, and whilst it is now very generally discredited, it is worth repetition if only that it may afford the opportunity of quoting Gibbon's statement—"Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V may disdain their

brethren of England, but the romance of '*Tom Jones*' that exquisite picture of humour & manners will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

Thackeray in quoting the foregoing adds "There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great Judge."

The next generation to the Geoffrey above mentioned was William Feilding (the surname of the family has been spelt in a score of ways) who acquired by his marriage with Joan Prudhomme, granddaughter and heir of Robert Newnham, the manor of Newnham Paddox. This estate has ever since remained in the Feilding family, and is now the principal seat of Lord Denbigh. The son of that marriage was Sir John Feilding, who was knighted in the French Wars, and his son was Sir William Feilding, who, a staunch Lancastrian, was killed at the Battle of Tewkesbury in 1471. He had married Agnes, daughter and heir of John Seyton (or St. Liz). The eldest surviving son of Sir William was Sir Everard Feilding, a Knight of the Bath, whose great-great-great grandson was another Sir William Feilding, with whom the fortunes of the family commenced to rise rapidly. About the year 1607, he married Susan, daughter of Sir George Villiers, and sister to George, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, to which match the advancement of the Feildings can undoubtedly be traced. In 1620 he was created Baron of Newnham Paddockes, Co. Warwick, and Viscount Feilding, and on 14 September 1622 he was made Earl of Denbigh. Of necessity a Royalist, he held various Court and official appointments, and after having served as Admiral in several expeditions, he is found as a volunteer in Prince Rupert's Horse, being mortally wounded in a skirmish near Birmingham, 3rd April 1643. He died on the 8th of that month. His eldest son who had previously been called up in his father's life time to the House of Lords as Lord Feilding of Newnham Paddox, was ambassador to Venice from 1634-1639, but, in opposition to his father, he attached himself to the Parliamentary Party, and after having held high rank in the Cromwellian Army in 1644 he was one of the Parliamentary Commissioners to the King. His character is set forth by Clarendon, who gives


Virtutis praemium honor



him credit for "much greater parts than either of the other three" Commissioners. It appears that he said he would most willingly "serve the King signally, but to lose himself without any benefit to the King he would decline." Later he concurred in the Restoration and was accordingly created Baron St. Liz. Though married four times, he died without issue, his honours descending to his nephew William Earl of Desmond.

This last was the eldest son of George Feilding (second son of the first Earl of Denbigh) who had been created Baron Feilding of Lecaghe and Viscount Callan, and who, upon the death of his wife's father, Sir Richard Preston, succeeded under a special remainder to the Earldom of Desmond. The Earl of Desmond had five sons, of whom, the eldest, William, succeeded as Earl of Denbigh and Earl of Desmond. The youngest son John D.D., Canon of Salisbury and Chaplain to King William III., married Bridget daughter of Scipio Cockain, and had three sons and three daughters. Scipio Cokayne (or Cockain) derived from a common ancestor (Sir John Cokayne of Ashbourne, Co. Derby ob. 1323) with Sir Aston Cokayne, Poet, Playwriter, Spendthrift and Royalist, the head of the House of Cokayne. Sir Aston having sold the Ashbourne estate died without surviving male issue, and with his death in February 1683-4 the elder branch of the family. came to an end. The relationship was however so remote that it can be no more than a mere coincidence that both Henry Fielding and Sir Aston are found in the ranks of the literary craft. The youngest son of Canon Feilding and Bridget Cockain was Lieut. General Edmund Feilding, who was twice married—first to Sarah, daughter of Sir Henry Gould, a Judge of the Kings Bench, and secondly to Eleanor Blanchfield, having issue by both marriages. By his first wife he was the father of Henry Fielding, and of four daughters, of whom the third daughter Sarah was the author of "*David Simple.*" By his second wife he had with other issue, Sir John Feilding, the blind magistrate who died in 1780.

Henry Fielding the novelist who was born 22 April 1707, was called to the Bar, and afterwards appointed a police

magistrate. Like his father, he was twice married, having issue by each marriage. There is a well-known story connected with the altered spelling of his surname, which the novelist appears to have been the first to adopt. The version given in the Gentleman's Magazine (1786) relates that in the course of conversation . . . "The (then) Earl (of Denbigh) asked him how it was he spelled his name Fielding and not Feilding, like the head of the House? 'I cannot tell, my Lord,' said he 'except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell.'"

The arms of Feilding, like all ancient arms, are very simple, being "Argent, on a fess azure, three lozenges or," The crest is "on a wreath of the colours a nuthatch pecking at a hazel-branch, fructed all proper" with the motto "*Virtutis præmium honor.*" Most members of the family, however, have uniformly added the quartering of Hapsburg and displayed their arms upon the double headed eagle of the Holy Roman Empire. To this practice however, no official sanction has been given.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST
OF THE FIRST EDITIONS
(Except when otherwise stated)

OF THE

WRITINGS OF HENRY FIELDING

1728 LOVE | IN SEVERAL | MASQUES. | A | Comedy, | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal, | By | His Majesty's Servants. | Written by Mr. Fielding. | *Nec veneris Pharetris macer est, nec Lampade fervet;* | *Inde faces ardent; veniunt a Dote Sagittæ.* | Juv. Sat. 6. | London: | Printed for John Watts, at the Printing-Office | in *Wild-Court,* | near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.* 1728. [Price 1s. 6d.]

Title + 4 leaves + pp. 82 + Epilogue, 1 leaf.

1728 THE MASQUERADE, *see* 1731 THE GRUB STREET OPERA, to which it is added.

1730 THE | TEMPLE BEAU. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields.* | Written by Mr. Fielding. | *Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix Flumine Lembum* | *Remigiis subigit.* Virg. Georg. | *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse* | *Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia* Nobis. | Hor. Art. Poet. | London: | Printed for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.* |MDCCXXX. [Price 1s. 6d.]

Title, Prologue, etc. 2 leaves + pp. 80 + 2 leaves.

1730 THE | AUTHOR'S FARCE; | and the | *Pleasures of the Town.* | As Acted at the | Theatre in the Hay-Market. | Written by Scriblerus Secundus. | ——*Quis iniquæ* | *Tam patieus urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?* | Juv. Sat. 1. | London: | Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane. | MDCCXXX. [Price 1s. 6d.] |

Title + 3 leaves + pp. 59 + Epilogue, 4 pp.

1730 RAPE *upon* RAPE; | or, THE | JUSTICE | *Caught in his own* TRAP. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre in the *Hay-Market.* | London: | Printed for J. Wats, at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.* | MDCCXXX. | Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

Title, etc. 4 leaves + pp. 78.

This title was altered in subsequent editions to The Coffee-House Politician; Or, The Justice, etc.

1730 TOM THUMB. | A | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at the Theatre | in the Haymarket. | Written by *Scriblerus Secundus.* | ———Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri. Hor. | London, | Printed: And Sold by J. Roberts in | Warwick-Lane. 1730. | [Price Six Pence.]

Title, A 1; Preface, Prologue, Epilogue and Dramatis Personæ. A 2 — 4. + pp. 16.

There is a Dublin edition of the same year. A revised edition with a Preface and Notes was issued in 1731 with a new title viz:—

THE | TRAGEDY | OF | TRAGEDIES; | or THE | LIFE *and* DEATH | OF | TOM THUMB *the Great.* | As it is Acted at the | Theatre in the Hay-Market. | With the Annotations of | H. Scriblerus Secundus. | London, | Printed; And Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. | MDCCXXXI. | Price One Shilling.

Frontispiece by Hogarth, Title, "H. Scriblerus Secundus; His Preface" A 2 — 4 recto; Dramatis Personæ A 4 verso; + pp. 58. The Play has numerous footnotes throughout.

1731 THE | LETTER-WRITERS: | OR, A NEW WAY TO KEEP | A WIFE *at* HOME. | A | Farce, | In Three Acts. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre in the *Hay-Market.* | Written by *Scriblerus Secundus.* | London, | Printed; And Sold by *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane.* | MDCCXXXI. [Price One Shilling.]

Pp. 48 including Title.

1731 THE | WELSH OPERA: | or, THE | GREY MARE *the better* HORSE. | As it is Acted at the | New Theatre | in the | Hay-Market. | Written by Scriblerus Secundus, | Author of the Tragedy of Tragedies. |

Cobler. *Say, why what d'ye think I say? I say,*
All Men are married for their Sins,
And that a Batchelor Cobler, is happier than
a Hen-peck'd Prince.

London: | Printed for E. Rayner, and sold by the Booksellers | of *London* and *Westminster.* 1731. | Price One Shilling.

Short Title + Title + pp. ii + iii [Dramatis Personæ on verso] + 39.

This play was quickly revised, some additional songs added and then re-issued with a fresh title. In the Introduction the Player says "I very much approve the alteration of your title from the Welch to the Grub Street Opera.

THE | GRUB-STREET | OPERA. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre in the Hay-Market. | By Scriblerus Secundus. |
Sing. Nom. *Hic, Hæc, Hoc.*
Gen. *Hujus.*
Dat. *Huic.*
Accus. *Hunc, Hanc, Hoc.*
Voc. *Caret.* Lil. Gram. quod vid.
To which is added, | THE | MASQUERADE, | A | Poem. | Printed in MDCCXXVIII. | London, | Printed, and sold by J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane. | MDCCXXXI. | [Price One Shilling and Six pence]

Title, etc. 4 leaves + pp. 56. The Masquerade has a fresh Title.

THE | MASQUERADE, | A | Poem. | Inscribed to | C---t H--D--G--R. | [Quot from] Hor. Art. Poet. By Lemuel Gulliver, | Poet Laureat to the King of Lilliput. | [same printer] and A. Dodd, | at the Peacock, without Temple-bar. | MDCCXXVIII. [Price Six-pence]

Title and Dedication, 2 leaves + pp. 11.

1732 THE | LOTTERY. | A | Farce. | As it is Acted at the | *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane,* | By | His Majesty's Servants. | *With the* Musick *prefix'd to each* Song. | London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's Inn Fields.* | MDCCXXXII. | [Price One Shilling.]

Title + 3 leaves (includes 4 pp. of Booksellers Advts.) + pp. 32.

1732 THE | MODERN HUSBAND. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal | in Drury-Lane. | By His Majesty's Servants. | Written by Henry Fielding, Esq. | Hæc ego non credam [etc. Quot. from] Juv. Sat. 1. London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields,* MDCCXXXII. [Price 1s. 6d.]

Title, etc. 4 leaves + pp. 83.

1732 THE | COVENT-GARDEN | TRAGEDY. | As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal | in Drury-Lane. | By His Majesty's Servants. | [9 lines quoted from] Plautus Asinar, | London: | Printed for J. Watts, and Sold by J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane.* | MDCCXXXII. | [Price One Shilling.]

Title + pp. 11 + 3 unnumbered pages + pp. 32.

1732 THE | MOCK DOCTOR: | or | *The* DUMB LADY *Cur'd.* | A | Comedy. | Done from Moliere. | As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal | in Drury-Lane, | By His Majesty's Servants. | With the Musick prefix'd to each Song. |

London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.* MDCCXXXII. [Price One Shilling.]

Title, etc. 4 leaves + pp. 32.

1732 THE | *Old* DEBAUCHEES. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal | in Drury-Lane. | By His Majesty's Servants. | By the Author of the Modern Husband. | London: | Printed for J. W. And Sold by J. Roberts in | *Warwick-Lane,* MDCCXXXII. | [Price One Shilling.]

Title, Prologue and Dramatis Personæ, 2 leaves + pp. 40. The subsequent Title of this Play was The Debauchees, or the Jesuit caught.

1733 THE | MISER. | A | Comedy. | *Taken from* Plautus *and* Moliere. | As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in | Drury-Lane, by His Majesty's Servants. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | [12 lines from] Juven. | London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.* | MDCCXXXIII. | [Price 1s. 6d.]

8vo, Title, etc., 6 leaves + pp. 87.

1733 CÆLIA: | or, THE | PERJUR'D LOVER: | [By Charles Johnson] London: Printed for J. Watts. "Epilogue [folio 4] Written by Henry Fielding, Esq; And Spoken by Miss Raftor" 29 lines.

1734 "THE INTRIGUING CHAMBER-MAID. A Comedy of two Acts. By *Henry Fielding, Esq;* Printed for J. Watts." Quoted from "Register of Books publish'd in January, 1734" in The Gentleman's Magazine, 1734.

Collation from an edition of 1750:—

THE | INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID. | A | Comedy | Of Two Acts. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane,* | By His Majesty's Servants. | Taken

from the *French* of Regnard, | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | *Majores* [etc. Quot. from] Martial. | London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.* MDCCL. [Price One Shilling.]

Title + Preliminaries on 5 leaves + pp. 40.

1734 DON QUIXOTE | IN | ENGLAND. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the | New Theatre in the *Hay-Market.* | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | ——facilè quis | speret idem, sudet multùm, frustráque laboret, | Ausus idem——— Hor. | London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.* | MDCCXXXIV. | [Price One Shilling and Six Pence]

Sig. A, 8 leaves + pp. 64.

1735 AN OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM. "Theatrical Records," 1756 gives the date as 1734, Lawrence (1855) and Mr. Austin Dobson (1883) both give 1735. The second edition runs

AN | OLD MAN | TAUGHT | WISDOM: | or, THE | VIRGIN UNMASK'D. | A | Farce. | As it is Perform'd at the | Theatre-Royal, | By His Majesty's Servants. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | With the Musick prefix'd to each Song. | The Second Edition. | London: | Printed for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.* | MDCCXXXV. |

Pp. 39 including a Short Title.

1735 THE | UNIVERSAL GALLANT: | or, THE | DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. | By His Majesty's Servants. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | *Infœlix, habitum temporis hujus habe.* Ovid. | *London:* | Printed for John Watts, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court,* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.* | MDCCXXXV. | [Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

Title, etc. 4 leaves + pp. 82 + Epilogue, 1 leaf.

1735 "EURIDICE, or THE DEVIL HENPECKT, a Farce, 1735." [Quoted from Theatrical Records: or, An Account of English Dramatic Authors, and their Works. *Dodsley,* 1756] [Genest's History of the Stage, gives the same sub-title but states it to have been first acted Feb. 19, 1737]

1736 PASQUIN. | A Dramatick | Satire on the Times: | Being the | Rehearsal of Two Plays, *viz.* | A Comedy call'd, | The Election; | And a Tragedy call'd, | The Life and Death of | Common-Sense. | As it is Acted at the Theatre in the | Hay-Market. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.* | MDCCXXXVI. | [Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

Title + 1 leaf + pp. 64 + Epilogue, 1 leaf.

1737 THE | HISTORICAL REGISTER, | FOR THE YEAR 1736. | As it is Acted at the | New Theatre | in the | Hay-market. | To which is added a very merry Tragedy, call'd | EURYDICE HISS'D; | or, | A WORD TO THE WISE. | Both written by the Author of PASQUIN. | To these are prefixed a long Dedication to the publick, | and a Preface to that Dedication. | Dublin: | Printed by and for J. Jones in *Clarendon-street,* op | posite to *Coppinger's Lane.* MDCCXXXVII. |

12°. Title, &c. 8 leaves + pp. 30. Short Title for "Eurydice Hiss'd; or, A Word to the Wise" p. 31. Dramatis Personæ, p. 32, the Tragedy pp. 33-44.

The publication of "The Historical Register for the year 1736. A Dramatick Satire, in three Acts; with Eurydice Hiss'd," was announced in the Gent. Mag: June, 1737. This was probably a first and London issue of the Play.

1737 or An advertisement in "Pasquin," 1736, states "Shortly will be published TUMBLE DOWN DICK or PHÆTON IN

1744 THE SUDS, a serious Pantomime now practising at the Haymarket Theatre."

Lawrence, in 1855, gives the date of publication as 1737. Roscoe, in 1840, states it was not acted until 1744; this is the date assigned to its publication in "Theatrical Records" of 1756. The earliest copy in the Brit: Museum also bears date of 1744 and reads:

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK: | or | PHÆTON *in the Suds.* | A | Dramatick Entertainment of Walking, | in Serious and Foolish Characters: | Interlarded with | Burlesque, Grotesque, Comic Interludes, | Call'd | HARLEQUIN A PICK-POCKET. | As it is Perform'd at the | New Theatre *in the* Hay-Market. | Being ('tis hop'd) the last Entertainment that will | ever be exhibited on any Stage. | Invented by the Ingenious | Monsieur Sans Esprit. | The Musick compos'd by the Harmonious | Signior Warblerini. | And the Scenes painted by the Prodigious | Mynheer van Bottom-Flat. | *Monstr' horrend' inform.*—— | London: | Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in | *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.* | MDCCXLIV. | [Price Six Pence.]

Title + 3 leaves + pp. 19.

1739 to 1740 THE CHAMPION; or, THE EVENING ADVERTISER. By Capt. Hercules Vinegar, of Pall Mall. Tuesday [date] (To be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evening.) [Colophon] London: Printed for C. Chandler, Bookbinder, at the *Bible* in *Ship-Yard,* rear the *Ship Tavern,* without *Temple Bar;* where Advertisements and Letters to the Author are taken in.

To this 4 page 4to, News-Journal Fielding, between November 15, 1739 and June 19, 1740, was the principal contributor.

1741 "OF TRUE GREATNESS. By *Henry Fielding,* Esq.; pr. 1*s.*" [Printed for or by] "*Corbett.*" Quoted from

"Register of Books in January, 1741" in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1741.

1741 THE | CHAMPION: | containing | A Series of Papers, | Humourous, Moral, Political, | and Critical. | To each of which is added, | A proper Index to the Times. | Quem legis ut nôris, accipe. Ovid. | Vol I | [Vol II] | London: | Printed for J. Huggonson, in *Sword and Buckler* | *Court,* over-against *the Crown Tavern* on *Ludgate-* | *Hill.* | MDCCXLI. 12mo.

Vol. I. Title + pp. X [last not paged] + 360. Vol. II. Title + pp. 360.

1741 ΤΗΣ | ΟΜΗΡΟΥ ΑΕΡΝΟΝ-ΙΑΔΟΣ, | ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ ἡ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ Α′ | THE Vernon-iad. | Done into English, | From the original Greek | of | Homer. | Lately found at Constantinople. | With | Notes in usum, &c. | Book the first. | London: | Printed for Charles Corbett, at *Addison's* Head | against *St. Dunstan's* Church; *Fleet-street.* | MDCCXLI. | [Price 1s. 6d.] 4to.

Title + pp, 37.

1742 THE | OPPOSITION. | A | Vision. | *Heu Patria! heu Plebes Scelerata, & prava* | *favoris!* SIL-ITALICUS, | *Audi Alteram Partem.* | London: | Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in | Pater-noster-Row. 1742. [Price Six-pence]

Pp. 25 + Title.

It is in the December List, 1741, of The Gentleman's Magazine, but, as often occurs, the new year's date was imprinted.

1742 THE | HISTORY | OF THE | ADVENTURES | OF | JOSEPH ANDREWS, | AND OF HIS FRIEND | MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS. | Written in Imitation of | The *Manner* of Cervantes, | Author of *Don Quixote.* | In Two Volumes. | Vol I | [Vol II] London: | Printed for A.

Millar, over-against | *St. Clement's Church,* in the *Strand.* M.DCC.XLII.

Vol. I. pp. xix [xx un-numbered] + 306. Includes Title. Vol. II. Title + pp. 310.

1742 MISS LUCY | IN TOWN. | A | Sequel | to | *The Virgin Unmasqued.* | A Farce; | With Songs. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal | In Drury-Lane, | By His Majesty's Servants. | London: | Printed *for* A. Millar, against *St. Clement's* | Church | in the *Strand.* 1742. | [Price One Shilling.]

Title + Table, &c., 1 leaf + pp. 44.

1742 PLUTUS, | THE | GOD *of* RICHES. | A Comedy. | Translated from the Original *Greek* of | Aristophanes: | With Large Notes Explanatory and | Critical. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | and | The Rev^{d}. Mr. Young. | London: | Printed for T. Waller in the *Temple-Cloisters.* | MDCCXLII. [Price 2s.] |

Title, 1 leaf + [Joint Dedication & Preface] pp. xv [Dramatis Personæ, verso of xv,] + 112.

1742 A FULL | VINDICATION | OF THE | DUTCHESS DOWAGER | OF | MARLBOROUGH: | both | With regard to the ACCOUNT lately | Published by | Her Grace, | and to | Her Character in general; | Against | The *base* and *malicious* Invectives contained in a late *Scurrilous* Pamphlet, entitled | Remarks on the Account, &c. | In a Letter to the Noble Author | of those *Remarks.* | London: | Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane. | MDCCXLII.

Title + pp. 40.

1743 THE | WEDDING-DAY. | A | Comedy, | As it is Acted at the | Theatre-Royal | in | Drury-Lane, | By His Majesty's Servants. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | London, | Printed for A. Millar, opposite *Catharine* | *Street* in the *Strand.* MDCCXLIII.

Title & Prologue, 2 leaves + pp. 82 + Epilogue, 1 leaf.

1743 MISCELLANIES, | By *Henry Fielding* Esq; | In Three Volumes. | London: | Printed for the Author; | And sold by A. Millar, opposite to | Catharine-Street in the Strand. | MDCCXLIII.

Vol. I.;—

General Title + Title + List of "Subscribers" [the 2nd Edition of same year omits it], 11 leaves + pp. xxvii (for xxxvii) + 354.

Poems pp. 1-114; An Essay on Conversation pp. 115-178; An Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men pp. 179-227; p. 228, blank; An Essay on Nothing, pp. 229-251; p. 252, blank; Some Papers Proper to be Read before the R——L Society, Concerning the Terrestrial Chrysipus, Golden-Foot or Guinea; An Insect, or Vegetable, resembling the Polypus, which hath this surprising Property, that being cut into several Pieces, each Piece becomes a perfect Animal, or Vegetable, as complete as that of which it was originally only a Part. Collected by Petrus Gualterus, But not Published till after His Death. pp. 252-277. p. 278, blank; The First Olynthiac of Demosthenes pp. 279-294; Of the Remedy of Affliction For the Loss of our Friends. pp. 295-322; A Dialogue between Alexander the Great and Diogenes the Cynic. pp. 323-354.

Vol. II. [has on Title] A Journey from this World to the Next, &c.

Title, 1 leaf; + A Journey pp. 1-250; Eurydice, A Farce: As it was d—mnd At the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane. pp. 251-290; The Wedding-Day, A Comedy, As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane, By His Majesty's Servants. pp. 291-420 + Epilogue, 1 leaf.

Vol. III. Title runs:—

Miscellanies. | The | Life | of | Mr. Jonathan Wild | the Great. | Vol. III. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | London, | Printed for the Author; and sold by A. Mil | lar, opposite to *Catharine-street* in the *Strand.* MDCCXLIII.

Title 1 leaf + 4 leaves + pp. 421.

1744 THE | ADVENTURES | OF | DAVID SIMPLE: | * * * * * * | By a Lady. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. | The Second Edition, | *Revised and Corrected.* | With a Preface | By Henry Fielding Esq; | London: | Printed for A. Millar, opposite *Katharine-street,* in the *Strand.* | M.DCC.XLIV.

12mo. This Preface occupies pp. iii-xiii and is here first printed.

1745 and 1746 THE TRUE PATRIOT: | AND | THE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. | (To be continued Every Tuesday.) Tuesday November 5, 1745 Numb 1 [Colophon] London: Printed for M. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-Noster-Row; where Advertisements and Letters to the Author are taken in. [after No. 18 is added " And Sold by George Woodfall, near Craig's Court, Charing Cross] [Numb 32 June 10 1746 last in Brit: Mus:]

1747 and 1748 THE JACOBITE'S JOURNAL [woodcut of a friar leading an Ass bearing a Scotch man and woman. London represented in back ground] By John Trott-Plaid, Esq; Saturday, December 5, 1747. Numb 1 [Colophon] London: Printed by W. Strahan, in Wine Office Court, Fleetstreet; and Sold by M. Cooper in Paternoster Row, and G. Woodfall, at Charing Cross. Where Advertisements, and Letters to the Author are taken in.

2 leaves, 4to. Numb 49. November 5, 1748 is the latest issue preserved in the Burney Collection at the British Mus: After No 12 the woodcut is omitted. Strahan's name appeared on the first issue only. Fielding edited this Journal.

1747 A proper | Answer | to a | Late | Scurrilous Libel | entitled, | An Apology for the Conduct of a late | celebrated second-rate Minister. | By the author of the *Jcobite's Journal.* | pr. 1s. [Printed by or for] *Cooper.*

[Quoted from pp. 575 and 574 and "Register of Books for December 1747 in Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1747.]

1747 FAMILIAR | LETTERS | BETWEEN THE | PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS | IN DAVID SIMPLE, | AND SOME OTHERS. | * * * * * London: | Printed for the Author: | [Sarah Fielding] And Sold by A. Millar, opposite Katharine-Street in the Strand. M.DCC.XLVII.

8vo. L. P. "Preface Written by a Friend [H. Fielding] of the Author pp. iii-xxii.

1749 THE | HISTORY | OF | TOM JONES, | A FOUNDLING. | In Six Volumes. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | —*Mores hominum multorum vidit.*— | London: | Printed for A. Millar, over-against | *Catharine-street* in the *Strand.* | MDCCXLIX.

Vol. I. pp. lxii (including Title); + Errata, 1 leaf + pp. 214.
Vol. II. Title + pp. 324.
Vol. III. Title + pp. 370.
Vol. IV. Title + pp. 312.
Vol. V. Title + pp. 294. The word *vidit* omitted from Title.
Vol. VI. Title + pp. 304.

1749 A | CHARGE | DELIVERED TO THE | GRAND JURY, | AT THE | SESSIONS OF THE PEACE | HELD FOR THE | CITY AND LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER, &C. | ON THURSDAY THE 29TH OF JUNE, 1749. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | Chairman of the said Sessions. | Published | By Order of the Court, and at the unanimous | Request of the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury. | London: | Printed for A. Millar, opposite Catherine Street, in | the Strand. 1749.

Title, 1 leaf + The Charge, paged 7-64.

1749 A | TRUE STATE | OF THE | CASE | OF | BOSAVERN PENLEZ, | WHO SUFFERED ON ACCOUNT OF THE LATE | RIOT IN THE STRAND. | In which | The Law regarding these Offences, and the | Statute of George the First, commonly | called the Riot Act, are fully considered. | By

Henry Fielding, Esq; | Barrister at Law, and one of his Majesty's Justices | of the Peace for the County of *Middlesex,* and | for the City and Liberty of *Westminster.* | London: | Printed for A. Millar, opposite *Katherine-street* in the *Strand.* 1749. | [Price One Shilling.]

Title + pp. 54.

1751 AN | ENQUIRY | INTO THE CAUSES OF THE LATE | INCREASE OF ROBBERS, &C. | WITH SOME | PROPOSALS FOR REMEDYING THIS | GROWING EVIL. | In which | The Present Reigning Vices are impartially | exposed; and the Laws that relate to the | Provision for the Poor, and to the Punish | ment of Felons are largely and freely ex | amined. | *Non jam sunt* [etc. Quot. from] Cic. in Catil. 2^da^. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | Barrister at Law, and One of His Majesty's Justices | of the Peace for the County of *Middlesex,* and for | the City and Liberty of *Westminster.* | London: | Printed for A. Millar, opposite to *Katharine-Street,* in the *Strand.* M.DCC.LI. [Price 2s. 6d.]

Pp. xv + 127.

1752 AMELIA. | By | *Henry Fielding,* Esq; | *Felices ter & amplius Quos irrupta tenet Copula* [and two Greek lines] In Four Volumes. Vol I. [Vol II] [Vol III.] [Vol IV] | London: | Printed for A. Millar, in the *Strand.* | M.DCC.LII. | 12mo.

Vol. I. pp. xii (including Title) + 285.
Vol. II. pp. viii (including Title) + 262 + Advertisement of the Universal Register Office, 1 leaf.
Vol. III. pp. ix (including Title) + 323.
Vol. IV. pp. vii (including Title) + 296.

1752 THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL. By Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt. Censor of Great Britain. Saturday, January 4, 1752 Numb. 1. To be continued every

Tuesday and Saturday. [Colophon] London: Printed, and Sold by M^rs^ Dodd, at the *Peacock, Temple Bar;* and at the Universal Register Office, opposite Cecil Street, in the Strand; where Advertisements and Letters to the Author are taken in.

2 leaves, Folio. Number 70, November 11, 1752, last preserved in Brit: Mus. Nov 25, 1752, is said to have been its final issue.

1752 EXAMPLES OF THE INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE IN THE DETECTION AND PUNISHMENT OF MURDER. Containing, Above thirty Cases, in which this dreadful Crime has been brought to Light, in the most extraordinary and miraculous Manner; collected from various authors, antient and modern. With an Introduction and Conclusion, Both written By Henry Fielding, Esq; London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand, MDCCLII. [Price bound One Shilling, or Ten Shillings a Dozen to those who give them away.]

Title + pp. iii + 94. [Introduction pp. 1-9; Conclusion pp. 89-94. 12mo. in Sixes.

1753 A | PROPOSAL | FOR | MAKING AN EFFECTUAL PROVISION | FOR THE | POOR, | FOR | AMENDING THEIR MORALS, | AND FOR | RENDERING THEM USEFUL MEMBERS OF THE | SOCIETY. | To which is added, | A PLAN OF THE BUILDINGS PROPOSED, WITH | PROPER ELEVATIONS. | DRAWN BY AN EMINENT HAND. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | Barrister at Law, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the | Peace for the County of Middlesex. | Ista sententia maximè et fallit imperitos [etc., Quotation of 2¾ lines from] Cic. de Leg. lib 3. | London: | Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. | MDCCLIII.

Title + Dedicatory Letter dated Jan. 19, 1753, 1 leaf + pp. 91 + Folding Plan "Tho^s^ Gibson Archt. J. Mynde Sculp.

1753 A | CLEAR STATE | OF THE | CASE | OF ELIZABETH CANNING, |

WHO HATH SWORN THAT SHE WAS ROBBED AND ALMOST STARVED | TO DEATH BY A GANG OF GIPSIES AND OTHER VILLAINS IN | *January* LAST, FOR WHICH ONE MARY SQUIRES NOW | LIES UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH. |

Quæ [etc. Quot. from] Cicero. Parad. | By Henry Fielding, Esq; | London: | Printed for A. Millar in the *Strand*. | MDCCLIII. | [Price One Shilling.]

Title + pp. 62.

1754 THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON, By the late Henry Fielding, Esq; London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. MDCCLV.

Short Title + Title + pp. iv + pp. i-xvii [xviii and 19 not paged] + pp. 20-228.

There is another edition of the same year with an identical title page, but with a different register, viz:—after pp. iv, pp. i-xv [xvi blank] + pp. 17-245. In the Edition, edited in 1892, by Mr Austin Dobson, he shows that the shorter copy must be of the first issue.

1778 THE | FATHERS: | Or, | THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. | A | Comedy. | As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, | In | Drury-Lane. | By the late | Henry Fielding, Esq. | Author of Tom Jones, etc. | London: | Printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand. | MDCCLXXVIII. | (Price One Shilling and Six Pence.)

[Title with Advertisement [to the Reader] on verso + Dedication by Sir John Fielding + Prologue & Epilogue both written by Mr Garrick] pp. viii + 111.

CONTENTS

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, VOL. III.

THE PREFACE TO DAVID SIMPLE 5

THE PREFACE TO THE FAMILIAR LETTERS 15

FAMILIAR LETTERS 25

DEDICATION AND PREFACE TO PLUTUS 53

THE FIRST OLYNTHIAC OF DEMOSTHENES 65

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND DIOGENES THE CYNIC 75

AN INTERLUDE BETWEEN JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO AND MERCURY 85

OF THE REMEDY OF AFFLICTION FOR THE LOSS OF OUR FRIENDS 95

EXAMPLES OF THE INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE . . 111

A JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON, WITH INTRODUCTION AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES BY AUSTIN DOBSON, LL.D. . . 167

A FRAGMENT OF A COMMENT ON LORD BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS 309

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, VOL. III.

HENRY FIELDING . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Engraved by Basire from the sketch by Hogarth.

Much legend has gathered round Hogarth's sketch of Fielding, here copied from Basire's engraving in Andrew Millar's edition of Fielding's "Works," 1762. Arthur Murphy, the editor, says that Hogarth worked from a profile cut in paper by a lady who is understood to have been the Miss Margaret Collier who accompanied Fielding to Lisbon (see note to p. 214, l. 6). Another account (which M. de Ségur borrowed for the basis of his comedy, "Le Portrait de Fielding," 1800) says that Garrick "made up" like his dead friend, and that Hogarth drew him. Both these stories are flatly contradicted by Hogarth's commentators. George Steevens ("Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth," 1781, p. 131) affirms that Garrick only urged Hogarth to make the attempt; John Ireland ("Hogarth Illustrated," iii, 291) that it was simply a sketch from memory. Both Ireland and Steevens had exceptional opportunities for knowing the truth. Besides Hogarth's pen-and-ink, there are three other likenesses of Fielding which claim to be authentic, i. e., a miniature in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes;" a portrait in the Mineral Water Hospital at Bath, said to have belonged to Ralph Allen; and another exhibited in the Guelph Exhibition of 1891 (No. 231). But against all these must be set the cause which is stated to have prompted Hogarth's sketch, namely, "that no picture of Fielding was ever drawn" (Murphy's Essay, "Works," 1762, i, 47); and it may be added that the miniature is manifestly based on Hogarth.

FIELDING'S COAT OF ARMS xliv

From a drawing supplied by Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies.

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN 98

From a drawing by John Seller.

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE ACQUAINTED US, THAT IT WAS NOT FOR WANT OF TIME TO DRESS THEM THAT THEY WERE NOT READY, BUT FOR FEAR OF THEIR BEING COLD OR OVER-DONE BEFORE WE SHOULD COME 227
From a drawing by M. Rooker.

FIELDING'S TOMB AT LISBON 282
From a recent photograph.

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE 310
From a drawing by John Seller.

THE PREFACE

TO

DAVID SIMPLE

THE PREFACE

TO

DAVID SIMPLE

As so many worthy persons have, I am told, ascribed the honour of this performance to me, they will not be surprised at seeing my name to this preface: nor am I very insincere, when I call it an honour, for if the authors of the age are amongst the number of those who conferred it on me, I know very few of them to whom I shall return the compliment of such a suspicion.

I could indeed have been very well content with the reputation, well knowing that some writings may be justly laid to my charge of a merit greatly inferior to that of the following work; had not the imputation directly accused me of falsehood, in breaking a promise, which I have solemnly made in print, of never publishing even a pamphlet without setting my name to it,—a promise I have always hitherto faithfully kept; and, for the sake of men's characters, I wish all other writers were by law obliged to use the same method; but, till they are, I shall no longer impose any such restraint on myself.

A second reason which induces me to refute this untruth, is, that it may have a tendency to injure me in a profession to which I have applied with so arduous and intent a diligence that I have had no leisure, if I had inclination, to compose any thing of this kind. Indeed, I am very far from enter-

taining such an inclination: I know the value of the reward which fame confers on authors too well to endeavour any longer to obtain it; nor was the world ever more unwilling to bestow the glorious envied prize of the laurel or bays, than I should now be to receive any such garland or fool's cap. There is not, I believe (and it is bold to affirm), a single free Briton in this kingdom who hates his wife more heartily than I detest the Muses. They have, indeed, behaved to me like the most infamous harlots, and have laid many a spurious as well as deformed production at my door, in all which my good friends the critics have, in their profound discernment, discovered some resemblance of the parent; and thus I have been reputed and reported the author of half the scurrility, bawdy, treason, and blasphemy, which these few last years have produced.

I am far from thinking every person, who hath thus aspersed me, had a determinate design of doing me an injury; I impute it only to an idle, childish levity, which possesses too many minds, and makes them report their conjectures as matters of fact, without weighing the proof, or considering the consequence. But, as to the former of these, my readers will do well to examine their own talents very strictly, before they are too thoroughly convinced of their abilities to distinguish an author's style so accurately as from that only to pronounce an anonymous work to be his; and as to the latter, a little reflection will convince them of the cruelty they are guilty of by such reports. For my own part, I can aver that there are few crimes of which I should have been more ashamed than of some writings laid to my charge. I am as well assured of the injuries I have suffered from such unjust imputations, not only in general character, but as they have, I conceive, frequently raised me inveterate enemies, in persons to whose disadvantage I have never entertained a single thought; nay, in men whose characters and even names have been unknown to me.

Among all the scurrilities with which I have been accused (though equally and totally innocent of every one), none ever raised my indignation so much as the Causidicade; this ac-

cused me not only of being a bad writer and a bad man, but with downright idiotism, in flying in the face of the greatest men of my profession. I take therefore this opportunity to protest, that I never saw that infamous paltry libel till long after it had been in print; nor can any man hold it in greater contempt and abhorrence than myself.

The reader will pardon my dwelling so long on this subject, as I have suffered so cruelly by these aspersions in my own case, in my reputation, and in my interest. I shall, however, henceforth treat such censure with the contempt it deserves; and do here revoke the promise I formerly made; so that I shall now look upon myself at full liberty to publish an anonymous work, without any breach of faith. For though probably I shall never make any use of this liberty, there is no reason why I should be under a restraint, for which I have not enjoyed the purposed recompence.

A third, and indeed the strongest, reason which hath drawn me into print, is to do justice to the real and sole author of this little book; who, notwithstanding the many excellent observations dispersed through it, and the deep knowledge of human nature it discovers, is a young woman; one so nearly and dearly allied to me, in the highest friendship as well as relation, that if she had wanted any assistance of mine, I would have been as ready to have given it her, as I would have been just to my word in owning it; but, in reality, two or three hints which arose on the reading it, and some little direction as to the conduct of the second volume, much the greater part of which I never saw till in print, were all the aid she received from me. Indeed, I believe there are few books in the world so absolutely the author's own as this.

There were some grammatical and other errors in style in the first impression, which my absence from town prevented my correcting, as I have endeavoured, though in great haste, in this edition: by comparing the one with the other, the reader may see, if he think it worth his while, the share I have in this book as it now stands, and which amounts to little more than the correction of some small errors, which want of habit in writing chiefly occasioned, and which no man of

learning would think worth his censure in a romance, nor any gentleman in the writings of a young woman.

And as the faults of this work want very little excuse, so its beauties want as little recommendation; though I will not say but they may sometimes stand in need of being pointed out to the generality of readers. For as the merit of this work consists in a vast penetration into human nature, a deep and profound discernment of all the mazes, windings, and labyrinths, which perplex the heart of man to such a degree that he is himself often incapable of seeing through them; and as this is the greatest, noblest, and rarest, of all the talents which constitute a genius; so a much larger share of this talent is necessary even to recognise these discoveries, when they are laid before us, than falls to the share of a common reader. Such beauties therefore in an author must be contented to pass often unobserved and untasted; whereas, on the contrary, the imperfections of this little book, which arise, not from want of genius, but of learning, lie open to the eyes of every fool who has had a little Latin inoculated into his tail; but had the same great quantity of birch been better employed, in scourging away his ill-nature, he would not have exposed it in endeavouring to cavil at the first performance of one whose sex and age entitle her to the gentlest criticism, while her merit, of an infinitely higher kind, may defy the severest. But I believe the warmth of my friendship hath led me to engage a critic of my own imagination only; for I should be sorry to conceive such a one had any real existence. If however any such composition of folly, meanness, and malevolence, should actually exist, he must be as incapable of conviction as unworthy of an answer. I shall therefore proceed to the most pleasing task of pointing out some of the beauties of this little work.

I have attempted, in my Preface to Joseph Andrews, to prove, that every work of this kind is in its nature a comic epic poem, of which Homer left us a precedent, though it be unhappily lost.

The two great originals of a serious air, which we have derived from that mighty genius, differ principally in the action,

which in the Iliad is entire and uniform; in the Odyssey, is rather a series of actions, all tending to produce one great end. Virgil and Milton are, I think, the only pure imitators of the former: most of the other Latin, as well as Italian, French, and English epic poets, choosing rather the history of some war, as Lucan and Sillius Italicus; or a series of adventures, as Ariosto, &c., for the subject of their poems.

In the same manner the comic writer may either fix on one action, as the authors of Le Lutrin, the Dunciad, &c.; or on a series, as Butler in verse, and Cervantes in prose have done.

Of this latter kind is the book now before us, where the fable consists of a series of separate adventures, detached from and independent on each other, yet all tending to one great end; so that those who should object want of unity of action here, may, if they please, or if they dare, fly back with their objection in the face even of the Odyssey itself.

This fable hath in it these three difficult ingredients, which will be found on consideration to be always necessary to works of this kind, viz., that the main end or scope be at once amiable, ridiculous, and natural.

If it be said that some of the comic performances I have above mentioned differ in the first of these, and set before us the odious instead of the amiable; I answer, that is far from being one of their perfections; and of this the authors themselves seem so sensible, that they endeavour to deceive the reader by false glosses and colours, and by the help of irony at least to represent the aim and design of their heroes in a favourable and agreeable light.

I might further observe, that as the incidents arising from this fable, though often surprising, are everywhere natural (credibility not being once shocked through the whole), so there is one beauty very apparent, which hath been attributed by the greatest of critics to the greatest of poets, that every episode bears a manifest impression of the principal design, and chiefly turns on the perfection or imperfection of friendship; of which noble passion, from its highest purity to its

lowest falsehoods and disguises, this little book is, in my opinion, the most exact model.

As to the characters here described, I shall repeat the saying of one of the greatest men in this age,—"That they were as wonderfully drawn by the writer, as they were by Nature herself." There are many strokes in Orgueil, Spatter, Varnish, Levif, the Balancer, and some others, which would have shined in the pages of Theophrastus, Horace, or La Bruyère. Nay, there are some touches which I will venture to say might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakespeare himself.

The sentiments are in general extremely delicate; those particularly which regard friendship are, I think, as noble and elevated as I have anywhere met with; nor can I help remarking, that the author hath been so careful in justly adapting them to her characters, that a very indifferent reader, after he is in the least acquainted with the character of the speaker, can seldom fail of applying every sentiment to the person who utters it. Of this we have the strongest instance in Cynthia and Camilla, where the lively spirit of the former, and the gentle softness of the latter, breathe through every sentence which drops from either of them.

The diction I shall say no more of, than as it is the last and lowest perfection in a writer, and one which many of great genius seem to have little regarded; so I must allow my author to have the least merit on this head; many errors in style existing in the first edition, and some, I am convinced, remaining still uncured in this; but experience and habit will most certainly remove this objection; for a good style, as well as a good hand in writing, is chiefly learned by practice.

I shall here finish these short remarks on this little book, which have been drawn from me by those people who have very falsely and impertinently called me its author. I declare I have spoken no more than my real sentiments of it, nor can I see why any relation or attachment to merit should restrain me from its commendation.

The true reason why some have been backward in giving this book its just praise, and why others have sought after

some more known and experienced author for it, is, I apprehend, no other than an astonishment how one so young, and in appearance so unacquainted with the world, should know so much both of the better and worse part, as is here exemplified: but, in reality, a very little knowledge of the world will afford an observer, moderately accurate, sufficient instances of evil; and a short communication with her own heart, will leave the author of this book very little to seek abroad of all the good which is to be found in human nature.

HENRY FIELDING.

THE PREFACE

TO THE

FAMILIAR LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN DAVID SIMPLE, AND SOME OTHERS

THE PREFACE

TO

THE FAMILIAR LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN DAVID SIMPLE, AND SOME OTHERS

THE taste of the public, with regard to epistolary writing, having been much vitiated by some modern authors, it may not be amiss to premise some short matter concerning it in this place, that the reader may not expect another kind of entertainment than he will meet with in the following papers, nor impute the author's designed deviation from the common road to any mistake or error.

Those writings which are called letters may be divided into four classes. Under the first class may be ranged those letters, as well ancient as modern, which have been written by men, who have filled up the principal characters on the stage of life, upon great and memorable occasions. These have been always esteemed as the most valuable parts of history, as they are not only the most authentic memorials of facts, but as they serve greatly to illustrate the true character of the writer, and do in a manner introduce the person himself to our acquaintance.

A second kind owe their merit not to truth, but to invention: such are the letters which contain ingenious novels, or shorter tales, either pathetic or humorous; these bear the

same relation to the former as romance doth to true history; and as the former may be called short histories, so may these be styled short romances.

In the next branch may be ranked those letters which have passed between men of eminence in the republic of literature. Many of these are in high estimation in the learned world, in which they are considered as having equal authority to that which the political world allows to those of the first class.

Besides these three kinds of letters, which have all their several merits, there are two more, with which the moderns have very plentifully supplied the world, though I shall not be very profuse in my ecomiums on either: these are, love letters and letters of conversation; in which last are contained the private affairs of persons of no consequence to the public, either in a political or learned consideration, or indeed in any consideration whatever.

With these two kinds of letters the French language in particular so vastly abounds, that it would employ most of the leisure hours of life to read them all; nay, I believe indeed they are the principal study of many of our fine gentlemen and ladies who learn that language.

And hence such readers have learnt the critical phrases of a familiar easy style, a concise epistolary style, &c., and these they apply to all letters whatever.

Now, from some polite modern performances, written, I suppose, by this rule, I much doubt whether these French readers have any just and adequate notion of this epistolary style, with which they are so enamoured. To say the truth, I question whether they do not place it entirely in short, abrupt, and unconnected periods; a style so easy that any man may write it, and which, one would imagine, it must be very difficult to procure any person to read.

To such critics, therefore, I would recommend Ovid, who was perhaps the ablest writer of *les lettres galantes* that ever lived. In his *Arte Amandi,* they will find the following rule:

——"*præsens ut videare loqui,*"

viz. that these letters should preserve the style of conversation; and in his Epistles they will see this excellently illustrated by example. But if we are to form our idea of the conversation of some modern writers from their letters, we shall have, I am afraid, a very indifferent opinion of both.

But, in reality, this style of conversation is only proper, at least only necessary, to these, which I have called letters of conversation; and is not at all requisite, either to letters of business, which in after-ages make a part of history, or to those on the subject of literature and criticism.

Much less is it adapted to the novel or story writer; for what difference is there, whether a tale is related this or any other way? And sure no one will contend, that the epistolary style is in general the most proper to a novelist, or that it hath been used by the best writers of this kind.

It is not my purpose here to write a large dissertation on style in general, nor to assign what is proper to the historian, what to the romance, and what to the novel writer, nor to observe in what manner all these differ from each other; it is sufficient to have obviated an objection, which I foresaw might be made to these little volumes by some, who are in truth as incapable of knowing any of the faults, as of reaping any of the beauties of an author; and I assure them, there is no branch of criticism in which learning, as well as good sense, is more required than to the forming an accurate judgment of style, though there is none, I believe, in which every trifling reader is more ready to give his decision.

Instead of laying down any rules for the use of such tyros in the critical art, I shall recommend them to one who is master of style, as of every other excellence. This gentleman, in his Persian Letters, many of which are written on the most important subjects in ethics, politics, and philosophy, hath condescended to introduce two or three novels: in these they will find that inimitable writer very judiciously changing the style which he uses on other occasions, where the subjects of his letters require the air and style of conversation; to preserve which, in relating stories that run to any length, would be faulty in the writer and tiresome to the reader.

To conclude this point, I know not of any essential difference between this and any other way of writing novels, save only, that by making use of letters the writer is freed from the regular beginnings and conclusions of stories, with some other formalities, in which the reader of taste finds no less ease and advantage than the author himself.

As to the matter contained in the following volumes, I am not perhaps at liberty to declare my opinion: relation and friendship to the writer may draw upon me the censure of partiality, if I should be as warm as I am inclined to be in their commendation.

The reader will however excuse me, if I advise him not to run them over with too much haste and indifference; such readers will, I promise them, find little to admire in this book, whose beauties (if it have any) require the same attention to discover them with which the author herself hath considered that book of Nature whence they are taken. In books, as well as pictures, where the excellence lies in the expression or colouring only, the first glance of the eye acquaints us with all the perfections of the piece: but the nicest and most delicate touches of nature are not so soon perceived. In the works of Cervantes or Hogarth, he is, I believe, a wretched judge, who discovers no new beauties on a second or even a third perusal.

And here I cannot control myself from averring, that many touches of this kind appear to me in these letters; some of which I cannot help thinking as fine as I have ever met with in any of the authors who have made human nature their subject.

As such observations are generally supposed to be the effects of long experience in and much acquaintance with mankind, it may perhaps surprise many to find them in the works of a woman; especially of one, who, to use the common phrase, hath seen so little of the world: and I should not wonder, on this account, that these letters were ascribed to another author, if I knew any one capable of writing them.

But in reality the knowledge of human nature is not learnt by living in the hurry of the world. True genius, with the

help of a little conversation, will be capable of making a vast progress in this learning; and indeed I have observed, there are none who know so little of men as those who are placed in the crowds either of business or pleasure. The truth of the assertion, that pedants in colleges have seldom any share of this knowledge, doth not arise from a defect in the college, but from a defect in the pedant, who would have spent many years at St. James's to as little purpose: for daily experience may convince us, that it is possible for a blockhead to see much of the world, and know little of it.

The objection to the sex of the author hardly requires an answer: it will be chiefly advanced by those who derive their opinion of women, very unfairly, from the fine ladies of the age; whereas, if the behaviour of their counterparts, the beaus, was to denote the understanding of men, I apprehend the conclusion would be in favour of the women, without making a compliment to that sex. I can of my own knowledge, and from my own acquaintance, bear testimony to the possibility of those examples which history gives, of women eminent for the highest endowments and faculties of the mind. I shall only add an answer to the same objection, relating to David Simple, given by a lady of very high rank, whose quality is, however, less an honour to her than her understanding. "So far," said she, "from doubting David Simple to be the performance of a woman, I am well convinced it could not have been written by a man."

In the conduct of women, in that great and important business of their lives, the affair of love, there are mysteries, with which men are perfectly unacquainted: their education being on this head in constraint of, nay, in direct opposition to truth and nature, creates such a constant struggle between nature and habit, truth and hypocrisy, as introduce often much humour into their characters; especially when drawn by sensible writers of their own sex, who are on this subject much more capable than the ablest of ours.

I remember it was the observation of a lady, for whose opinion I have a great veneration, that there is nothing more generally unnatural than the characters of women on the

stage, and that even in our best plays. If this be a fact, as I sincerely believe it is, whence can it proceed, but from the ignorance in which the artificial behaviour of women leaves us, of what really passes in their minds, and which, like all other mysteries, is known only to the initiated?

Many of the foregoing assertions will, I question not, meet with very little assent from those great and wise men, who are not only absolute masters of some poor woman's person, but likewise of her thoughts. With such opposition I must rest contented; but what I more dread is, that I may have unadvisedly drawn the resentment of her own lovely sex against the author of these volumes, for having betrayed the secrets of society.

To this I shall attempt giving two answers: first, that these nice touches will, like the signs of masonry, escape the observation and detection of all those who are not already in the secret.

Secondly, if she should have exposed some of those nicer female foibles, which have escaped most other writers, she hath at the same time nobly displayed the beauties and virtues of the more amiable part, which abundantly overbalances in the account. By comparing these together, young ladies may, if they please, receive great advantages: I will venture to say, no book extant is so well calculated for their instruction and improvement. It is indeed a glass, by which they may dress out their minds, and adorn themselves with more becoming, as well as more lasting graces, than the dancing-master, the mantua-maker, or the milliner, can give them. Here even their vanity may be rendered useful, as it may make them detest and scorn all base, mean, shuffling tricks, and admire and cultivate whatever is truly amiable, generous, and good. Here they must learn, if they will please to attend, that the consummation of a woman's character is to maintain the qualities of goodness, tenderness, affection, and sincerity, in the several social offices and duties of life; and not to unite ambition, avarice, luxury, and wantonness, in the person of a woman of the world, or to affect folly, childishness, and levity, under the appellation of a fine lady.

To conclude, I hope, for the sake of my fair countrywomen, that these excellent pictures of virtue and vice, which, to my knowledge, the author hath bestowed such pains in drawing, will not be thrown away on the world; but that much more advantage may accrue to the reader, than the good-nature and sensibility of the age have, to their immortal honour, bestowed on the author.

FAMILIAR LETTERS

FAMILIAR LETTERS

NOTE.

The following five letters were given me by the author of the preface. I should have thought this hint unnecessary, had not much nonsense and scurrility been unjustly imputed to him by the *good judgment or good nature* of the age. They can know but little of his writings, who want to have them pointed out; but they know much less of him, who impute any such base and scandalous productions to his pen.

LETTER XL

VALENTINE TO DAVID SIMPLE.

LONDON, *Dec.* 20, —

DEAR DAVID:

In compliance with your request, I sit down to write you my sense of the present state of the town, tho' I fear what I have to say will serve but a little inducement to you, to give us your company here. To begin then with politics, on which head I shall be extremely short; the administration of our public affairs is, in my opinion, at present in the hands of the very men, whom you, and every honest person would wish to be intrusted with it. Amongst those, tho' there is no absolute Prime Minister, yet there is one whose genius must always make him the superior in every society, as he hath joined to the most penetrating wit, the clearest judgment both in men and things, and the profoundest knowledge of them, of any man, perhaps the world ever saw. This indeed *Multum in parvo,* and will be abundantly sufficient to cheer you in that love, which I know you sincerely bear your country: for this

will thrive in every branch, as the several branches are governed and directed by men of proper and adequate ability.

And if arguments a posteriori may corroborate the opinion I have above given, surely we are furnished with great plenty. What but a genius of the highest kind could have preserved Ireland in a perfect state of tranquillity and obedience during the late trouble! or what could have restored this nation from that drooping and languid fit of despair, which so lately appeared in every countenance to those cheerful expectations, which the present prospects of things afford us? From the above mentioned reason, I suppose you will conclude, that the great and important article of Religion is in the most flourishing situation; and, to say the truth, as to the external part, which most properly belongs to the heads of the church to regulate, there is no apparent deficiency; but with regards to morality, which may be considered as the internal part, I freely own, I believe no age or nation was ever sunk to a more deplorable state. One great cause of this, I conceive may be that luxury which of late years hath rolled in like a deluge upon us for the greatest estates being barely sufficient to satisfy the demands of so outrageous a monster, the hearts of the opulent are of necessity shut to the wants of their fellow creatures, and liberality, nay even hospitality, are vanished from among us; while men of smaller fortunes are pushed on to all acts of meanness and miscreantism, in order to supply themselves with the means of imitating their superiors. Hence arises a total disregard to all true honour and honesty; hence every kind of corruption and prostitution, no man being ashamed of anything but the appearance of poverty. Now whence doth this proceed, but from our morals being in wrong hands? true wit and genius being in a manner deposed, and imposters advanced in their place. In reality, what the ministry are to the State, the Bishops to the Church, the chancellor and Judge to the law, the Generals to the Army, and the Admirals to the fleet; that is a great and good writer over the morals of his countrymen. The truth of this observation will appear, if it be considered, that there is a strict analogy between taste and morals of an age; and depravity in the one

always induces depravity in the other. True taste is indeed no other than the knowledge of what is right and fit in every thing. It cannot be imagined therefore, that one capable of discerning this in all lesser matters, should be unable to perceive it in that highest and noblest object the human mind. When therefore we see false taste prevail in all things else, we may naturally conclude it exists here likewise. The first great corrupters of our taste are the Virtuoso's, a sort of people with which we abound to so prodigious a degree that their dexterities engross almost our whole conversation. These are a kind of burlesque natural philosophers, whose endeavours are not to discover the beauties, but the oddities and frolicks of nature. They are indeed a sort of natural jugglers, whose business it is to elevate and surprize, not to satisfy, inform, or entertain. The next great business after age is music; of our taste in which I need say no more, to give you an adiquate idea, than barely to inform you we have Opera's, in which Mr. Handel is totally silent. Architecture, painting and sculpture cannot fail of encouragement in an age devoted to luxury. In these therefore we imitate the extravagances of the Romans, and the delicacy of the Goths.

These however assist in forming the subject of our conversation: and it is difficult to find a single person who is not a connoisseur in them all; and this oftimes without knowing the common rules of the art in which he affects to be a Judge.

* * * * * * * *

I come now to the Theatre, of which you will doubtless expect a more favourable account. And indeed our actors promise no less; many of these being equal to any of their predecessors, and some, I believe, superior to any who have ever been. But so artfully is the Theatre conducted in the choice of plays, and casting of parts, that I have seldom sufficient inducement to visit it.

Half dozen tragedies, two of which were Jane Shore and the Fair Penitent, furnished the entertainment of a month this winter at Covent Garden; so that we were either obliged

to visit the Theatre seldom, or be dieted with the same dish. Nor did Drury Lane give us any relief; for that Theatre, instead of treating us with another kind of dramatical food, very wisely attempted to emulate the best actors of Covent Garden in their best parts; and vainly endeavour to rival one who never had, nor, I believe, ever will have an equal. How much more judicious would it have been in that house to have applied themselves to the revival of several of our old comedies, to which their company is so well adapted. Mr. Barry, who seems to have all the material of a good actor, might have gained applause without the danger of a disadvantageous comparison. Mr. Cibber and Mr. Macklin could not have failed of pleasing; nor would the vast genius of Mrs. Clive (inimitable in all humour) have been lost and forgotten by the folly and ingratitude of the town. It is pity, I think, that the legislature do not interfere, and put the conduct of this so noble, so rational, and so useful a diversion, into hands more capable of conducting it; by which means the public entertainments and example might be rather considered in theatrical performances, than the acquiring immense fortunes to private persons who will make it more their business to indulge, than to correct a vicious or bad taste, when such prevails.

Till something of this kind is done the Theatre can never truly flourish nor the world reap so much either of the useful or the delightful from it, as it is capable of affording; but the Fustian of Lee and Rowe with French and Italian buffoonery, will in a great measure monopolize the stage.

This regulation is then to be wished; but I am afraid it is to be despaired of: for as to the few truly great men whom this age hath produced, either the necessity of the times, or their own inclinations, have totally diverted them from any thoughts of this kind. They are themselves far from wanting taste, (for none can be in reality a great man without it) but they will give themselves no trouble to reform that of the public; thinking it probably of much less consequence to the good of society than it hath always appeared to the wife of former times. And if the Theatres be totally overlooked by

them, it is no wonder that every other branch of the republic of letters should meet with equal disregard.

This is notoriously the case; for I think I may affirm with truth, that there is no one patron of true genius, nor the least encouragement left for it in this kingdom. If I was writing to a sneerer, I might apprehend he would answer, by inverting the compliment, and saying, that there was no true genius at present to patronize.

This in fact is not the case; but admit that it was, the reason would still be the want of encouragement; and indeed I may here apply the answer of a gardener to his covetous master, who was angry that he had no cucumbers in his garden: how should you have cucumbers sir, said the gardener, when you know you would not afford a hot-bed to raise them in.

Plants of this tender kind should be carefully watched when they first appear, and placed in a warm situation, if we expect any ripe and good fruit from them. The cold air of neglect nips and destroys them; nor can their shoots be ever strong and flourishing in a poor hungry soil, which denies them nourishment at the root.

There have been indeed some instances of men of a very rare and singular strength of genius, which (to resume my allegory) have flourished in the poorest soil, and bid defiance to the frosty breath of the world; but they make a very thin appearance in history: and even of these few or none perhaps ever arrived at the full perfection of which they were capable.

'Till some patron then of the muse shall again arise in this nation, you will not be very curious in inquiring after their production. When I meet with any performance untainted with profaneness, indecency, slander, or dullness, I will certainly send it to you.

One particular, I think, now only remains to be spoken to; namely, the private amusement of persons in their own houses. This, my friend, consists of one article only, viz. whisk, a game so universally in vogue, that there are few persons who do not play two or three rubbers every day. Several get a livelihood, and others of consequence injure their fortunes by these means; but much the larger number play with such equal suc-

cess, and for such inconsiderable stakes, that they lose nothing more than the card-money and their time. Of which latter, I am afraid, you will think I have already borrowed too much from you. I shall therefore conclude, by assuring you

I am &c.

VALENTINE.

LETTER XLI

A LETTER FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND IN PARIS; IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ADDISON, AND ALL OTHER WRITERS OF TRAVELLING LETTERS.

Done into English.

MONSIEUR,—

At Whitehall we took a pair of oars for Putney. These we had indeed some difficulty to procure; for many refused to go with us farther than Foxhall or Ranelagh Gardens. At last we prevailed with two fellows for three half-crowns to take us on board.

I have been told there was formerly a law regulating the fares of these people; but that is to be sure obsolete. I think it pity it was not revived.

As the weather was extremely fine, we did not regret the tide's running against us, since by that means we had more opportunity of making observations on the finest river in the world except the Seine.

After taking a survey of the New Bridge, which must be greatly admired by all who have not seen the Pontneuf, we past by a row of buildings, not very remarkable for their elegance, being chiefly built of wood, and irregular. Many of them are supported by pillars; but of what order we could not plainly discern.

We came now to Lambeth, where is a palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Metropolitan of England. This is a vast pile of building, not very beautiful indeed in its struc-

ture, but wonderfully well calculated, as well to signify, as to answer the use for which it was, I suppose, originally intended; containing a great number of little apartments for the reception of travelling and distressed Christians.

Lambeth is perhaps so called from Lamb, this is the type of meekness.

The next place of note, as we ascend the river, is Fox-Hall, or rather Fox-Hole, the first syllable of which is corrupted into Vaux by the vulgar, who tell a foolish story of one Vaux who resided here, and attempted to blow up the Thames. But the true reading is Fox-Hole, as appears by an antient piece of painting, representing that animal whence it takes its name, and which is now to be seen on a high wooden pillar, *Anglicè* a sign-post, not far from the landing-place.

A very little farther stands Marble-Hall, of which we had a full view from the water. This is a most august edifice, built all of a rich marble, which reflecting the sun-beams, creates an object too dazzling for the sight.

Having passed this, we were entertained with a most superb piece of architecture of white, or rather yellow brick. This belongs to one of the *bourgeoise*, as do indeed most of the villas which border on both sides this river, and they tend to give as magnificent an idea of the riches which flow into these people by trade, as the shipping doth, which is to be seen below the bridge of London.

Hence a range of most delicious meadows begins to open, which, being richly enamelled with flowers of all kinds, seem to contend whether they shall convey most pleasure to your sight or to your smell. Our contemplation was however diverted from this scene by a boat, on which were two young ladies extremely handsome, who accosted us in some phrase which we, who thought ourselves pretty good masters of the English tongue, did not understand. They were answered however by our waterman, who afterwards told us, that this is called water-language; and consequently, I suppose, not to be learn'd on shore.

The next place which presents itself on the Surry side (for I reserve the other shore for my return) is the pleasant vil-

lage of Battersea; the true reading of which we conjectured to be Bettersee; and that it was formerly a bishoprick, and had the preference to Shelsee, of which we shall speak anon. It is chiefly famous at present for affording a retreat to one of the greatest statesmen of his time, who hath here a magnificent palace.

From Bettersee, verging to the south-west, stands Wanser, as it is vulgarly called; but its true name was undoubtedly Windmill-Shore, from whence it is a very easy corruption; and several windmills are yet to be found in its neighbourhood. Here are to be seen a parish church, and some houses; but it is otherwise little worth the curiosity of travellers.

As you sail from hence, two lofty towers at once salute your eyes from opposite shores of the river, divided by a magnificent wooden bridge. That on the Surry shore is called Putney or Putnigh, a fair and beautiful town, consisting principally of one vast street, which extends from north to south, and is adorned with most beautiful buildings.

Here we went ashore, in order to regale ourselves in one of their houses of entertainment, as they are called; but in reality there is no entertainment at them. Here were no tarts nor cheesecakes, nor any sort of food but an English dish called *bread and cheese*, and raw flesh.

But if it be difficult to find anything to allay hunger, it is still more so to quench your thirst. There is a liquor sold in this country which they call wine (most of the inhabitants call it *wind*). Of what ingredients it is composed I cannot tell; but you are not to conceive, as the word seems to import, that this is a translation of our French word *vin*, a liquor made of the juice of the grape; for I am very well assured there is not a drop of any such juice in it. There must be many ingredients in this liquor, from the many different tastes; some of which are sweet, others sour, and others bitter; but though it appeared so nauseous to me and my friend, that we could not swallow it, the English relish it very well; nay, they will often drink a gallon of it at a sitting; and sometimes in their cups (for it intoxicates) will wantonly give it the names of all our best wines.

However, though we found nothing to eat or drink, we found something to pay. I send you a copy of the bill produced us on this occasion, as I think it a curiosity:

	s.	d.
For Bread and Bear.....	0	8
Eating	2	0
Wind	5	0
Watermen's Eating and Lickor.....	1	6
	9	2

So that, with the drawer, we were at the expence of ten shillings; though no Catholic ever kept an Ash-Wednesday better.

The drawers here may want some explanation. You must know then, that in this country, in whatever house you eat or drink, whether private or public, you are obliged to pay the servants a fee at your departure, otherwise they certainly affront you.

These fees are called vails; and they serve instead of wages: for though in private houses the master generally contracts with his servant to give him wages, yet these are seldom or never paid; and indeed the vails commonly amount to much more.

From Putnigh we crossed over to the other shore, where stands the fair and beautiful town of Fullhome, vulgarly called Fulham. It is principally remarkable for being the residence of a bishop; but a large grove of trees prevented our seeing this place from the water.

These two towns were founded by two sisters; and they received their names from the following occasion. These ladies being on the Surry shore, called for a boat to convey them across the water. The watermen being somewhat lazy, and not coming near enough to the land, the lady who had founded the town which stands in Surry, bid them *put nigh;* upon which her sister immediately cried out, "A good omen;

let *Putnigh* be the name of the place." When they came to the other side, she who had founded the other town, ordered the watermen to push the boat *full home;* her sister then returned the favour, and gave the name of *Fullhome* to the place.

Here stands a most stately and magnificent bridge. We enquired of the watermen by whose benefaction this was built. "Benefaction, do you call it?" says one of them with a sneer; "I heartily wish it had been by mine; there hath been a fine parcel of money got by that *job;*" a name which the English give to all work of a public nature: for so grateful are these people, that nobody ever doth anything for the public, but he is certain to make his fortune by it.

We now returned by the shore of Middlesex, and passed by several beautiful meadows, where the new-mowed hay would have wonderfully delighted our smell, had it not been for a great variety of dead dogs, cats, and other animals, which being plentifully bestrewed along this shore, a good deal abated the sweetness which must have otherwise impregnated the air.

We at length arrived at Shelsee, a corruption of Shallowsee; for the word shallow signifies empty, worthless. Thus a shallow purse and a shallow fellow are words of contempt. This formerly was doubtless a small bishoprick, and inferior to that on the other side of the water, which was called Bettersee.

Here are many things worthy the curiosity of travellers. This place is famous for the residence of Don Salters, a Spanish nobleman, who hath a vast collection of all sorts of rarities; but we had no time to see them.

Here is likewise a walk called Paradise-Row, from the delightful situation, and the magnificent buildings with which it is adorned. We had certainly gone on shore to admire the beauty of this walk; but here being no landing-place, we must have spoiled our stockings by stepping into the mud; and were besides informed that the road was so abominably dirty that it would be difficult to cross, the rather, as it seemed entirely stopped up by a great number of dust-carts.

A little farther stands an hospital, or rather a palace, for

the reception of old and wounded soldiers. A benefaction of so noble a kind, that it really doth honour to the English nation. Here are some very beautiful apartments, which they told us belonged to the officers; a word which led us into a mistake, as we afterwards discovered: for we imagined that these apartments were allotted to those gentlemen who had borne commissions in the army, and who had, by being disabled in the service, entitled themselves to the public favour: but on farther enquiry, we were surprised to find there was no provision at all for any such; and that these officers were a certain number of placemen, who had never borne arms, nor had any military merit whatever.

Beyond this stands Ranelagh, of which we shall say no more than that it is a very large round room, and will contain abundance of people. This is indeed a sufficient recommendation to the English, who never inquire farther into the merit of any diversion, when they hear it is very much frequented. A humour, of which we saw many instances: all their publick places being either quite empty of company, or so crouded, that we could hardly get to them.

Hence sailing by a shore where we saw little very remarkable, save only carcases of animals which were here in much greater quantity than we had before found them, we arrived at a place called Mill-Bank, or Mile-Bank; and soon after we passed, as we were informed, by the Senate-houses; but though we went within a few yards of them, we could not discern with any certainty which were they.

Having again shot (as they call it) the New Bridge, we saw the palace of a nobleman, who hath the honour to be a Duke of France as well as of England, and the happiness to be greatly esteemed in both countries.

Near this palace stands that of another Duke, who, among other great and good qualities, is reputed the most benevolent man in the world.

A little further we saw the palace of an Earl, of a very high character likewise among his countrymen; and who, in times of corruption, hath maintained the integrity of an old Roman.

The palaces of these three noblemen, who do a real honour to their high rank, and who are greatly beloved and respected by their country, are extremely elegant in their buildings, as well as delightful in their situation; and, to be sincere, are the only edifices that discover any true taste which we saw in all our voyage.

We now approached to Hungerford-Stairs, the place destined for our landing; where we were entertained with a sight very common, it seems, in this country: this was the ducking of a pickpocket. When we were first told this, we imagined it might be the execution of some legal sentence: but we were informed, that his executioners had been likewise his judges.

To give you some idea of this (for it is impossible for any one who doth not live in what they call a free country, to have an adequate notion of a mob) whenever a pickpocket is taken in the fact, the person who takes him calls out "pickpocket." Upon this word, the mob, who are always at hand in the street, assemble, and having heard the accusation, and sometimes the defence (though they are not always very strict as to the latter, judging a good deal by appearances), if they believe the accuser, the prisoner is sentenced to be ducked; and this sentence is immediately executed with such vigour, that he hardly escapes with his life.

The mob take cognizance of all other misdemeanours which happen in the streets, and they are a court, which generally endeavours to do justice, though they sometimes err, by the hastiness of their decisions. Perhaps it is the only court in the world, where there is no partiality arising from respect of persons.

They are great enemies to the use of swords, as they are weapons with which they are not intrusted. If a gentleman draws a sword, though it be only *in terrorem* to defend himself, he is certain to be very severely treated by them; but they give great encouragement to their superiors, who will condescend to shew their courage in the way which the mob themselves use, by boxing, of which we shall presently shew you an instance.

Our boat was now with some difficulty close to the landing-place; for there was a great croud of boats, every one of which, instead of making way for us, served to endeavour to keep us out. Upon this occasion many hundred curses passed between our watermen and their fellows, and not a few affronts were cast on us, especially as we were drest after the manner of our country.

At last we arrived safe on shore, where we payed our watermen, who grumbled at our not giving them something to drink (for all the labouring people in this country apply their hire only to eatables, for which reason they expect something over and above to drink).

As we walked towards the Strand, a drayman ran his whip directly into my friend's face, perhaps with no design of doing this, but at the same time, without any design of avoiding it. My friend, who is impatient of an affront, immediately struck the carter with his fist, who attempted to return the favour with his whip; but Monsieur Bellair, who is extremely strong and active, and who hath learnt to box in this country, presently closed in with him, and tript up his heels.

The mob now assembled round us, and being pleased with my friend for not having drawn his sword, inclined visibly to his side, and commended many blows which he gave his adversary, and other feats of activity, which he displayed during his combat, that lasted some minutes; at the end of which, the drayman yielded up to victory, crying with a sneer—— "D—n you, you have been on the stage or I am mistaken."

The mob now gave a huzza in my friend's favour, and sufficiently upbraided his antagonist, who, they said, was well enough served for affronting a gentleman.

Monsieur Bellair had at the beginning of the scuffle, while the enemy lay on the ground, delivered his sword to one of the bystanders; which person had unluckily walked off in the croud, without remembering to restore it.

Upon this the mob raged violently, and swore vengeance against the thief, if he could be discovered; but as this could not be done, he was obliged at length to submit to the loss.

When we began to depart, several of our friends demanded

of us something to drink; but as we were more out of humour with the loss, than pleased with the glory obtained, we could not be prevailed upon to open our purses.

The company were incensed with this. We were saluted with the titles of *Mounshire,* and other contemptuous appellations; several missile weapons, such as dirt, &c., began likewise to play on us, and we were both challenged to fight by several, who told my friend, though he beat the drayman, he was not above half a man.

We then made the best of our way, and soon escaped into a Hackney-coach.

Thus I have sent you a particular account of this voyage, from some parts of which you may perhaps conclude, that the meanest rank of people are in this country better provided for than their superiors; and that the gentry, at least those of the lower class of that order, fare full as well in other places: for, to say the truth, it appears to me, that an Englishman in that station is liable to be opprest by all above him, and insulted by all below him.

I am, &c

LETTER XLII

MISS PRUDENTIA FLUTTERS TO MISS LUCY RURAL.

Sunday morning 7 o'clock
Just out of bed.

DEAR LUCY,—

I should have writ to you sooner, according to my promise, but I have not had one moment's time since I came to town, till now; and, if I had not taken an opportunity of a Sunday, I don't believe I should have been able to write till I had seen you, which I hope, my dear, will be a long time hence, unless you can persuade your papa to let you come to town.

Well, then, to begin. After a tedious journey of five days, my papa and mamma, and myself and Alice, arrived safe in charming London.

Poor mamma was sick upon the road, and could not eat; so we brought half our cake, almost a whole turkey, great part of ham and mutton-pye quite through.

And now, my dear, I must tell you, we have taken lodgings in Pall-Mall, which is to serve us for the present; but my mamma says it won't do, for she wants a whole house to herself in Thingamy Square.

Papa looks a little grim, but I believe mamma will get the better as she has cried twice already.

I have been only at four plays yet, so I can't give you much opinion about them; but the play house is a charming place, I can assure you; such a many candles makes one look so grim; and there is such a number of fine gentlemen, I never saw. And the player-men are fine men too, and prodigiously well drest: there is one sweet man among them; I wanted to hear him talk; but tho', he came upon the stage several times, he never once opened his mouth. He is a sweet man; but this is not he, that all the ladies are in love with; for there is one Mr. Gerick, that every body talks of, but no body could tell me the name of my man, and yet he is taller than Mr. Gerick by almost a foot, I warrant you: I asked a young lady, who sat by me, his name, and she answered me, he, was nobody; I assure her he was handsomer than any body.

Oh, but, my dear, I must tell you; there is one Colonel Sprucely, who is got so well acquainted with mamma already, that they are almost always together, especially when papa is not at home. I am always sent out of the room when he comes; but if I had my handsome player-man with me, I should not envy her his company. I warrant you will stare, to hear me own I think a man handsome; but it is all the fashion, and there is no harm in it here: I was a little ashamed the first day or two, but good company soon teaches us better. Dear Lucy, do, come to town; for a country girl is a horrible awkward creature.

O, dear London, is quite another world.

Was I to mention half our diversions to you, you would not even know the names of them. Here are drums, and routs, and hurricanes. Mamma intends to have a drum, as soon as we get into a tolerable house; for we have but one poor nasty dining room, where we are, and a drum can't be made without three, at least.

I warrant now, I have set you a guessing what a drum is; nay, I'll leave you a thousand years to guess what it is made of. To satisfy your curiosity then, it is made of a great many rooms, and a great many tables, and a great many candles, and a great many people—O, 'tis a charming thing: and as mamma told papa, we had better be out of the world, than out of a drum.

O, but I promised to write about the court; ay, but we have not been able to go there yet: for, tho' mamma laid out so much money in clothes last year, every thing must be pulled to pieces, before it will do. Would you believe it, child, my best hoops wants above three yards of being any thing decent. Not one rag of our lace will do, for they are not near fine enough to be seen in; so we have thrown away a fine deal of money as well as time, to no purpose in the country; but Mrs. Modish the milliner, and Mrs. Tabby the manteau-maker, have promised to remedy all soon; so, that in about a week or more, we hope to be fit to appear in best company. My mamma's clothes will be prodigiously handsome: the silk cost above three pounds a yard. Papa was at first a little out of humour at the price, but three ladies happening to come in just at the time, made all that matter easy, by telling him, it was the cheapest thing that they ever saw in their lives. She has bespoke two other gowns and petticoats, which papa knows nothing of; for mamma says, she may very likely win money to pay for them. I have new clothes bespoken too, but they are so shockingly plain, I am ashamed to mention them. But now I must tell you a secret. I was at the Opera last night, and more fine gentlemen talked to me, than to any of the finest drest ladies there, I assure you, Miss; nay, they admired my clothes too, I promise you, and yet I had only the old shocker on: thinks I to myself you will like me

better soon. As for the Opera itself, I did not understand a word of it, and I had rather hear you sing the Lass by the brow of the hill; but mamma says, every body likes it, and so I like it too; for to be genteel, you must do what every body does.

I believe I had more to tell you; but the Cornel is just gone, and mamma has sent for me and just this minute there is a great rap at the door. I believe some people of quality are coming up, so in haste, I conclude

Your affectionate
Humble servant
PRUDENTIA FLUTTERS.

LETTER XLIII

FROM MISS LUCY RURAL TO MISS PRUDENTIA FLUTTERS

DEAR PRUE,—

I have been detained from reading your agreeable letter the whole evening, by being in some very merry company, where we have had a game of Christmas gambler: Jack Bonny was with us, and you know his comical humour never fails of making every body happy where he is. And to say the truth, my dear, I believe you have not spent so pleasant an evening since you left us.

Indeed, dear Prue, so far from having my opinion raised of the town pleasures, by what you write, I am the more convinced of the impertinence and stupidity of a town-life; and that we are not only more innocent, but much more merry and happy in the country. As to plays, which are the only rational amusement you mention, you know I am very fond of them, and have often an opportunity of seeing them within two miles of our house. I confess, they are probably better acted in London; but don't be angry if I say, this circumstance seems to have added very little to your entertainment.

I dare swear, we have as good actors as that dumb gentleman you mention, whom I suppose to have been one of the gentlemen ushers to Alexander the Great, or some other hero; and am very sorry, he has made so deep an impression on your mind, which I impute to the notorious demerit of the Beaus of whom, from the account I have received, I have no very high opinion.

Sure the Opera must be a very wretched entertainment, or you would never suffer such animals to divert your attention from it.

I own my dear, I have not much idea of a drum; and you'll pardon me, if I say, you don't seem to entertain any very perfect notion of it yourself: however, I will endeavour to explain a diversion to you, in which I spent three evenings in the Christmas holidays, and which I shall call a trumpet. Partly, in allusion to your drum, and partly, as it was our chief instrument of music, tho' I do not find, you can give so good a reason for the name of your assembly.

You must know then, on the day after Christmas, I dined at Sir Thomas Heartys, where we had a great deal of good company. There were present, Sir Thomas and My Lady, who are, you know, a very fond couple, greatly happy in themselves, and very desirous of seeing every other person so: the other men were Sir Roger Fairfield, Mr. Woodly, Mr. Green, Mr. Jones, Doctor Gaylove, Jack Bonny, and Sir Thomas's Chaplin: the women were, besides her Ladyship of the house, old Lady Cheerful, Mrs. Woodly, Mrs. Green, Miss Jennie Fairfield, Miss Cheerful, Miss Betsy Fairfield, and your humble servant.

While we were at our tea, Sir Thomas came to us from the men, and proped a diversion for the evening, which was readily agreed to by the whole company. This was a trumpet, or to explain it to you in a term you are better acquainted with, it was to go mumming.

Two hours was now spent in dressing ourselves, and I do assure you, they were two very agreeable ones. My Lady Cheerful, who has, you know, all the good humour, without any of the passion of youth, was drest up for the Witch of

Endor, and made a figure so ridiculous, I can hardly help laughing, when I recollect it. Let me tell you, it was no little indication of good sense and good nature too, in a woman in any age, to submit to make her person disagreeable. Miss Betsy Fairfield was drest as a shepherdess, and made a most lovely appearance. Your humble servant consented to be a nun, but remember it was only in jest.

At seven in the evening, we were joined by the men, who had likewise disguised themselves in various antic dresses. Every man chose his woman, as well as he could guess, for we were masqued. Sir Thomas fell to share of the witch, and your friend the nun became the property of friar Jack Bonny.

A waggon and six now attended the gate, to which we were led by our several partners; a band of music, with a trumpet at their head, preceding.

Sir Thomas undertook to be master of the ceremonies, and the waggon was ordered to drive to Mr. Warmgroves, which is, you know, about three miles distant from Sir Thomas's. It is almost impossible to describe the pleasantness of our ride; music and light made the gloom of the night more delightful than the day; and so much good humour, mirth, and wit too, I promise you, prevailed in our waggon, that our journey past almost in one continual laugh. Perhaps there is not a more agreeable creature upon earth, than Jack Bonny. Well, when we arrived at Mr. Warmgroves, we found a large hall well lighted up with a swinging fire prepared for us; for Sir Thomas, who has a great deal of true politeness, without any of the foppery which passes for it in some places, had sent timely notice to his friend of our intention. We were received at the gate, by Mr. Warmgrove and his Lady, and conducted into the hall, where wine and cakes were immediately brought us. With these having regaled ourselves for sometime, and some scenes of mirth having passed, on account of the mistakes which were made in guesses in our several persons, the ball was begun by Mr. Warmgrove and Mrs. Green, who was drest in a suit of Lady Heartys' clothes, and past for her all the first part of the night.

* * * * * * * *

At twelve we were conducted to a noble supper, where we all unmask'd, and the night concluded with so much mirth and jollity, that I believe no company ever past a pleasenter.

We have since had two more frolics of the same kind, of which I will not tire you with a repetition; tho' Sir Thomas, who has shewn us excellent taste for these diversions, took care to give them a variety, which greatly added to their entertainment.

And now, my dear, what do you think was the consequence of all this? Why, Sir Roger hath very honourably declared himself to Miss Cheerful, and Miss Betty Fairfield hath received a formal visit from the Doctor; but, what is worst of all, I wish the poor nun be not seduced by a wicked friar to forsake the holy veil. To be short, and to shew you, we country girls can sometimes own what we are not ashamed of, as well as you town-ladies, if I write you after next Thursday, I shall sign my letter by a strange name.

If you should laugh at this, as country simplicity, or whatever else you please to call it, I shall have the satisfaction of thinking, I have afforded you what the town cannot; for, by your letter, you do not seem to have laughed since you left us. If you meet with anything more entertaining, I know you will readly communicate it to your friends; if not, we shall have the pleasure of expecting you the sooner, which, I do assure you, will be most acceptable to,

Dear Prue

Your sincere friend

And affectionate humble servant

LUCY RURAL.

P. S.—Old George desires me to acquaint you, he has sent the bacon, cheese, butter and eggs, as ordered, by the waggon; he has likewise sent a hare, wild fowl, partridges, and other game; the beef and mutton, beer and cyder will go next time. George laughs, and says, Sure, there is nothing good in that same London.

LETTER XLIV

VALENTINE TO CYNTHIA.

At the Bath.

THOUGH ill-natured accidents sometimes tear the person of my dearest creature from my eyes, nothing can remove her, even a moment, from my thoughts.

This I am certain she believes; and unluckily for me, it is no secret to the rest of my acquaintance. Hence I become often the mark of that raillery with which all people are armed against love; a passion which no one will condescend to own: for such a confession would reflect on the modesty of your sex, and men consider it no less an imputation on their understanding. I must, however, do the ladies the justice to own, that many of them have sense enough to despise this foolish opinion, and are not ashamed of being known to love their husbands: but I am afraid that the example of such sincerity on our side is much rarer: for I solemnly declare, tho' I know several that love their wives with great fondness, I scarce know one who is not ashamed of so doing.

This treatment of a passion to which I owe the sweetest pleasures of my life, always rises in me much indignation; and I never fail on such occasions of defending the injured cause, and of becoming the champion of love; though I generally meet with the fate which attends all opposers of vulgar errors, and have the reward of being laughed at.

I yesterday encountered a large company of both sexes on this subject; which I had introduced, by having drank your health in a bumper. I will not trouble you with the many blasphemies (for so I call them) which were uttered against the divine passion we both cultivate, but shall draw up my argument into the form of a speech, and will leave it to your judgment whether it could or could not be answered.

Suppose me then to have made the following speech on the occasion. "I am surprised at nothing more, than that love

"hath ever been reputed folly, or that men should use words "with such impropriety, as to call it a weakness of mind.

"That to pursue perfect happiness, if we were capable of "it, would be wisdom, no one will, I believe, have the confi- "dence to deny: and if perfect happiness be not attainable "in this world, to acquire to yourself the highest degree of "human happiness, must, I think, be esteemed the highest "degree of human wisdom.

"Now, in my eye, love appears alone capable of bestowing "on us this highest degree of human felicity. I solemnly "declare, when I am in passion of my wife, (here was a great "laughter) my happiness wants no addition. I think I may "aver, it could receive none. I conceive myself then to be the "happiest of mankind. I am sure I am as happy as it is "possible for me to be.

"It may be, perhaps, objected, that I have set myself up "as the standard of true judgment: that though I should be "sincere in what I say, yet this, which so great a blessing in "my estimation, may in the opinion of another be very slight "and indifferent matter; and that it appears otherwise to "me, may be said to arise from that very weakness of mind "of which I would avoid the imputation.

"I shall endeavour therefore to evince by reason, that love, "in the mind which possesses it in the highest degree, must "create the highest degree of human happiness.

"First, then, it seems to me, that the full gratification of "that passion which is uppermost in our minds, is the highest "happiness of which we are capable.

"Secondly, it seems likewise, that one man is capable of "being happier than another, in proportion as the passion by "which he is possessed (if I may express myself) is more or "less capable of this full gratification.

"Let us examine then by this rule those two great motives "to the action of men, which in modern language are called "passions, ambition and avarice; and if we can shew the ad- "vantage which love hath over these, it will be abundantly "sufficient to found those arguments which will effectually "prove what we have undertaken to prove. Viz. that love is "not folly, nor ought any man be ashamed of its possession "and influence. Now when we consider the great miseries "which ambition and avarice produce to the world, we may, "I think reasonably expect, that they should at the same "time make some amends by the good which they convey to "the bosoms which they inhabit.

"Whether they do this or no, I shall not enter into a com- "mon-place inquiry; sufficient for my purpose here, that "neither of them are capable of a full gratification: indeed, "we may say, of any gratification at all, since every acquisi- "tion to them both brings desire along with it: desires which "enlarge themselves in proportion to the good obtained, and "which exceed all possibility of obtaining in the same degree "as what is already acquired hath exceeded expectations. In- "stead of proving this from any trite known stories, with "which all books, both of history and others abound, I shall "appeal for the truth of it to common experience, and to the "secret information of every man's breast, in which either of "these passions have any place.

"In love it is far otherwise. This sweet passion admits of "instant complete gratification. Every good conferred on,

"and received from, the beloved object, so fills the whole mind "with pleasure, that it for a while leaves no wish unsatisfied. "And if, after its sweetest satieties, new desires arise, these "are not like avarice and ambition, restless uneasy perturba- "tions; but so sweet and pleasant, that they bring some re- "ward along with them.

"If love then should appear more eligible than either "avarice or ambition, as it is capable of receiving a fuller "gratification we may likewise argue its superiority, as it is "capable of this gratification two ways; either by giving or "receiving good; as it proposes a certain end; as this end "is generally not only possible but easy, safe, and innocent; "seldom attended with difficulty, danger, or crime to our- "selves, or with any mischief to others. In every one of "which lights it is preferable both to ambition and avarice.

"I am aware, however, that I am here liable to an objec- "tion not very different from what I have stated above: for "it may be said I am still arguing to others from myself, "and making my own sensations the criterion of their happi- "ness.

"Nay, it may be said, that having admitted in my first "position, that the happiness of man consists in the gratifica- "tion of whatever passion is upper most in their minds, my "doctoring can only be useful to such, whose highest passion "is love; and not at all applicable to those Votaries of am- "bition and avarice, who have very weak, or perhaps no "traces of love in their minds. This I readily concede, in- "sisting only on these two points, that such persons are less "capable of happiness than the lover, for the reason afore- "said; and that the lover, who is clear of all the impressions "of ambition and avarice, hath full as good a right to call "all the pursuits of mankind which arise from those other "motives, folly and weakness of mind, as the slave of those "passions have of imputing to such folly and weakness of

"all the energies of love, merely because they never felt them "Life, to say the truth, without some strong pursuit, without "proposing to ourselves some principal end to which all our "labours tend, is wretchedly insipid; rising indeed very little "above vegetation. Why then am I to be thus insipid, or to "become the slave of ambition and avarice, contrary to my "inclinations? or why am I obliged to undergo all hardships "which severe talk-masters impose on their servants, when I "have no relish for the pitiful rewards which are by those "two so niggardly bestowed upon them? why am I not to "become the subject of love, to whose cause I am so well in-"clined, whose labours are to me so easy, and rewards so ex-"tremely delicious?

"Why must I be called a fool, when I feel myself perfectly "happy, and that by those who must, to themselves at least, "acknowledge their own misery.

"In short, if love be a folly, it is so only in comparison of "the pursuit of those who disdaining the imperfections, the "uncertainty, and the transitory short duration of worldly "happiness, fix their attention on the perfect, certain, and "durable enjoyments of futurity; and who think heaven "only worthy to be the great end of all their actions. To "such I should only say, I think they might with great safety "take love in their way: for surely, in my sense of the world, "it would be so far from obstructing their journey, that it "only serve to give some idea of the blessing towards which "they are travelling. But for the slaves of ambition and "avarice to give the name of folly to love, is, in my opinion, "a higher degree of insolence, than for a drunken fellow "over nasty porter in an ale house to affect a contempt for "gentlemen who are rioting over champaign."

Thus, my dear, I have transcribed the defence of this our favourite passion. If I was not blessed in the knowledge of your partiality for me, I should have some apprehensions

that you might think me a weak advocate in so good a cause, which you yourself could, I am convinced, defend so much better; but you will pardon me when I say, if my affections to, and interest in every thing, did not exactly attend yours, you would be much more interested in a defence of love than myself; as I have so much better excuse for the Violence of mine, in singular merit of its object; but your goodness will still force your judgment to think those deserving who endeavour to be so.

Of this inclination to please you, therefore I will give you one instance, by quitting a subject which I could dwell on for ever, the delightful contemplation of your superiority; since it is the only one in which I am capable of giving offence to her who is the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart, my admiration, my esteem, my glory.

I am my sweet
With tenderness inexpressible
Your fond and faithful husband
VALENTINE.

PLUTUS,

THE

GOD *of* RICHES.

A

COMEDY.

Tranſlated from the Original *Greek* of

ARISTOPHANES,

With Large NOTES Explanatory and Critical.

By *HENRY FIELDING*, Eſq;

AND

The Revd. Mr. *YOUNG*.

LONDON:

Printed for T. WALLER in the *Temple-Cloiſters*,

MDCCXLII. [Price 2s.]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

LORD TALBOT

My Lord,

In an age when learning hath so few friends, and fewer patrons, it might require an apology to introduce an ancient Greek poet to a person of an exalted station.

For could the poet himself revive, and attend many such in his own person, he would be esteemed an unfashionable visitor, and might, perhaps, find some difficulty in gaining admittance.

But when we reflect on the revered name of the late lord chancellor of Great Britain, who, at the head of the greatest excellences and abilities, which ever warmed the heart, or embellished the understanding of man, preserved (which is, perhaps, the highest of human perfections) the most tender regard for the distressed; when we recollect what manifest tokens you have given that you inherit the virtues of that truly great and amiable person, we are emboldened, rather than discouraged, by this very consideration, to address the following attempt to your lordship.

Permit us then, my lord, to recommend Aristophanes; and with him, the distressed, and at present, declining state of learning to your protection.

The greatness of this author's genius need not be mentioned to your lordship; but there is a much stronger recommendation to one of your known principles. He exerted that genius in the service of his country. He attacked and

exposed its enemies and betrayers with a boldness and integrity, which must endear his memory to every true and sincere patriot.

In presenting Aristophanes, therefore, to your lordship, we present him to one, whom he, had he been an Englishman, would have chosen for his patron. Permit us, therefore, to make him this amends for the injury done him in our translation, and to subscribe ourselves,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obedient,

most humble servants,

HENRY FIELDING,
WILLIAM YOUNG.

PREFACE

As we intend, if we proceed in this work, to prefix to it a very large dissertation on the nature and end of comedy, with an account of its original rise, and progress to this day; which will include a full view of the Grecian stage: we shall at present confine ourselves to a very few words, in recommendation of our author himself, and in apology for this translation.

Aristophanes was born about 460 years before Christ, most probably in an island called Ægina, near Athens, where it is certain he had an estate. He is one of the oldest professors of the comic art, and indeed lived so very near the original of the drama, that, besides the admiration due to his deep discernment in human nature, to the incomparable humour of his characters, to his wit, style, numbers, etc., which have received great eulogiums both from ancient and modern critics; we must be astonished at the regularity and order of his comedies, to which in more than two thousand years successive poets have been able to add so little.

We have not room here to relate half, which hath been written in praise of our author, the honours which he received not only from his own countrymen, who ordered his name to be enrolled above those of all his cotemporaries; but from the emperor of Persia, who considered him merely from the force of his wit, and the uses he applied it to, as a person of the greatest consequence in Athens.

But as the esteem of one great, and wise, and good man, is infinitely preferable to the giddy shouts of the rabble, or to the capricious favour of kings, we hasten to the account given by Olympiodorus in his Life of Plato; who tells us,

that a very intimate acquaintance subsisted between the philosopher and the poet; and that the former learnt from the writings of the latter, the art of adapting in his dialogues the diction to the character of the speaker. Indeed it is impossible to read the works of both with any attention, without observing the most striking similitude in their expression; both being remarkable for that attic purity of language, and the elegant use of those particles, which, though they give such an inexpressible nervous force to the diction of these authors, have been represented as expletives, and useless by the ignorance of posterity.

The affection of Plato for Aristophanes is reported to have been so extremely strong, that after the death of the philosopher a volume of the other's comedies were found in his bed. The following epigram likewise is said to have been his:

Αι χάριτες τέμενός λαβεῖν ὅπερ ἠχὶ πεσεῖται Ζητῆσαι, ψυχὴν εὗρον Αριστοφάνης.

The Graces endeavouring to obtain a never-falling temple, found one in the genius of Aristophanes.

We know that Plato, in his Phædon, speaks against a comic poet with the utmost vehemence; and, in his *Apology* for Socrates, mentions Aristophanes among his false accusers by name; and that Ælian ascribes the death of Socrates to the ridicule brought on him by the Comedy of the *Clouds;* with which Diogenes Laertius seems to assent; but we question not refuting this story, if ever it be our fortune to translate that play.

But farther, the elegance of his style, and the justness of his sentiments, recommended him, notwithstanding his impurities, to the primitive fathers of the church. Thus we find him several times quoted by Clemens Alexandrinus; and there is a tradition, that St. Chrysostom held him in so great favour, as never to sleep without one of his comedies under his pillow, in order to begin the next day's reading with the works of the most correct writer. And to this perhaps we may justly ascribe that father's having surpassed

all the rest in the purity of his diction; and hence likewise he probably drew that remarkable acrimony of style, in which he hath so severely exposed the faults of the fair sex; which latter we the rather mention, as it takes off an ill-natured observation, which might otherwise have insinuated, that the purity of our author's diction did not alone recommend him to the father for a bedfellow.

To conclude this part of our preface, Longinus gives the character of sublime to our author's diction; Horace commends the freedom and justice with which he lashed the vices of his times: indeed so great hath been always his reputation, that, as M. Dacier observes, to deny his merit, would be to give the lie to all antiquity.

It may seem therefore impossible, that the works of such an author should fail of success in any language, unless through the fault of the translation, to which our reader will, I suppose, if he finds this play disagree with his taste, impute it.

There are some, I am told, professed admirers of Aristophanes in the Greek, who assert the impossibility of translating him; which, in my opinion, is asserting, in other words, the impossibility of understanding him: for sure a man must have a very superficial knowledge of his own language, who cannot communicate his ideas in it. If the original conveys clear and adequate ideas to me, I must be capable of delivering them to others in that language which I am myself a perfect master of. I am deceived therefore, if the complaints of translators do not generally arise from the same cause with those I have often heard made in conversation by men, who have mistaken some floating imperfect images in their minds for clear and distinct conceptions, and bitterly lament that they are unable to express themselves: whereas a man who conceives clearly, will, I apprehend, always express himself so.

I remember a translation of a celebrated line in Lucan into French, which is thus:

Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni. *Les Dieux servent Cæsar mais Caton fuit Pompée*

The sense of the Latin is,

The Gods embraced the cause of the conqueror, but Cato that of the conquered.

The sense of the French is,

The Gods preserved Cæsar, but Cato followed Pompey.

Will any man say, that this Frenchman understood his author, or that Lucan had conveyed the same idea to him, which he himself had conceived when he wrote that excellent and beautiful compliment to Cato.

To mention no more instances, (for thousands occur in most translations), I am convinced that the complaint of the difficulty of rendering an author in the translator's own language, arises commonly from the difficulty of comprehending him.

I do not, however, affect to say, that a translation labours under no disadvantage, or that it can be entirely *alter et idem*.

On the contrary, I am sensible, that in this particular undertaking we have three principal ones to encounter.

First, We are to render a purer and more copious language in that which is impurer and more confined. This drives us often from literally pursuing the original, and makes a periphrasis necessary to explain a single word, or the concisest expression.

Secondly, There is in Aristophanes a great deal of that wit which consists merely in the words themselves, and is so inseparable from them, that it is impossible to transfer it into any others: but this is a species of wit, which our readers of the better taste will not much repine at being deprived of. It is indeed sometimes found in good authors, where it appears like a tinsel-ornament on a beautiful woman, to catch the admiration of vulgar eyes, and to offend persons of real taste. However, that we might oblige all, and be as faithful to our author as possible, where we have not been able to preserve such facetiousness in our text, we have generally remarked it in our notes.

The last disadvantage I shall mention, is the harmony which in many places of the original is excellently sweet. This, perhaps, I should have thought impossible to preserve, had not the inimitable author of the *Essay on Man* taught me a system of philosophy in English numbers, whose sweetness is scarce inferior to that of Theocritus himself: but

Non omnia possumus omnes.

These are indeed objections which can only be made by our most learned readers, whom perhaps our close adherence to our author, and particularly in the simplicity of his language, may in some measure conciliate to us. The most dangerous and fatal enemies we are to dread, are those whom this very simplicity may offend; the admirers of that pretty, dapper, brisk, smart, pert dialogue, which hath lately flourished on our stage. This was first introduced with infinite wit by Wycherley, and continued with still less and less by his successors, till it is at last degenerated into such sort of pleasantry as this, in the *Provoked Husband:*

MANLY. If that were my case, I believe I should certainly sleep in another house.

L. GRACE. How do you mean?

MANLY. Only a compliment, madam.

L. GRACE. A compliment!

MANLY. Yes, madam, in rather turning myself out of doors than her.

L. GRACE. Don't you think that would be going too far?

MANLY. I don't know but it might, madam: for in strict justice I think she ought rather to go than I.

Again.

L. GRACE. Can a husband love a wife too well?

MANLY. As easily, madam, as a wife may love her husband too little.

L. GRACE. 'Tis pity but your mistress should hear your doctrine.

MANLY. Pity me, madam, when I marry the woman that won't hear it, &c., &c., &c.

This sort of stuff, which is, I think, called genteel comedy, and in which our Laureate succeeded so excellently well, both as author and actor, had some years ago taken almost sole possession of our stage, and banished Shakespear, Fletcher, Johnson, &c., from it; the last of whom, of all our English poets, seems chiefly to have studied and imitated Aristophanes, which we have remarked more than once in our notes. To such therefore of our readers, whose palates are vitiated with the theatrical diet, I have above-mentioned, I would recommend a play or two of Johnson's, to be taken as a kind of preparative before they enter on this play; for otherwise the simplicity of its style, for want of being sweetened with modern quaintness, may, like old wine after sugar-plums, appear insipid, and without any flavour. But our readers of a purer taste and sounder judgment, will be able, we apprehend, to digest good sense, manly wit, just satire, and true humour, without those garnishments which we could with infinitely greater ease have supplied (as others have done) in the room of our author's meaning, than have preserved it in his own plain simplicity of style.

It may be expected that we should here take some notice of the other translations of this play, especially those two of M. Dacier and Mr. Theobald, which we have sometimes taken the liberty of dissenting from in our translation, and on which we have commented with some freedom in our notes; but if we are right on these occasions, little apology will be required; if wrong, we shall gladly embrace correction, nor persist obstinately in error. I own, we have more to answer to the memory of the lady than to Mr. Theobald, who being a critic of great nicety himself, and great diligence in correcting mistakes in others, cannot be offended at the same treatment. Indeed there are some parts of his work which I should be more surprised at, had he not informed us in his dedication, that he was assisted in it by M. Dacier. We are not therefore much to wonder, if Mr. Theobald errs

a little, when we find his guide going before out of the way.

We shall conclude our preface with the argument of this play, as left us by Mr. Addison in his 464th Spectator.

"Chremylus, who was an old and good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consulted the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man, but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was Plutus the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments and conveniences of life which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus imme-

diately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and in order to it conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the Deity recovered his eyes, and begun to make a right use of them, by enriching everyone that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till in the last act Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that since this late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points, first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it showed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them."

THE
FIRST OLYNTHIAC
OF
DEMOSTHENES

THE FIRST OLYNTHIAC

OF

DEMOSTHENES

THE ARGUMENT.

Olynthus was a powerful free city of Thrace, on the confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring offers, Philip had tempted them into an alliance with him, the terms of which were a joint war against the Athenians, and if a peace, a joint peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing power, detach themselves from his alliance, and make a separate peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this as a breach of their former treaty, and glad of an opportunity, which he had long been seeking, immediately declares war against them, and besieges their city. Upon this they despatch an embassy to Athens for succour. The subject of this embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his sentiments in the following oration.

No treasures, O Athenians! can, I am confident, be so desirable in your eyes, as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you. And since it is of so important a nature, the strictest attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their opinions; for not only the salutary counsels which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received, but I consider it as peculiar to your fortune and good genius, that many things highly expedient, may suggest themselves to the speakers, even extemporarily, and without premeditation; and

then you may easily, from the whole, collect the most useful resolutions. The present occasion wants only a tongue to declare, that the posture of these affairs requires your immediate application, if you have any regard for your preservation. I know not what disposition we all entertain; but my own opinion is, that we vote a supply of men to the Olynthians, and that we send them immediately; and thus by lending them our assistance now, we shall prevent the accidents, which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an embassy be despatched, not only to declare these our intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest apprehension is, that the artful Philip, who well knows to improve every opportunity, by concessions, where they are most convenient, and by threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our absence to our allies, may draw from the whole some considerable advantage to himself. This however, O Athenians! will give some comfort, that the very particular circumstance which adds the greatest strength to Philip is likewise favourable to us. In his own person he unites the several powers of general, of king, and of treasurer; he presides absolutely in all councils, and is constantly at the head of his army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his successes in the field, but will have a contrary effect, with regard to that truce which he is so desirous to make with the Olynthians; who will find their contention not to be for glory, nor for the enlargement of dominion; the subversion or slavery of their country is what they fight against. They have seen in what manner he hath treated those Amphipolitans who surrendered their city to him; and those Pydnæans who received him into theirs: and indeed, universally, a kingly state is, in my opinion, a thing in which republics will never trust; and above all, if their territories border on each other. These things therefore, O Athenians! being well known to you, when you enter on this debate, your resolutions must be for war, and to prosecute it with as much vigour as you have formerly shown on any occasion. You must resolve to raise supplies with the utmost alacrity; to muster yourselves; to omit nothing; for no

longer can a reason be assigned, or excuse alleged, why you should decline what the present exigency requires. For the Olynthians, whom with such universal clamours you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against Philip, are now embroiled with him by mere accident; and this most advantageously for you; since, had they undertaken the war at your request, their alliance might have been less stable, and only to serve a present turn: but since their animosity arises from injuries offered to themselves, their hostility will be firm; as well on account of their fears, as of their resentment. The opportunity which now offers is not, O Athenians! to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the Eubœans, when Hierax and Stratocles from the Amphipolitans, in this very place, besought you to sail to their assistance, and to receive their city into your protection; had we then consulted our own interest with the same zeal with which we provided for the safety of the Eubœans, we had then possessed ourselves of Amphipolis, and escaped the troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the sieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagasæ, and others (for I will not waste time in enumerating all), had we then assisted only one of these with proper vigour, we should have found Philip much humbler, and easier to be dealt with: whereas now, by constantly pretermitting the opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in fortune for the good success of future events, we have increased the power, O Athenians! of Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O Athenians! it appears, that if we settle a just account with the gods, notwithstanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thanksgivings. For as to our losses in war, they are justly to be set down to our own neglect: but that we formerly suffered not these misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to

balance these evils, if we will but accept it: this, in my opinion, must be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a man preserves the wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to fortune; but if he insensibly consumes it, his gratitude to fortune is consumed at the same time. So in public affairs, if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods; for from the final event, we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O Athenians! to take effectual care, that by making a right use of the occasion now offered us, we wipe off the stains contracted by our former conduct: for should we, O Athenians! desert these people likewise, and Philip be enabled to destroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O Athenians! and see, by what means this Philip, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became master of Amphipolis, secondly of Pydna, next of Potidæa, and then of Methone. After these conquests, he turned his arms towards Thessaly, where having reduced Phera, Pagasæ, Magnesia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned some kings, and given crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small amendment of health, instead of refreshing himself with repose, he fell presently on the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pæonians, against Arymba; and who can recount all the other nations I omit? But should any man say, why therefore do you commemorate these things to us now? my answer is, that you may know, O Athenians! and sensibly perceive these two things: First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless disposition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in ease. If then his disposition be to aim still at greater and greater conquests, and ours to neglect every brave measure for our defence; consider, in what event we can hope these things

should terminate! Good gods! is there any of you so infatuated, that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us, if we neglect it? and if this should happen, I fear, O Athenians! that we shall imitate those who borrow money at great usury, who, for a short affluence of present wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our sloth; and by giving our minds entirely up to pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous calamities, against our will shall be at last reduced to a necessity of action, and to contend even for our own country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find fault is easy, and within any man's capacity; but to advise proper measures to be taken in the present exigency, is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, O Athenians! that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety, that from any regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two: First, to preserve the Olynthian cities, by sending a supply of men to their assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition: for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this, take Olynthus: he will be easily able to return home, and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians; when Philip perceives himself safe at home, he will set down before Olynthus, and employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised; you have a treasure, O Athenians! you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund

you may apply according to your pleasure, on this occasion: if the army be supplied this way, you will want no tax: if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What? says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army? Not I, truly; I only suggest that an army should be levied; that this fund should be applied to it; that those who do their duty to the public should receive their reward from it; whereas, in celebrating the public festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think all should contribute, largely, if much wanted, less, if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your preservation, while you have an opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the posture in which Philip's affairs now stand: for it appears to me, that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest situation. He would never have entered into this war, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped at his very entrance to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This, therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the first shock, and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Thessaly: for these are by nature the most perfidious of mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pagasæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magnesia. I have moreover heard it said, that the Thessalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor suffer his fleets to be victualled in their markets; for that these should go to the support of the republics of Thessaly, and not to the use of Philip. But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great straits to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we suppose that Pæonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will choose rather to be slaves than free and their own masters? They are not inured to bondage, and the man is, as they say, prone to insolence; which is indeed very

credible; for unmerited success entirely perverts the understanding in weaker minds; whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians! to take advantage of this distress of Philip, to undertake the business with the utmost expedition; not only to despatch the necessary embassies, but to follow them with an army, and to stir up all his other enemies against him: for we may be assured of this, that had Philip the same opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your option, whether you shall attack him abroad, or be attacked by him at home; for if the Olynthians, by your assistance, are preserved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded; and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city in safety; but should Philip once master the Olynthians, who would oppose his march hither? The Thebans? Let me not be thought too bitter, if I say, they would be ready to assist him against us. The Phocians? They are not able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But, my friend, says one, Philip will have no desire to invade us.——I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference, whether the war be here or there, there is, I think, no need of argument; for if it was necessary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to sustain your army with your own product, supposing no enemy there at the same time; I say, the losses of your husbandmen, who supply those provisions, would be greater than the whole expense of the preceding war. But if an actual war should come to our doors, what losses must we then expect? Add to this, the insults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loss, the disgrace of such an incident. It becomes us all, therefore, when we consider all these things, to apply our utmost endeavours to

expel this war from our borders; the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet possession of the rest; the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expense, in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own; the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republic: since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy, for the sake of every one!

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

AND

DIOGENES THE CYNIC

ALEXANDER. What fellow art thou, who darest thus to lie at thy ease in our presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us homage? Dost thou not know us?

DIOG. I cannot say I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the splendour of thy habit; but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance, and the arrogance of thy speech, I conceive thou mayst be Alexander the son of Philip.

ALEX. And who can more justly challenge thy respect, than Alexander, at the head of that victorious army, who hath performed such wonderful exploits,[1] and under his conduct, hath subdued the world?

DIOG. Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloak.

ALEX. Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curiosity to know thy name.

DIOG. I am not ashamed of it: I am called Diogenes: a name composed of as many and as well-sounding syllables as Alexander.

[1] This is an anachronism: for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating the Grecian States in the Peloponnesse before his Asiatic expedition: but that season would not have furnished sufficient matter for this dialogue; we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

ALEX. Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which wish, since fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy conversation a while: and that thou likewise mayest be pleased with our meeting, ask me some favour; and as thou knowest my power, so shalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

DIOG. Why, then, Alexander the Great, I desire thee to stand from between me and the sun; whose beams thou hast withheld from me some time, a blessing which it is not in thy power to recompense the loss of.

ALEX. Thou hast a very shallow opinion of my power, indeed; and if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many nations, to a fine purpose, truly.

DIOG. That is not my fault.

ALEX. Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

DIOG. I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEX. Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Arbela still white with human bones? Will Susa show no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears, who, but for the valour of this heart, and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life and tranquillity? Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloak appears to be his only possession.

DIOG. I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander! for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed all

the exploits thou hast recounted and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament, or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloak should be his only possession?

ALEX. Thou seemest, to my apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this disregard for the glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour which is the encouragement to, and reward of, every thing truly great and noble; for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame consist, but in the breath of that multitude, whose estimation, with such ill-grounded scorn, thou dost affect to despise? A reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted souls; though, from their meanness, low minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which pride, from the despair of attaining it, may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit disdain. What other reward than this have all those heroes proposed to themselves, who rejected the enjoyments which ease, riches, pleasure, and power, have held forth to them in their native country, have deserted their homes, and all those things which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or desirable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and spoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inspired by the prospect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt?

DIOG. Thy own words have convinced me (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please,) that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages

of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them; nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants; in this instance, indeed, their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

ALEX. However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the shadow, till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

DIOG. Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

ALEX. No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIOG. I snarl at them because of their vice and folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as thee and thy followers.

ALEX. If thou wouldst confess the truth, envy is the true source of all thy bitterness; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirst of glory only is my motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I show to them when they are conquered.

DIOG. Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou givest to one what thou hast by violence and plunder taken from another; and in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a second time by thyself, or by some other like thee. My snarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives against vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

ALEX. For which purpose thou hast forsworn society, and art retired to preach to trees and stones.

DIOG. I have left society, because I cannot endure the evils I see and detest in it.

ALEX. Rather because thou canst not enjoy the good thou dost covet in it. For the same reason I have left my own country, which afforded not sufficient food for my ambition.

DIOG. But I come not like thee abroad, to rob and plunder others. Thy ambition hath destroyed a million, whereas I have never occasioned the death of a single man.

ALEX. Because thou hast not been able; but thou hast done all within thy power, by cursing and devoting to destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more greatness of soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor circumstances are clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess passions which fortune hath not put it in thy power to gratify. It is, therefore, that thou deniest ambition; for hadst thou a soul as capacious as mine, I see no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition, than what thou hast chosen; for when alone in this retreat which thou hast chosen, thou mayest contemplate thy own greatness. Here no stronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of superior power, riches, or happiness, invade thy sight. But, be honest and confess, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army——

DIOG. Had fortune placed me at the head of the world, it could not have raised me in my own opinion. And is this mighty soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its superiority on the backs of a multitude of armed slaves? And who in reality have gained these conquests, and gathered all these laurels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone past into Asia, the empire of Darius had still stood unshaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will say the same troops might not, under some other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater mischiefs? The honour, therefore, such as it is, is

by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal share only. It is not, then, Alexander, but Alexander and his army are superior to Diogenes. And in what are they his superiors? In brutal strength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to do as much more mischief than themselves, as they are than Diogenes.

ALEX. Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the precedence over me; that I make use of others as the instruments of my conquests, whereas all thy raillery and curses against mankind proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curse it.

DIOG. If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

ALEX. But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hatest all.

DIOG. Thou art mistaken. Long life, to such as thee, is the greatest of curses; for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know, there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph, one equally miserable with thyself; for if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits, misery (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted), what can be more miserable, than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for, capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the farthest limits of the world,[1] must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to

[1] Which was then known to the Greeks.

stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is?

ALEX. I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and, when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming, that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

DIOG. They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punishment of such dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon share the same fate. They are both the nest of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to see the rascals, who have so openly in derision called me a snarling cur, roasting in their own houses.

ALEX. Yet, on a second consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the cities, especially Corinth, which is so full of wealth, and only massacre the inhabitants?

DIOG. D—n their wealth; I despise it.

ALEX. Well, then, let it be given to the soldiers, as the demolition of it will not increase the punishment of the citizens, when we have cut their throats.

DIOG. True——Then you may give some of it to the soldiers; but as the dogs have formerly insulted me with their riches, I will, if you please, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more, to my own use. It will give me at least an opportunity of showing the world, I can despise riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

ALEX. Art not thou a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge! And hast thou the impudence to dispute

any longer the superiority with me, who have it in my power to punish my enemies with death, while thou only canst persecute with evil wishes?

DIOG. I have still the same superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy soldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the world besides. And may perdition seize thee, and all thy followers!

[*Here some of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.*

ALEX. Let him alone. I admire his obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.——Farewell, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much, that *was I not* Alexander, *I could desire to be* Diogenes.

DIOG. Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a mortification; that *was I not* Diogenes, *I could almost content myself with being* Alexander.

AN INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, AND MERCURY

WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED AS AN

INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH

AN INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, & MERCURY

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUP. Pray be pacified.

JUNO. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

JUP. But, my dear——

JUNO. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

JUP. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

JUNO. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me, for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have had that, if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune, and lain with my chambermaids, as you suffer men to do with impunity—highly to your honour be it spoken!

JUP. Faith! madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

JUNO. I desire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known, I never showed any favour, but to those of the purest, unspotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a visit to any other.

JUP. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

JUNO. Yes, the trollops of the earth, such as Venus converses with. You never show any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

JUP. My dear, give me leave to say, your favourites are such, that man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with ugliness, which is one of the most glaring qualities in all your favourites, whom I have ever seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such favourites, that the men slight them.

JUNO. The men slight them! I'd have you know, sir, they slight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not less than a thousand railing at mankind.

JUP. Ay, as I hear at this instant several grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same time.

JUNO. Very fine! Very civil! I understand your comparison.——Well, sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad husband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worse; that every house may be too hot for a husband, as I will shortly make heaven for you.

JUP. That I believe you will——but if you begin your project of making women worse, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take some care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

APOL. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

JUP. Apollo, how dost thou?——You are a wise deity, Apollo; prithee will you answer me one question?

APOL. To my best ability.

JUP. You have been much conversant with the affairs of men, what dost thou think the foolishest thing a man can do?

APOL. Turn poet.

JUP. That is honest enough, as it comes from the god of poets; but you have missed the mark, for certainly the foolishest thing a man can do, is to marry.

APOL. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, besides that he ought to be wiser than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man, of getting rid of his wife.

JUP. Apollo, thy reproof is just: but let us talk of something else; for when I am out of the hearing of my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

APOL. Have you read any of those books I brought you, just sent me by my votaries upon earth?

JUP. I have read them all.——The poem is extremely fine, and the similes most beautiful.—There is indeed one little fault in the similes.

APOL. What is that?

JUP. There is not the least resemblance between the things compared together.

APOL. One half of the simile is good, however.

JUP. The dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent men upon earth.——There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This discovery, together with my wife's tongue, has determined me to make a trip to

the earth, and spend some time in such godlike company. Apollo, will you go with me?

APOL. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of disservice to you; for when I was last on earth, though I heard of these people, I could not get admission to any of them: you had better take Plutus with you, he is acquainted with them all.

JUP. Hang him, proud rascal, of all the deities he is my aversion; I would have kick'd him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his residence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion against me.

APOL. Your fear has too just a ground, for the god of riches has more interest there than all the other gods put together: nay, he has supplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never saw.——Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs, who never saw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could see any other than the back.

JUP. Faith! it is surprising, that a god whom I sent down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their favour.

APOL. You may thank yourself, you might have made man wiser if you would.

JUP. What, to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in those little histories, called dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the stars; and here comes my son of fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY *kneels.*]

MER. Pray, father Jupiter, be pleased to bless me.

JUP. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been spending your time in?

MER. With some ladies of your acquaintance, Apollo. I have been at blind-man's buff with the nine muses; but before we began to play, we had charming sport between Miss Thally and one of the poets; such a scene of courtship or invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia,* cries the bard; and then he scratches his head; and then, *Say, O Thalia,* again; and repeated it a hundred times over; but the devil a word would she say.

APOL. She's a humoursome little jade, and if she takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

JUP. I wish Juno had some of her frolics, with all my heart.

MER. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary——

JUP. Ay; for which reason I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a short visit to our friends on earth. Son Mercury, you shall along with me.

MER. Sir, I am at your disposal: but pray what is the reason of this visit?

JUP. Partly my wife's temper, and partly some informations I have lately received of the prodigious virtue of mankind; which, if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongst men.

MER. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of these virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little

rogues you put me at the head of. The last time I was on the earth, I believe I had three sets of my acquaintance hanged in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, sir, I will be god of rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an established maxim that no rich man can be a rogue.

JUP. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charger, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

MER. Do you know the true reason of this expedition?

APOL. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

MER. The little virtue of womankind rather——Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a step after human virtue; besides, where the devil should he find it, if he would?

APOL. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

MER. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You make no distinction, I hope, between robbing with a pistol and with a pen.

APOL. My votaries robbers! Mr. Mercury?

MER. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the same reason. Would not he be a rogue who should take a man's money for persuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no such thing? Is not he equally such, who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? These fellows

prevent the very use of praise, which, while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be despised by the true deserving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a minister's shop.

APOL. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

MER. Ay, and of your satirical writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust satire is as bad as unjust panegyric.

APOL. If it is unjust indeed——But sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems which have neither satire nor panegyric in 'em.

MER. Yes, sir, to all who are thieves, and steal from one another.

APOL. Methinks, sir, you should not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

MER. Heyday, sir, nor you on thieves, to me who am the god of thieves. We have no such reason to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the same kind; for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor; so it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

APOL. Sir, sir, I have men of quality that write.

MER. Yes, sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, or the other rogues; for as the one can write without wit, so can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter I suppose gave it them; and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a petition to my father, that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with our other votaries.

APOL. It is in vain to petition him any thing against mankind at present, he is in such good humour with them; if they should sour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us justice.

MER. It shall be my fault if he is not in a worse humour with them; at least I will take care he shall not be deceived; and that might happen; for men are such hypocrites, that the greatest part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

APOL. And Jupiter, you know, though he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the gods.

MER. His own honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honest a fellow as any deity in all the Elysian Fields; but I shall make him wait for me.—Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble servant.

APOL. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return, I shall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

MER. I shall be proud to kiss your hands.

OF THE

REMEDY OF AFFLICTION

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It would be a strange consideration (saith Cicero) that while so many excellent remedies have been discovered for the several diseases of the human body, the mind should be left without any assistance to alleviate and repel the disorders which befall it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to assuage and remove all those perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the same opinion were all those wise and illustrious ancients, whose writings and sayings on this subject have been transmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us, that *virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philosophy,* which consisted not in vain pomp, or useless curiosity, nor even in the search of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting habits of virtue, and ingrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious writers recommended and dignified by the august names of *philosophy* and *virtue;* which two words, if they did not always use in a synonymous sense, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the consummation of true philosophy.

Now that this supreme philosophy, this habit of virtue, which strengthened the mind of a Socrates, or a Brutus, is

really superior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt; but in truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly constitution. With all proper deference, therefore, to such great authorities, they seem to me to assert no more than that health is a remedy against disease: for a soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a soul, as Horace expresses it,

"Totus teres atque rotundus;"

or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from* WITHIN, *not from* WITHOUT; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern; such a soul is surely in a state of health, which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, so doth it in constancy or duration. In the latter, the transition from perfect health to sickness is easy, and often sudden; whereas the former, being once firmly established in the robust state above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any accident or impulse of fortune.

It must be confessed, indeed, that those great masters have pointed out the way to this philosophy, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others into it; but as it is certain that few of their disciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as several of the masters themselves have done little honour to their precepts, by their examples, there seems still great occasion for a mental physician, who should consider the human mind (as is often the case of the body) in too weak and depraved a situation to be restored to firm vigour and sanity, and should propose rather to palliate and lessen its disorders, than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole catalogue of diseases to which our minds are liable, and to prescribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a

particular species of that one, viz. to *affliction for the death of our friends.*

This is a malady to which the best and worthiest of men are chiefly liable. It is, like a fever, the distemper of a rich and generous constitution. Indeed, we may say of those base tempers which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty physician of the last age said of a shattered and rotten carcass, that they are not worth preserving.

For this reason the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philosopher, who, when he had lost his children at the taking *Meghra* by *Demetrius,* concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him,* hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden tranquillity at so great a loss, to ostentation or obduracy, than to consummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection than conquering it. To overcome the affliction arising from the loss of our friends, is great and praiseworthy; but it requires some reason and time. This sudden unruffled composure is owing to mere insensibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodness of the understanding.

But in a mind of a different cast, in one susceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to such a loss. It is tearing the heart, the soul from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the most cruel tormentors of the body soon destroy the subject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the soul having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this calamity be not in a more humane disposition to be presently or totally removed, an attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one-half or a third of the pain, would, I apprehend, be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely, some palliative remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguish a hundred fold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to present my reader with the best prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some success. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a physician, who had himself had the disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that pretension to some confidence and regard.

And first, by way of preparative; while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholesomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loss, however distant it may then appear to us; for if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us, how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the mind with every assistance to encounter a calamity which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first ingredients of a *wise* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen, and unexpected. And this is surely the principal means of taking his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune. Pleasure or pain, which seizes us unprepared, and by surprise, have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That pleasure is heightened by long expectation appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the one, and bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment; this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our passions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great measure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our consideration on this head are too various, and many of them too obvious, to be

enumerated; the principal are surely, First, the certainty of the dissolution of this alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme shortness of this duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wise man frequently meditated on these subjects, he would not have coolly answered the person who acquainted him with the death of his son—I KNEW *I had begot a Mortal.* Whereas, by the behaviour of some on these occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality; that something uncommon, and beyond the general fate of men, had happened to them. In a word, that they had flattered their fondness for their children and friends as enthusiastically as the poets have their works, which

> ——"*neo Jovis ira neo ignis,*
> *Neo poterit ferrum, neo edaq abolere vetustas.*"

Nor is there any dissuasive from such contemplation: it is no breach of friendship, nor violence of paternal fondness: for the event we dread and detest is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged: for what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true, that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the uncertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and ecstasy, with which we receive those we love into our arms, when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment, as to

lessen our future loss, and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader some instructions for his conduct, when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness, than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistible, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued; in the former, it differs from the perfection of the Deity; in the latter, from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our passions at first attack us they will in time subside. It is then that reason is to be called to our assistance, and we should use every suggestion which it can lend to our relief; our utmost force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an enemy when he begins to retreat: this, indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue happiness and avoid misery.

There are, however, two causes of our unwillingness to hearken to the voice of reason on this occasion. The first is, a foolish opinion, that friendship requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the superstition of the ancients)

an agreeable sacrifice to their manes; the other, and perhaps the commoner motive is, the immediate satisfaction we ourselves feel in this indulgence; which, though attended with very dreadful consequences, gives the same present relief to a tender disposition, that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no engagement with one another, hath dissolved all bonds of friendship between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices; can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an affliction to our own misery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleasure to our friend? But I shall not dwell on an absurdity so monstrous in itself that the bare first mention throws it in a light which no illustration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the second, it is, as I have said, like those indulgences which, however pleasant they may be to the distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish temper of mind than this conduct; by which, like infants, we reject a remedy, if it be the least distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful food, without regarding the nourishment which at the same time we contribute to the disease.

Without staying, therefore, longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my disciple or patient, of another complexion, carefully to avoid all circumstances which may revive the memory of the deceased, whom it is now his business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the perverseness of our natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recall to our remembrance the words, looks, gestures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture; a second the hair; and others, some little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loss. What is all this less than being self-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed, time is the truest and

best physician on these occasions; and our wisest part is to lend him the utmost assistance we can; whereas, by pursuing the methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction; but for my part, I rather conceive they will increase than diminish it; especially where music is to make up any part of the entertainment; for the nature of this is to sooth or inflame, not to alter our passions. Indeed, I should rather propose such diversions by way of trial than of cure; for when they can be pursued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the truth, the physic for this, as well as every other mental disorder, is to be dispensed to us by philosophy and religion. The former of these words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth surely convey, to those who understand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter sense, means no more than the love of wisdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it signifies, the search after wisdom; or often, wisdom itself; for to distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer) is rather matter of vain curiosity than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations:

First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good, whose loss we deplore, viz. that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to fortune, and as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, be-

cause she is not pleased to continue those favours, which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener, who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half, rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you at least half a year in the bargain.

But who will ensure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for insuring you one? and great as it is, he who accepts it, is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common-place of the numberless avenues to death; a road almost as much beaten by writers, as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums them up in half a verse,

——"*Leti mille repente viæ.*"

Surely no accident can befall our friend which should so little surprise us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In poverty, pain, or other instances, his lot may be harder than his neighbour's. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be, death itself (which is a part of life) that we lament should happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We desire not a pardon, we desire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine die.* But if he could escape this fever, this small-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may so; but it is more probable he will not live ten; it is very possible not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty years to come. In prospect, it is true, the term seems to have some duration; but, cast your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the span appears: for it happens in life (however pleasant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller, the plain he is

yet to pass extends itself much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the possession of our wish, and give us this twenty years longer possession of our friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in imitation of a child who desires its mamma to stay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the case; seeing that neither our calamity, nor the child's physic, becomes less nauseous by the delay.

But, admitting this condition to be never so hard, will not philosophy show us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our sorrow mend our case? Can we wash back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our sighs and lamentations? It is a foolish mean-spiritedness in a criminal, to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate capable of remission; could our sorrows or sufferings restore our friends to us, I would commend him who outdid the fabled Niobe in weeping: but since no such event is to be expected; since *from that bourne no traveller returns;* surely it is the part of a wise man to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our hearts, whether it is for the sake of our friends or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, That *the lamentation expressed for the loss of our dearest friends is often, in reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less consequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of those tears which are truly shed on account of the living:* concluding,—that *in these afflictions men impose on themselves.* Now, if, on the inquiry, this should be found to be our case, I shall leave the patient to seek his remedy elsewhere, having first recommended to him an assembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he please, all of them; which will very speedily

produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if, after the strictest examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the case) that our sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested affection which many minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no idea of it; in a word, if it be manifest that our fears are justly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to consider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him; and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dreadful calamity should exist only in opinion, and all its horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an estimate of human life, which to do in the most concise manner, would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more real happiness in life than the wisest men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every partial man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former, I apprehend it will appear, sufficiently for my purpose, that death is not that king of terrors as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now, if this be a point in judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wise men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their suffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all the philosophers, speaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero (to name no more) whose life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his old age, that *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of these and numberless other such authorities; if we will still maintain that the pleasures of life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our regard and desire, we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these pleasures are lasting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the possession of them to our friend, nor secure him from all those evils which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real existence of; nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of women, and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering; *Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!* Some years afterwards, I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that *her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.*

In reality, she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and above all, folly may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon, which Crœsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines:

> ——"*ultima semper*
> *Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus*
> *Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.*"

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend; but if there be any whom neither his own observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædon; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his Tusculan questions; or Montaigne (if he hath a contempt for the ancients), can convince, that death is not an evil worthy

our lamentation, let such a man comfort himself, that the evil which his friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful assurance, that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer by his dissolution; that those virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth, are now become the foundation of his happiness and reward in a better world.

Lastly: it gives a hope, the sweetest, most endearing and ravishing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with friendship—the hope of again meeting the beloved person, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliss everlasting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmest imagination at a distance. *Who can conceive* (says Sherlock in his Discourse on Death) *the melting caresses of two souls in Paradise?* What are all the trash and trifles, and bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life, to such a meeting? This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase; nor can any man show me its absolute impossibility, till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

EXAMPLES

OF THE

INTERPOSITION

OF

PROVIDENCE IN THE DETECTION AND PUNISHMENT OF MURDER

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

1752

TO THE

RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD,

ISAAC,

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

My Lord:

In a conversation to which I had some time since the honour to be admitted with your lordship, you was pleased to lament among other great and growing evils the many flagrant instances of murder that have lately alarmed the public. I then took occasion to mention the plan of such a book as I now present to your lordship; this immediately received your encouragement, and, I hope, will now receive your protection.

To give an attempt of this kind its full force, the sanction of some great name is necessary; and where, my lord, could I find one so proper, as that of a prelate of so distinguished a character; whose zeal for the good of his country is so universally known and acknowledged, and who hath, with such vigour and success, employed the most eminent talents, and the most unwearied industry, in the cause of the public?

To this consideration, my lord, I hope you will impute my present desire of your lordship's patronage; and not to that pride which I shall always have in telling the world, that I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

your lordship's most obliged,

and most dutiful, humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Bow-Street, *April*, 1752.

EXAMPLES

OF THE

INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE IN THE DETECTION AND PUNISHMENT OF MURDER.

That the most dreadful crime of murder hath of late increased in a very deplorable degree in this kingdom, is a fact which every man must confess, and which every good man must very bitterly lament. Till this age, indeed, cruel and bloody actions were so seldom heard of in England, that when they happened, they appeared as prodigies, and raised not only the detestation, but the astonishment of the people. In all the arts of fraud, knavery and theft, we have long since been equal to any of our neighbours; but murder is very lately begun, perhaps is even now beginning to be common among us.

In the politic, as in the natural body, no disorders ever spring up without a cause; much less do any diseases become epidemical by mere accident. These must all have their causes, and such causes must be adequate to the effect which they produce.

For my part, I sincerely declare I can discover no more than one cause of the horrid evil of which I am complaining: One indeed most perfectly adequate to the production of every political mischief; and which I am convinced hath more than all others, contributed to the production, and to the increase of all those moral evils with which the public is at present so extremely afflicted.

My sensible reader will presently guess, that I mean that general neglect (I wish I could not say contempt) of religion, which hath within these few years so fatally overspread this whole nation; hath grown to be a kind of fashion among

us, and like other fashions, having begun among the higher ranks of the people, hath descended gradually through all orders, till it hath reached the very lowest in the society.

This is a matter too clear, I think, and too self-evident to require any proof: for when we reflect on those solemn denunciations, of the most grievous judgments against this crime by Almighty God, how is it possible to conceive that a creature who believes that this God is, and that these denunciations of vengeance came from him, should, unless he were a downright fool or madman, thus audaciously fly in the face of a being, in whose words we must be assured there is all truth, and in whose right hand is all power?

But besides the frequent declarations of God's most bitter wrath against this deadly sin in the Old Testament; besides the fearful and tremendous sentence of eternal punishment against it in the New Testament; the Almighty hath been pleased to distinguish the atrociousness of the murderer's guilt, by levelling his thunder directly at his head, in this world. The divine providence hath been pleased to interpose in a more immediate manner in the detection of this crime than any other. Of which interpositions not only of the holy scriptures, but the histories and traditions of all ages, and of all countries, do give us many and unquestionable examples. To this truth, and the horrors with which the minds of murderers are particularly haunted; and the most unaccountable, indeed miraculous means, by which the most secret and cunning murders have often been detected, do abundantly bear testimony: not to mention the many stories of apparitions on this dreadful occasion; some of which have been so well and faithfully attested, that to reject them with a hasty disbelief, seems to argue more of an obstinate and stubborn infidelity, than of a sound and sober reason.

Here then I shall present the reader with a few examples of this immediate interposition of the divine providence on this occasion. To transcribe the whole, would fill a large volume; and though perhaps, I may have omitted many more worthy of being inserted, than some of those which I have

chosen, yet I trust, that what I shall here present the serious and attentive reader, will be sufficient to convince him of that awful truth, above-mentioned; of which, if we may venture to assert any thing on such a subject, the motive seems to have been to deter men, by such manifest preternatural interpositions of divine providence, from the commission of this dreadful, this execrable, this unpardonable sin.

The first murder we hear of, is in the sacred history. It is that committed by Cain on the body of his brother Abel.

In this we find the Almighty personally interposing, and calling the offender to the severest account. This was discovered by God himself, and how discovered? Why, as the sacred text tells us, by the "Crying of the blood" of the slain for vengeance against the "Murderer."

And this vengeance was accordingly executed by the all-righteous judge, in a curse pronounced by himself against Cain; who, in pursuance of his sentence, wandered through the earth, groaning and trembling, according to the translation of the LXX. Haunted, says a commentator on Eusebius, with his brother's ghost whithersoever he went; for it was a notion which prevailed among the Jews, as well as all other nations, that the ghosts of those who were murdered, persecuted their murderers, continually terrifying them, and requiring their punishment at the hands of justice. And of the truth of this opinion, the most authentic histories, as well as the traditions of all ages and countries, afford us very positive assurance.

That Cain was not put to death by God for his offence, seems an instance rather of the divine severity, than of any mercy intended towards him. The design was possibly to make him a living and lasting example of the almighty wrath, against this heinous crime. Cain himself, when he cried out that his punishment was greater than he could bear, would have considered death as a mitigation of his sentence. How much more dreadful indeed was the alternative of being banished from the face of God, of being driven as a vagabond and a runagate out of the holy land; and being compelled to wander about with a mark of infamy,

set by God's own hand upon him; afraid of all whom he would meet, haunted by his brother's incensed and injured spirit; and much more haunted, perhaps, by his own conscience; the ground, as the Jewish rabbis say, shaking under him, so that all who met him, ran away from him, crying: "This is the cruel man that killed his brother."

There is, perhaps, no truth whatever, which can be supported by so many authorities from history, as this of the divine vengeance against murder. The example of Herod is extremely affecting to this purpose. "The fate of Herod," says Eusebius, "is well worthy our consideration; divine justice pursued him immediately after those cruel murders which he had committed; and his sufferings in this life seemed to exhibit a kind of prelude of those torments which were prepared for him after his death. The former happiness of his reign was on a sudden obscured by a succession of the most terrible calamities, by the murder of his wife, his children, and of the nearest of his relations and friends. Josephus hath drawn the picture at length, and it surpasses all the tragical stories which poets have ever invented." He then relates from that historian the manner of Herod's death, which he says, was by a rod sent from heaven. By this the king was afflicted with a disease of a very exemplary kind; and which did manifest the immediate interposition of providence, as well by the singularity, as by the extremity of those excruciating torments, in which by a slow tedious wasting (being indeed devoured alive by vermin) he was dragged to his miserable end.

A like account the same historian gives us of the dreadful catastrophe of Maximinus, the great murderer of the Christians, by the same extraordinary and miraculous means.

Indeed, not only the ecclesiastical writers, but profane historians abundantly furnish us with examples of the wrath of God against the great tyrants and murderers of mankind, whose deaths have been, for the most part, as violent as their lives, and the former have been as wretched, as the latter detestable. Of this the latter part of the Roman history is almost one continued record. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius,

Nero, Vitellius, Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, and Heliogabalus, were not greater instances of cruelty while they lived, than of misery when they died.

I will proceed to particular instances in which God had been pleased to demonstrate his great abhorrence of this sin of murder, by a supernatural and miraculous interposition of Providence, in the punishment, as well as detection, of this most abominable sin.

Of this sin, which is committed not only in defiance of the positive revealed laws of God, and all the punishments which in these laws are denounced against it; but in manifest opposition to those secret institutions, which God hath written in the heart and conscience of every man, where there is no principle so deeply engraved, none written in such legible characters as this divine command, Thou shalt do no Murder.

EXAMPLE I.

We read in Plutarch, that a soldier of King Pyrrhus being slain, his faithful dog would by no means be enticed from the dead body; and the king coming by, the dog fawn'd on him, as seeming to supplicate his vengeance on his master's murderers. The king thereupon ordered his whole army to march by in order before him, and as soon as the murderers appeared, the dog flew fiercely on them, and would have torn them to pieces, had he not been withheld. The two soldiers terrified with so uncommon an attack, together with the accusation, and so faithful a witness directed by heaven for their accuser, fell on their knees, and confessed the fact, for which they were both immediately executed.

[*Plutarch de serâ numinis vind.*]

EXAMPLE II.

The same author relates a story of one Bessus, who having murdered his father, was so pursued with a guilty conscience, that he thought the swallows, when they chattered were saying, "Bessus has killed his father." Whereupon, being unable to conceal his guilt, he confessed the fact, and received condign punishment. [*Plutarch's Morals, Solin.*]

Many have been the instances, where the murderer, from the racking torments of his mind, hath been driven to distraction, and by that means, in his raving fits, hath confessed his crime; and though such a confession in sleep, or in madness, cannot well be deemed sufficient evidence against a man, yet never was such confession made, but it either led so strongly to the finding circumstantial evidence of the fact, as was sufficient to convict the guilty person; or else struck by the terror of a discovery being made, the murderer hath, when returned to his senses, confessed the fact: In both which cases is very plainly seen, the immediate interposition of Providence, in order to bring the offender to public justice, as may be illustrated also by the following facts.

EXAMPLE III.

Alphonso, of the city of Veruli was the only son of his mother Sophia, and knowing himself to be the heir to her great jointure, when she died, he regarded not the precepts or examples of that excellent and wise lady, his mother, but gave a loose to all his vicious inclinations, which gave the lady Sophia the greatest uneasiness imaginable.

Cassino, brother to Sophia, having lost his wife, entreated this his sister to take the care of his only daughter, Eleonora, who was now fourteen years old; and this charge Sophia

performed so well, that when Eleonora became of the age of fifteen years, she was esteemed one of the best educated, as well as one of the most beautiful young ladies of that city.

Alphonso, charmed with his cousin's beauty, but more with the great fortune to which she was heiress, resolved to endeavour at gaining her; but as this could not be done with the character he bore of extravagance and debauchery, he feigned a most sudden and thorough reformation; and though for some time his mother gave little credit to his sincerity, and could not be prevailed on to ask the alliance of her brother, yet, after seeing in her son a whole year's continuance in the most regular and decent course of life, she was induced from her natural fondness, and hopes of the truth of this pretended reformation, to intercede with her brother Cassino, that a match might be made between Alphonso and Eleonora. But as Cassino had not the same motives for partiality to Alphonso as his mother had, he saw through his disguise, and absolutely refused his consent, and as his sister was still importunate with him to grant her request, he took his daughter home to his own house, and begged to be troubled no more about the matter. Alphonso soon returned to his old courses, and the good virtuous Sophia, though her grief was very great, to see her son such a reprobate, rejoiced that her intercession did not prevail to the ruin of her amiable niece. Alphonso in some time again wanted to renew his address to Eleonora, and asked his mother once more to propose it to her brother Cassino, but Sophia not only refused his request, but in pretty sharp terms, remonstrated against the debauchery of his life. So little was he moved with her discourse, that he now began to consider her as keeping him out of a large fortune by her life, and as being a disagreeable monitor, whose lectures were of force enough to make him feel the sting, from his riotous living, but not sufficient to make him forsake his excesses; he therefore, without the least gratitude for her repeated indulgences towards him, (for she had been the kindest of mothers) determined to free himself from her lectures, and to possess himself of her for-

tune. For this purpose he bought a quantity of poison, which he carried in his pocket, in order to wait for a convenient opportunity of giving it, which too soon offered; for in a few days, his mother was taken extremely ill as she was walking with her son and a maid servant, in her own garden, and leaning on her maid's arm, she begged her son to run in and fetch such a particular bottle, in which was a cordial, that was ordered her by a physician to take, whenever she was seized with these kind of complaints. Alphonso ran with all the haste of apparent filial duty and tenderness, but fraught with all the inhuman cruelty of a fiend; and bringing back the cordial into which he had conveyed the poison, his mother drank it down, and finding herself rather worse than better, she was put to bed, and in a few hours expired. Alphonso made so grand a funeral for his mother, and bewailed her in such pathetic terms, that no one in the least suspected her being poisoned, and her death was imputed to her sudden seizure in the garden. But it was not long before Alphonso again asked the consent of Cassino to marry his daughter, which being refused, he resolved (having hardened himself by one murder) that Cassino should not live; and then he doubted not of carrying his point with Eleonora. One evening therefore in the dusk he rode to Cassino's house, tied his horse to the gate, and seeing Cassino walking in the garden, his usual custom in the evening, he with a carbine loaded with a brace of bullets shot him through the head; when, instead of untying his horse and riding away, the vengeance of God followed him so as to turn his brain, and he ran into the next house, crying out he was very ill and must go to bed. The people of the house, out of compassion, took him in and put him to bed, sending at the same time, for a physician, who found him perfectly delirious, raving and crying out that he had just shot Cassino, and a year before had poisoned his mother Sophia. By blisters and other applications his senses in a few hours returned to him, and being told what he had said in his raving fit, he with great confidence denied the truth of it, and said it would be unjust, as well as silly to believe a madman. But by this time the dead body of

Cassino was found shot in his garden; Alphonso's horse was found tied by the pallisadoes that looked into the garden, where Cassino lay dead, and a carbine that had been fired off was found by the bedside of Alphonso; and which the people of the house, declared they saw him bring in with him in his hand. These circumstances were deemed sufficient to try and convict him, and he was executed for the murder of Cassino; and on the scaffold again confessed the poisoning his mother, Sophia.

[*God's Revenge, &c.* p. 473.]

EXAMPLE IV.

Parthenius, treasurer to Theodobert, King of France, having killed his dear friend Ausanius and his wife, of which he never was in the least suspected, detected himself, by crying out in his sleep for help against Ausanius and his wife, who he said, were dragging him to the great tribunal of God, to answer for his murder. On this confession in his sleep, he was apprehended; his restless conscience soon made him repeat and confirm such his confession, and he was accordingly condemned and executed.

[*Wanly's Wonders of the Little World,* l. 1. c. 41. p. 89. *Beard's Theatre of Wonders,* l. 2. c. 10. p. 285.]

EXAMPLE V.

A soldier in Colonel Venable's regiment that came out of Ireland, looked melancholy and pined, and grew so pale and thin, that he was worn almost to a skeleton. His officer,

thinking the poor fellow might have some cause for grief which it might be in his power to remove, kindly urged him to declare what it was that made him so wretched; and at last, the soldier, unable longer to endure the racking torments of his own mind, made a confession to his captain, that he formerly had been a servant to a man that carried about stockings and such ware to sell; and that for his money he had murdered his master, and buried him in such a place; that he had immediately fled into Ireland, and enlisted himself for a soldier; that he had never enjoyed any happy hours, but particularly from the time he had landed in England; that he had every night been haunted with the ghost of his master; who said to him, "Wilt thou not yet confess thy wicked murder." He added, that he was now glad to suffer death at once, in order to avoid the lingering punishment of wasting by degrees under excessive tortures. He afterwards made a proper confession before a magistrate; the body was searched for and found, and the man was hanged in chains where the murder was committed.

[*Baxter's Hist. Disc. of Apparitions,* p. 58.]

EXAMPLE VI.

A traveller was found murdered near Itzhow in Denmark; and because the murderer was unknown, the magistrates caused the hand of the slain to be cut off, and hung up by a string to the top of a room in the town-prison. Ten years after, the murderer came into that room, having been taken up for some very slight offence, and the hand immediately began to drop blood upon the table that stood underneath it. The gaoler on that, accused the prisoner with the murder, who struck with the apparent judgment of God, in the discovery of it, confessed the fact, and submitted to the punishment so justly due to his crime.

[*Turner,* 28.] From *Beard's Theatre,* l. 2. c. 11.

EXAMPLE VII.

Smith and Gurney, two watermen of Gravesend, were hired by a grasier to carry him down to Tilbury-Hope, for he intended to buy cattle at a fair in Essex. These villains finding he had money, robbed him, and threw him over-board. This murder was concealed many years; at last, in the summer 1656 the two fellows, as they were drinking at an alehouse, had a quarrel, and Gurney in his passion, accused Smith with the murder, which Smith soon retorted upon him. Being apprehended, and separately examined, they confessed the fact, were condemned at Maidstone assizes, and hanged in chains at Gravesend.

[*Turner*, 29.]

EXAMPLE VIII.

In the northern part of England (I think in Lancashire: for I had the story from a clergyman of that country) the minister before he began to read prayers at church, saw a paper lying in his book, which he supposed to be the banns of marriage. He opened it, and saw written in a fair and distinct hand, words to the following purpose, "That John P. and James D. had murdered a travelling man, and had robbed him of his effects, and buried him in such an orchard." The minister was extremely startled, and asked his clerk hastily, if he had placed any paper in the prayer-book. The clerk declared he had not; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names therein contained were those of the clerk, and sexton of the church. The minister then went directly to a magistrate, told him what had happened, and took the paper out of his pocket to read it, when to his great surprise nothing appeared thereon, but it

was a plain piece of white paper! The justice on that accused the minister of whim and fancy, and said that his head must certainly have been distempered, when he imagined such strange contents on a blank piece of paper. The good clergyman, plainly saw the hand of God in this matter, and by earnest intreaties, prevailed on the justice, to grant his warrant against the clerk and sexton; who were taken up on suspicion, and separately confined and examined; when so many contradictions appear in their examination, for the sexton, who kept an alehouse, owned the having lodged such a man at his house, and the clerk said, he was that evening at the sexton's, but no such man was there, that it was thought proper to search their houses, in which were found several pieces of gold, and some goods belonging to men that travel the country; yet they gave so tolerable an account of these, that no positive proof could be made out, till the clergyman, recollecting, that the paper mentioned the dead body to be buried in such an orchard, a circumstance which had before slipped his memory, the place was searched, and the body was found: on hearing which, the sexton confessed the fact, accusing the clerk as his accomplice, and they were both accordingly executed.

EXAMPLE IX.

At a country village called Sprease, in the Venetian territories, fifteen miles from the city of Brescia, lived a farmer whose name was Alibius, who in his youth married a country girl called Merilla, by whom he had one daughter. But when he was about fifty years old, he was so displeased to find that his wife should always advance in years, and not continue in that youth and bloom in which she was when he married her, that he began to dislike and hate her: he left her, and went into a gentleman's service in Brescia, where after some years, he was made a mace-bearer to the chief

magistrate, and by his outward behaviour acquired great reputation for an honest, sober and discreet man. At length a young widow called Philatea, to whom, by her husband, Alibius was left a trustee, favoured him so much, that he soon found his poor unhappy wife Merilla was the only obstacle to his enjoying both a fine young woman, and an ample fortune. He therefore, without the least remorse, resolved to dispatch her, and for that purpose bought some poison at Brescia, and riding to Sprease, he feigned great love and affection to his old wife Merilla, and treating her with milk and apples, he mixed in them some of the poison, and the next morning early again returned to Brescia. Hearing no news of his wife's death, which he hourly expected from the doses he had given her, but which were only sufficient to make her extremely ill, but not to take away her life, he once more set out on the same design, but finding his daughter there, he was afraid to repeat his potions, as she dwelt very strongly on her poor mother's late illness, and Alibius's conscience made him imagine, that she at least half intimated, that his milk and apples had been the occasion of her disorder. Yet did not these checks of conscience work strongly enough with him, to prevent his guilt and shameful exit, or to save a poor innocent woman from the cruelty of a man that ought to have been her protector. For in third attempt, he came to Sprease in the middle of the night, and was let in by a little grand-daughter about ten years old. He went directly into his wife's chamber, with another dose of poison, prepared for her, but finding her asleep, he with a billet out of the chimney, dashed out her brains, and riding back with all speed to Brescia, he appeared in his public office by six of the clock in the morning, and no one suspected his having been out of the town. The poor child who let him in, knew him not, for he had never taken any notice either of her or her mother, since her marriage, and could give no other account, but that a ruffian had rushed into the house, and killed her grandmother.

Alibius made great pretended lamentations for his wife, but soon after was married to the young and wealthy Philatea,

and expected quietly to enjoy the fruits of this inhuman barbarity. But Providence designed otherwise, and he was made a public example of the folly, as well as wickedness, of expecting, that happinesss will ever be the fruit of iniquity, or that so detestable a sin as murder will go unpunished.

He had not lived long with his new wife, before an old companion of his coming to Brescia, in his drunken cups, declared, that Alibius and his daughter Amelia were the murderers of Merilla; and this report began to be current in the mouth of every one. On which the magistrates of the town of Brescia, who are extremely diligent in their offices, sent for Alibius, and examined him on this report, and sent also for the man who first set it on foot. Alibius boldly denied the fact, and the man declared he knew not what had induced him to utter such a scandal which was only done in his liquor, for now being sober, he was far from accusing Alibius or his daughter, nor so much as remembered having done so when he was drunk. Although this affair seemed pretty well cleared up, yet one of the magistrates said, that since Merilla was certainly murdered, and as it could not be for her wealth, she being a very poor woman, he thought there needed a further examination, for as the old proverb says, "there is no smoke without some fire," so there is seldom any report without some foundation for it. Alibius on this, thinking at once to exculpate himself, and show his innocence, and depending on the fair character he had acquired, cried out, that nothing could be more true than what was last spoken; and then seeming to shed tears for the loss of his wife, he said he owned that he himself had some suspicions of his daughter Amelia, but his tenderness as a father, had restrained him from seeking justice where it appeared due, for a murdered wife. This had the desired effect; every one praised both his speech and his conduct; and Amelia, his daughter, was immediately taken up, and adjudged to the rack. As poor Amelia was perfectly innocent, she was greatly shocked and astonished at the accusation. She bore the torment with patience and resignation, nor once reproached or complained of her cruel accusers.

Alibius, infatuated with his success, and urged on by his hatred to his daughter, depending also most cruelly and basely on her affection for him, urged them once more to put her to the torment; hoping, that by the grief of her mind, and pains of her body, she could not long survive her second trial; when quite overcome with this repeated insult of inhumanity from her father, she begged a patient hearing of the judge, and declared to him her suspicions of his being her mother's murderer, as also of his former attempt to poison her with milk and apples. This was at first looked upon as a malicious retort, in hopes to save her own life; but luckily for her, the apothecary's servant who had sold the poison to Alibius, was then present; and recollecting the time, it exactly answered to Amelia's information. This man also declared, that he had sold Alibius another dose of poison, just about the time that Merilla was murdered; but as her death was from a blow, and as Alibius was not known to be absent that night from Brescia, there was no suspicion at that time in this man, but that the poison was, as he professed, bought to kill his rats. Another circumstance was now related, which concurred with the rest to prove his guilt; namely, that his horse, with the hard riding that night, had slipped his shoulder; which the farrier, who cured the beast declared in court. This farrier had before no suspicion from that circumstance; for Alibius had told the man that he had lent his horse to a boy, who had, through the giddiness of youth, slipped his shoulder in riding, and the farrier never thought any more of the matter. These concurring circumstances, together with the evidence of the whole village of Sprease, to his ill treatment of his wife Merilla, and his neglect and hatred both of her and her daughter, were deemed sufficient to acquit Amelia; especially as her father, who was her only accuser, gave no reasons but his bare word for his suspicions. And it was thought proper immediately to put Alibius to the rack. He endured only one torment before he confessed the whole truth, but declared his wife Philotea innocent of the knowledge. He was condemned, and accordingly executed in the seventy-third year of his age: a most miserable example

of cruelty and hypocrisy; punished by the very means that he took, to add the death of an innocent daughter, to that of an injured wife.

[*God's Revenge*, p. 65.]

EXAMPLE X.

Victorina, a Venetian lady was married by her parents, not much with her own liking, to an old man; and soon after falling into the company of a gay young gentleman called Sypontus, she not only intrigued with him, but soon weary of the restraint of a husband's jealous eye, they agreed to murder the old gentleman. This wicked purpose Sypontus undertook, and executed in this manner. The old gentleman used to divert himself every evening in his gondola, on the water. Sypontus leaped from his own boat well armed, into that of the old gentleman. He first dispatched him, then his two watermen, and threw them into the sea; and returning into his own boat, he stabbed his own waterman also, and threw him overboard. Having thus secured every witness to his guilt by adding murder to murder, he landed after it was dark, and that night waited on the wicked contriver of all this mischief, and acquainted her with his success. They agreed not to see each other for some time, for fear of suspicion; and it was generally believed that the old gentleman was drowned. But in about eight days, his body was found by some fishermen; and as he plainly appeared to have been murdered, many were the conjectures, but no certainty could be obtained concerning the murderer. In a short time, a brother to the murdered old gentleman came to Venice, and suspecting that his sister-in-law Victorina bore no real affection to her deceased husband, and had been but too familiar with Sypontus, he feared there had been foul play towards his poor brother: He therefore with large gifts prevailed on

Victorina's maid Felicia, to declare what she knew of her lady's intrigues with Sypontus; and also to steal from her lady's cabinet a letter from Sypontus, in which he gave some distinct hints of the dangers he had run, and the acts he had performed for her sake. This letter being laid before the magistrate, he immediately took up Victorina and Sypontus, and separately confined them. Sypontus hearing that his accusation arose from a letter under his own hand, imagined that Victorina had accused and betrayed him, but finding means privately to correspond with her, and being assured of her innocence towards him, and that Felicia had stolen the letter, and exposed it, he resolved at the expense of his own life to preserve hers; so great did the merit of her ill-placed affection to him appear in his eyes, that he considered not that he was preserving both a murderer and adulteress, who was indeed only reserved for future punishment. Being put to the torture he readily confessed the fact, but, at his execution, he with his dying breath declared Victorina ignorant of the knowledge of this crime, on which, at the earnest entreaty of her father, she was released.

Victorina soon forgot both her old husband and her lover Sypontus, and was married, much against her father's consent, to a debauched profligate young fellow, called Fassino, who soon repaid her for her disloyalty to her first husband, by leaving her for the company of the most abandoned and profligate part of womankind, on whom he lavished all his health and fortune; while he bestowed on his wife only diseases, ill humour, and distressed circumstances. She soon came to a thorough hatred of her husband, and having stained her mind with murder, she, without hesitation, determined to dispatch Fassino. She sent secretly for an apothecary called Augustino, who lived at Naples, but at that time happened to be in Venice, and offered him a large reward, if he would undertake to poison her husband Fassino. He not only refused the money, or to undertake the business, but entreated her to lay aside such wicked purposes, and she appeared to be very much moved with his discourse, and promised to take his advice. Soon after he was departed from

Venice, she privately bought some arsenic, and resolved to wait for a convenient opportunity of giving it to her husband.

It was not long before Fassino came home from a debauch, very ill, and desired to have some broth made for him. Victorina ordered her own maid Felicia to make the broth, and, whilst her back happened to be turned to the fire, Victorina slipped into the broth, as it was boiling, half the arsenic she had bought, and conveyed the other half privately into Felicia's trunk. Fassino died of the poison. Victorina and the maid were both taken up, but it appeared so strong against Felicia, as the remainder of the poison was found in her trunk, that she was condemned to be hanged; and as she did not, for she could not positively, accuse her mistress, Victorina was again released, and exulted extremely in her double mischief, of getting rid of her husband, and being revenged on Felicia for what she had formerly done. But on the day that Felicia was to be executed, after she was ascended the scaffold, Augustino, the Neopolitan apothecary, landing at St. Mark's bridge, and seeing a great crowd of people, enquired the occasion, and being told what it was, he hastened to the judges who are there present at such executions, and begged them to delay, for a few minutes, the fate of the girl, until he had informed them of something that might save an innocent person, and bring the guilty to punishment. He then acquainted them with what had formerly passed between himself and Victorina; and after they had thoroughly examined into the matter, Victorina was again taken up, and being confronted with Augustino the apothecary, she trembled, and was near fainting away. On the first mention of the rack, she declared the whole truth, and confessed also the murder of her former husband, and her intentions, so near succeeding, of taking away the life of Felicia. The whole court was shocked with the blackness of her crimes. Felicia was released, and Victorina was executed with all the rigour of the law.

[*God's Revenge, &c.* p. 37.]

EXAMPLE XI.

In Metz, a city of Lorrain, lived a merchant who was very wealthy, but of a most covetous and cruel disposition. One of his servants having given him some slight offence, he beat him with his own hands, in so severe a manner that the poor lad expired at his feet; yet, as there was no witness to this piece of cruelty, he for some time, escaped punishment; for, carrying down the dead body into the cellar, he there buried it himself, and, when the boy was missed, it was generally believed that he had run away from his master, and no further enquiry was made concerning him. In less than a year after this cruel murder had been committed, the executioner of the city stole one night into the merchant's house, and got privately down into the cellar, where he first slew the maid who was sent for some wine, and then her mistress who came thither in order to see what was become of her maid. He then took off the lady's clothes, and rifling them both of all they had in their pockets, as also taking some pieces of plate from the sideboard, stole off unperceived by any one. The merchant, on his return home, finding the murder of his wife and servant, and the plunder of the house, complained to the senate, and they promised to take all proper means to discover both the thief, and the murderer; but it being well known that the merchant had lived in a most brawling and unhappy manner with his wife, and used her with much cruelty, the man who really had committed the theft and murder, on that hint, whispered amongst the crowd, "that it was very likely that the merchant himself, on finding his house robbed, might take that opportunity to murder his wife, (and the maid too, perhaps, for helping her mistress) that by such means he might avoid suspicion which must attend every cruel husband whose wife is found to have died with violence." This rumour so strongly prevailed that the merchant was taken up, and put to the rack. The torture was so great, that he soon cryed out that he preferred death to such torments, and if

they would release him, he would confess the truth. He then, being deeply struck in his conscience, owned the murder of his servant, but strongly denied that of his wife and maid. They searched the cellar, and found the dead body of the boy, and the merchant was accordingly executed for the same. But with his last breath he so strongly denied the murder of his wife and maid, that it was not doubted, but the thief who had plundered the house, and the murderer was the same; nor was it long before that wicked fellow the executioner, who had been the means of bringing the merchant to justice, was punished for his complicated crimes of theft, murder, and false accusation. For wanting money, he pawned a silver bowl to a Jew, on which was the merchant's arms. The Jew took it, but carried it directly before a magistrate, who immediately seized on the executioner, searched his house, where he found many more belonging to the merchant, as also the watch, and several baubles and trinkets belonging to his wife, which must have been taken from her pocket when she was murdered. These proofs were so strong against him, both of the murder and theft, that he was condemned and executed with all the rigour of the law.

[*Turner's Divine Judgments,* 30.]

EXAMPLE XII.

Some highwaymen in Germany, after having robbed a gentleman in a wood, agreed to murder him, to prevent discovery. He begged hard for his life, but could not prevail; and as they were endeavouring to cut his throat, seeing a flight of cranes over his head, he cried out, "O ye cranes, as you are the witnesses to my murder, I adjure ye to detect these murderers, and bring them to justice."

Not long after, as these thieves and murderers were drinking at an inn, and dividing their spoil, a great flight of

cranes came, and settled on the house, and made a most dreadful noise and clamour; on which they fell a laughing, and one said to the rest, "There are the cranes come, to discover the murder of the gentleman whom we killed in the wood, but I believe no one will understand their language, and they will lose their labour." A person overhearing this speech, and, from their locking themselves into their room, suspecting they were not very honest men, went to a magistrate and got a warrant to take them up. On searching them, many things of value were found on them; and on taxing them with the murder, (without telling them the grounds for such accusation) they separately gave such contradictory answers, that the suspicion against them was strong enough to induce a narrower search.

The dead body was afterwards found; and, as the thieves in their hurry had taken but one of his shoe buckles, that which was found in the dead man's shoe was compared with the buckle found in the possession of the thieves. This circumstance was deemed strong enough to convict them both of the robbery and murder, for which they were all three executed, and which, with many other things, they confessed at the gallows.

[*Wonders of the Little World,* l. 1. c. 41. p. 90. *Beard's Theatre,* l. 2. c. 11. p. 299.]

EXAMPLE XIII.

Monsieur de Laurier, a very rich jeweller of the city of Dijon, in the province of Burgundy, had been at Frankfort, where he had sold a considerable quantity of goods, for which he received 1700 crowns. Returning home with the aforesaid sum, and also with the value of as much more in jewels, he was taken very ill at the town of Salines, and obliged to take up his lodgings at an inn, the keeper of which was named Adrian, and his wife Isabella.

The jeweller's companions being men of business, and not related to him, left him, and his fever increased so much that he gave himself over for a dead man, and sent for a physician of that place. The doctor attended him some time, but finding his patient at last on the mending hand, though not yet able to travel, he left off his visits. On his return after a few days absence, Adrian acquainted the physician, that Monsieur de Laurier was well, and set out for his own house at Dijon. But the truth was far otherwise; for this wicked host Adrian, imagining that De Laurier had great riches about him, resolved that he should not go alive from his house: he communicated his cruel purpose to his wife Isabella, who, with tears and prayers, besought him to lay aside his horrid design; but when he found she was not to be moved to be an assistant in his guilt, he sent her many leagues off, under pretence of visiting her aged father, who, he said, as he had heard, was very near his death. He after, one night, sent away both his man and maid-servant, on some pretence, and then, with another bloody-minded villain, to whom he promised half the booty, he strangled the old man in his bed, and buried his body in the orchard. In ten days his wife returned, and to her, as well as his servants, he declared that De Laurier had left his house; and as to his horse, Adrian's accomplice carried that into a wood, about four leagues from Salines, hoping that the beast would find his way to Dijon, and that De Laurier's son would suppose his father had been robbed and murdered on the road.

Just that day month, after the murder had been committed, a wolf came into Adrian's orchard, and digging at the place where De Laurier was buried, tore up the carcass, and began to devour it; when some gentlemen with dogs, leaping the hedge, came into the same orchard, the wolf fled; but the gentlemen, seeing the body, had it taken up, and carried into the midst of the city, where many people came to look at it, and, among the rest, the physician La Motte, who knew it to be the face of De Laurier, whom he had attended at Adrian's house. The officers of justice immediately surrounded Adrian's house, and took up his servants, and his wife Isabella, but,

for Adrian himself, he was that night rioting at the house of his wicked accomplice in the murder, and on hearing the report that De Laurier's body was found, they both fled, hoping to escape out of the reach of that jurisdiction; but being fearful of appearing in daylight, they hid themselves in a large wood, about two leagues from Salines, and lying concealed all day, they only travelled after it was dark. After wandering the whole night, they constantly, as soon as it was day, found themselves on that side of the wood from whence they could see the city of Salines; and though they lay for nine days concealed, and for nine nights travelled with all the speed and care imaginable, yet never could they find themselves advanced beyond the same side of the wood at which they entered. Weakened with fasting and extreme hunger, they at last became so faint, that they were hardly able to support themselves any longer: By this time, De Laurier's son being come from Dijon, and having buried his father, was returning home, and in company with him was La Motte the physician. These two on the break of day entered the wood, and there discovered Adrian and his companion, lying under the shade of a tree. They were at first afraid, being but two in number, to attack such desperate villains; but more people coming up, they soon laid hands on the murderers, whom they found very little able to make resistance. They were first tortured, and afterwards executed for the inhospitable and cruel act.

[*God's Revenge, &c.* p. 369.]

EXAMPLE XIV.

Signior Thomasi Vituri, a nobleman of the city of Pavia, had one only daughter named Christinetta; to whom most of the young gentlemen of that neighbourhood made their addresses. Amongst these was Signior Gasperino, a noble young gentleman of Cremona; who desired his friend Lodu-

vicus Pisani, to accompany him in his visits to Christinetta. But unhappily for him, Christinetta fell most desperately in love with Pisani, and therefore gave Gasperino an absolute refusal. As soon as Gasperino was departed, she by letter made Pisani acquainted with her passion, and he returning to Pavia, was, with the consent of her parents, married to her.

Gasperino thinking himself ill used by Pisani, sends him a challenge, which he accepts: They met, attended by seconds, and Pisani was killed; but as it was allowed to be a fair and honourable duel, Gasperino easily obtained his pardon.

Gasperino's passion for Christinetta was so great that he again made his addresses to her, and she smothering her resentment for the death of her husband, gave him great encouragement; and one evening appointed to meet him, in a garden adjoining to the nun's garden, in Pavia. Hither she brought with her, two ruffians, Brindoli and Bianco; who fell on Gasperino at his arrival, and although he for some time defended himself, the ruffians overpowered and with repeated stabs slew him; and to prevent him from groaning, so as to be heard by the nuns, Christinetta stuffed her handkerchief into his mouth, and being dead, they carried his body to the other side of the garden, and threw it into a well.

The nuns, hearing the clashing of swords, sent speedily to the place from whence the sound came, and though the murderers were fled, yet much blood remained in the place. Hence believing that there had been mischief, the nuns sent to all the surgeons in the city to enquire what wounded persons they had under their care, and by that means they soon discovered Brindoli and Bianco, to have been wounded that very evening. Gasperino also being missed, there was a strong suspicion that they were his murderers; but they firmly denied it, and declared that they received their wounds from each other, having had a quarrel, which they decided by the sword.

Even the rack, which they both endured, could force no confession from them; and Christinetta, hearing that they had suffered torments without betraying her, greatly hoped and believed, that she should go unpunished to her grave.

But the magistrates being yet unsatisfied, in not hearing any news of Gasperino, and being informed by his servant, that he went out that evening towards the nun's garden, ordered a stricter search to be made for the body, which at length was found in the well; but still they were at a loss for the murderers; as neither by proof, or their own confession, could they convict Bianco or Brindoli of having been in his company: But on farther examining the dead body, they perceived the corner of a white handkerchief to hang out of the deceased's mouth; and pulling it from thence, they saw on the corner of it, the name of Christinetta. This was sufficient to have her taken up, and on the very first torment, she not only confessed the fact, but accused her two accomplices, Bianco and Brindoli; and they were all three quickly executed. The bodies of the two ruffians after being hanged, were thrown into the river Po; and the inhuman Christinetta, who with a pretence of kindness betrayed, and then assisted in the murder of Gasperino, was first hanged, then her body was burnt, and her ashes scattered into the air.

[*God's Revenge, &c.* p. 16.]

EXAMPLE XV.

In those countries abroad, where it is no uncommon thing to hire ruffians to kill for them, there is one circumstance which shows the folly as well as wickedness of employing such bloody agents; namely, that it never, or very seldom ever happened, but these men, either for their repeated villainies or some robbery come to public execution, and they surely publish every hired fact they were ever employed in. By which means, the principal mover of a murder, is daily at the mercy of the breath of a wretch whom he knows to be a villain and a murderer. Innumerable are the instances abroad of these kind of discoveries among which is the following.

In a village, near the town of Sens in Burgundy, lived two brothers, the eldest was called Vimorie, and the name of the younger was Harcourt. Vimorie married a very plain woman called Masserina, for the sake of her wealth; and Harcourt married for love a beautiful young girl, whose personal perfections were her only dowry. In less than a year, Harcourt growing weary of his amiable wife, began to wish that he had made wealth and not beauty his choice; and being a wretch without natural affection to his brother, and possessing every ill quality that human nature is capable of, he determined, within himself, to rob his brother both of his fortune and his wife, and this in a way that the law could not possibly reach him. This was no other than by making use of the personal advantages in which he excelled in a very eminent degree, and of that rhetoric which he had from experience found was seldom ineffectual with women. Every art that could possibly be made use of for that purpose he employed, and by these base means he prevailed with the unfortunate Masserina to forsake her husband, and to fly with him. (She being a widow when she married Vimorie) had her whole fortune in her own power; this she bestowed on Harcourt, and without the least shame or compunction, they lived publicly together at Genoa. Vimorie and the disconsolate wife of Harcourt seeing there was no redress, endeavoured to console themselves with their lot; which being innocence of mind, though devoid of affluence of fortune, was greatly preferable to the guilty hours of Harcourt and Masserina.

It was not long before a very large estate of inheritance came to Masserina by the death of her brother, but as she was absent, her injured husband, Vimorie, was soon put in possession of it by law.

Harcourt, by his riot and extravagance, soon spent all the fortune that Masserina had in her own power, and hearing of this large acquisition kept from him, as he called it, by his brother, he soon came to the bloody resolution of taking away his life. He first tampered with his own servant Noel, to undertake the murder of Vimorie; but, on his refusal, he

put on a disguise, and going himself to the village where his brother lived, shot him in the dusk of the evening, as he was going into his own house; and then posted back with such speed to Geneva, that he was never missed, nor was the least suspicion cast on him for the murder. There was still one bar remained to his enjoyment of this fortune, which the fond deluded Masserina wished to bestow on him by marriage, and that was the life of his own deserted wife: but as those who commit one cruel act never hesitate at a second, he hires a mountebank, named Tivoly, to get to Sens, and there to poison her, which was soon effected; after which he and Masserina both returned to Sens, were publicly married, and, for a short time, seemed to enjoy the highest worldly success from their most diabolical cruelty. But Tivoly the mountebank, being taken up and condemned for a robbery, he confessed the poisoning of Harcourt's wife, and declared himself hired by him and Masserina to perform it. Noel also, Harcourt's man, being ill of a fever, declared (thinking himself on his death-bed) the offer of money his master had made him to murder his brother Vimorie. These two accusations, and other circumstances considered, Harcourt and Masserina were taken up and put to the torture, where they soon confessed the crimes for which they were both publicly executed.

[*God's Revenge, &c.* p. 325.]

EXAMPLE XVI.

Signior Albemare, a young gentleman of Millan, courted a beautiful young lady called Clara. He had obtained her parents' consent, but could not gain hers, as she frankly told him, that her heart and honour were both engaged to Signior Baretano. After a fruitless attendance on Clara for six months, he found her so fixed in her affection to Baretano, that he could have no hope, but in the death of his rival. This

he soon effected, by hiring two ruffians, Leonardo and Pedro, to murder him, for which he gave them two hundred ducats; and taking care himself to be far from Millan when the cruel murder was committed, he escaped suspicion, nor could the magistrates, at that time, gain the least insight into this bloody business.

After a year's lamentation for the death of her beloved Baretano, Clara consented to marry Albemare. But it was not long before he grew tired of this jewel, for which he had paid so large a price as his own eternal damnation, and he returned to his old way of living, which was associating with the most debauched and profligate part of the human kind. Pedro, one of his wicked agents in the murder of Baretano, having lavished away all the money he had earned by his villainy, had recourse to a robbery, for which he was taken. Whilst in prison, he wrote a letter to Albemare, that if he did not procure for him his pardon for this robbery, he would, at the gallows, confess the murder of Baretano, and also at whose instigation it was committed. Albemare returned him a civil answer, and promised to grant his request, and the next night sent his own servant Valerio to him, to acquaint him that his pardon was obtained, and would be sent him the next morning. But this was no other than a falsehood, invented for the present to stop his mouth, until he could effectually prevent his discovery of the murder. This he did by giving him poison in a bottle of wine, which his servant carried to him in prison, for that purpose; and the next morning, Pedro being found dead in his bed, it was supposed that he had poisoned himself to prevent his public execution.

Not long after, Leonardo, the other assassin, who was at Pavia, wrote a letter to Albemare, saying he was very poor, and begging him to give, or lend him, fifty ducats. Albemare took no notice of this letter, on which Leonardo, very much enraged, wrote him a second, and said, that he would full as soon be hanged as starved; and therefore if Albemare would not supply him with money to support him in a comfortable way of life, he would confess the murder of Baretano,

and impeach him. This letter came when Albemare was abroad, and his servant Valerio being obliged to go out, laid it on a cupboard in his master's room in order to be in his sight as soon as he came in. But a natural fool that Albemare kept in his house, seeing where the letter was put, climbed up upon a stool, took it down, and ran with it into the court yard, jumping about, and crying out, that God Almighty had sent him a letter. Clara, at this time, coming in from church, and seeing the fool with this letter, took it out of his hand, and observing it was directed to her husband, put it in her pocket, in order to give it him when he came home, and asked his servant, (who was just returned) from whence it came to which the servant answered, he could not tell; but the fool following Clara, kept crying out, the letter is sent from God Almighty, I tell you, it is God's own letter to me, and not to my master Albemare. The strangeness of the idiot's words, and his urgency in repeating them, gave Clara so strong a curiosity to open the letter, that she could not resist; when, seeing the contents, she was, for some time, like one turned into stone with horror, nor knew which way to act, for she was extremely shocked at the thought of being her husband's accuser. But the knowledge of a murder bore too near a resemblance to the having committed one, for an honest mind to undergo, and reflecting also on the speech of the idiot, no doubt divinely dictated, she considered herself as bound in duty to God and her conscience, to discover all she knew. She gave the letter, therefore into the hands of a magistrate, relating the manner in which she came by it. Upon this, her husband, Albemare, was taken up, Leonardo also was brought from Pavia, and seeing his own letter, he soon confessed the fact, and accused Albemare of hiring him to undertake it. They were both accordingly executed for the same. Leonardo died penitent, but Albemare impiously cursed both his wife, the fool, and his servant Valerio, whom he accused of being his instrument to poison Pedro, in prison, the night before his intended execution. Valerio, also, on that, was arraigned, and condemned to the rack, where he soon confessed the fact, but declared his innocence with re-

gard to the murder of Baretano. Leonardo and Valerio were both gibbetted, and the body of Albemare, after being hanged was burnt, and his ashes thrown into the air.

[*God's Revenge against Murder,* p. 213.]

EXAMPLE XVII.

Laurietta, a beautiful young heiress, of Avignon in France, and of so dissolute and debauched a mind, that although she had youth, beauty, and fortune sufficient to have matched her with a man of the first rank and fortune in the kingdom, yet she gave herself up to all manner of extravagance and wantonness, and led the life of a common courtesan. One of her chief favourites was Count Poligny, a very brave and worthy young gentleman, but who, for the fault of incontinency with his fair seducer, lost his life in the flower of his youth, for he was stabbed one evening, as he went from her apartment. The person suspected of this cruel action, was Monsieur de Belvile, a young gentleman who had been greatly favoured by Laurietta; but was discarded when she received into her service the unhappy Poligny.

As no proofs appeared to justify the suspicion of Belvile's being the murderer of Poligny, he was never openly accused of it, but Laurietta believing in her own mind, that it was Belvile who had deprived her of her favourite lover, resolved to be revenged on him, and for that purpose sent him a kind letter, wondering it had been so long since she had been blessed with his company. Belvile, with all the ardour of a lover, answered her epistle, and appointed the next evening to wait on her at her own house. She prepared herself, and maid-servant, Lucetta, with poignards, hid under their garments, ready to receive him, but he saved them that trouble, by bringing with him a brace of pistols, which they, as in play, took out of his hands, and Laurietta, after many feigned caresses of welcome, desired him to look out at the window,

at something she pretended to show him, and then fired a brace of balls, directly through his back. He fell dead at her feet, but yet she could not refrain from giving him several stabs with her poignard, and she and Lucetta carried down the body into the cellar, and buried it under a heap of billets.

On Belvile's being missed, his valet declared that he attended him to the lady Laurietta's gate, and saw him enter there, on which she was strictly examined, and she confessed that Belvile had made her a visit, but that his stay was extremely short, nor did she know what was become of him. Although no positive proof could be brought against her, yet they thought proper to give her the torment, but no confession did they force from her lips. Her maid, Lucetta, on hearing that her mistress was put to the torture, feared that she would confess, and betray her, and therefore fled; but in passing the fenny lakes that are between Avignon and Orange, she was drowned. The flight of Lucetta made them more strongly suspect Laurietta, and they again gave her the torture, which she endured in the same manner as the first. On which they intended in a week's time to release her, and she showed the highest marks of joy, on the thought of her enlargement. But her wickedness was not, even in this world, to escape unpunished.

She was of a most extravagant temper, and had well nigh lavished away her whole fortune on her licentious pleasures. She lived in a large hired house, in the finest street in Avignon, but, for the last three years, had paid no rent. Her landlord, Monsieur de Richcourt, willing to secure his money, seized for his rent, and sold not only the furniture, but even all the liquor in the cellar, and the very fuel which was left in the house; and, on removing the billets, which he had sold, they found the earth under them had been newly dug up, and, on further search, they found the dead body of Belvile. This put the matter quite out of doubt, and, on the day that Laurietta expected to have been released, they brought the mangled corpse of Belvile into the prison to her, the sight of which had a stronger effect than all their torments, and she immediately fell on her knees, and confessed the fact; which

was indeed too plain to be denied, and she was executed for the same before the gates of her own house. She was first hanged and then her body was burnt, together with that of her maid, Lucetta, which was consumed by the same fire, and their mingled ashes were scattered in the air.

[*God's Revenge, &c.* 127.]

EXAMPLE XVIII.

A man was taken up on suspicion of murder, but when brought to the bar, the evidence appeared not strong enough to convict him. He behaved with great apparent boldness, for he knew there were no witnesses to the fact; and he had also taken all necessary caution to prevent a discovery. But the judge observed in the man's countenance, a terror and confusion, which his pretended boldness could not hide, and therefore kept his eye steadily fixed on him the whole time. As soon as the last witness was dismissed, the man asked, if they had any more evidence against him; when the judge looking sternly at him, asked him if he did not himself know of one more that could appear against him, whose presence would put the matter out of doubt. On which the man started and cried out, "My Lord, he is not a legal witness, no man can speak in his own cause, nor was the wound I gave him half so large, as what he shows against me." The judge presently perceived by the man's starting, and the wildness and terror of his look, that he either saw the ghost of the murdered man, or that his imagination had from his guilty conscience formed such an appearance; and therefore making the proper answers from such a supposition, he soon brought the murderer to confess the fact, for which he was condemned, and hanged in chains, at the place where he declared the murder was committed. At his death he averred, that the ghost of the murdered person had appeared before his eyes at his trial. [*Moretus*, p. 101.]

EXAMPLE XIX.

A gentleman in good circumstance about the year 1640, murdered his friend, a man in business, near Bowchurch in Cheapside; and with such circumstances of malice, revenge and cruelty, as made it impossible for him to expect any mercy. He therefore made his escape into France, where he lived for some years: But from the horrors of his guilty conscience, which almost every night presented before his eyes, whether sleeping or waking, his murdered friend, he felt ten-fold the punishment, which, by flight, he vainly hoped to escape. After twenty years residence, or rather wandering abroad, through most part of Europe, he resolved to venture back into England. He changed his name; and as time, and the changes of climates had altered his person, he doubted not but he might in some retired part of his own country, wear out the remainder of his days; and perhaps recover that peace of mind, which he had there left behind him. But public justice, though slow, at last overtook him: For the very evening that he landed in a wherry at Queenhithe-Stairs, walking up to Cheapside, in order to get into a coach, just in the dusk, and by the very door of his murdered friend, he heard a voice cry out, "Stop him, stop him, there he is." On this he ran as fast as he was able, and soon found himself followed by a large mob. He was soon overtaken and seized, on which he cried out, "I confess the fact, I am the man that did it." The mob on that said, as he had confessed the crime, they would proceed to execution; and, after making him refund the stolen goods, would give him the discipline of pumping, kenneling and the like: on which he said he had stolen nothing, for though he had murdered Mr. L———, yet he had no intention of robbing his house. By this answer, the mob found themselves mistaken, for they were pursuing a pickpocket; but now were for letting him go as a person distracted, they knew not what he said. One man however who lived in that neigh-

[illegible] and had heard of the murder of Mr. L——, desired that this gentleman might be examined before a magistrate, and he was accordingly carried before the Lord-Mayor, who took his confession of the fact, for which he was soon after hanged: and he declared at the gallows, that the day of his execution was the happiest day he had known since he had committed that horrid, treacherous, inhuman act, the murder of a friend, who loved him, and to whom he lay under the highest obligations.

[*Moreton's Secrets of the Invisible World Disclosed*, p. 105.]

EXAMPLE XX.

In the reign of King James I. one Ann Waters having an unlawful and wanton intercourse with a young man in the neighbourhood; and finding her husband some embarrassment to their wicked pleasures, determined to put him out of the way: and accordingly one night, assisted by her paramour, she strangled her husband, and then buried his body under a dung-hill in the cow-house. The man was missing, and his wife made much lamentation about him, that the people greatly pitied her, and gave her all the assistance in their power in searching for the husband: but as she knew where she had laid him, she took care to direct their search, far from the place where the barbarity would have been discovered.

After the search was at an end, and it was imagined, that the man might be gone away for debt, without acquainting his wife with his intentions; a woman in the neighbourhood dreamed that a stranger told her, that Ann Waters had strangled her husband, and hid him under a dung-hill. She at first disregarded the dream, but it being repeated several nights, it began publicly to be talked of; and at length they got authority to search the dung-hill, where the dead body

was found; and other concurrent circumstances appearing, the wife was apprehended and convicted of the murder, which before her execution she confessed, and impeached the young fellow her accomplice: He, on her being apprehended, immediately fled, but was pursued and taken, and on his own confession was also executed for the murder. Ann Waters was burnt, and her paramour was hanged in chains.

[*Turner* 29. *Wanly's Wonders, &c.* l. 1. c. 41. p. 90. *Baker's Chron.* p. 614.]

EXAMPLE XXI.

In Leicestershire, not far from Sutterworth, a miller had murdered a man in his mill, and privately buried him in his garden; and soon after leaving the place, he settled in a county far off, and lived a long time, believing that his villainy would never be discovered. But after twenty years, he returned to visit some friends in the village where he formerly lived; and just at that time, the miller who had the mill, having occasion to dig deep in his garden, found the body or rather the bones of the murdered man. The neighbours then recollected that about twenty years ago, a man had been missing in the parish, and was never heard of after; some likewise recollected who was then possessor of the mill; and that very miller being now in the parish, they ran to the house where he was, and surrounding it, unanimously called on him as the murderer of that man. The miller was so shocked with the sudden and general accusation, and so stunned in conscience for the crime, that he soon confessed the fact, and was accordingly executed.

[*Wanly's Wonders, &c.* l. 1. c. 41. p. 90. *Beard's Theatre, &c.* l. 2. c. 11. p. 299.]

EXAMPLE XXII.

In the year 1690, a man in Ireland, dreamed that he was riding out with a relation of his, who lived at Amesbury, in Weltshire, on the downs near that town; and that his relation was robbed and murdered by two men, whose persons and dress he perfectly remembered. His dream was so strong, that he wrote to his cousin at Amesbury, begging him not to ride late, and then related the dream he had concerning him. The man received the letter, but laughed at the caution; and the next night on the very spot therein mentioned, he was both robbed and murdered. His wife extremely afflicted for his loss, showed this letter to her friends, and from the exact description of the murderers they were taken up, separately confined, and by their equivocal and contradictory answers, some of the murdered man's things being also found upon them, they were convicted, and hanged in chains on the spot where the murder was committed.

[*Turner*, p. 54.]

EXAMPLE XXIII.

In the same year, in the month of April, William Barwick, who lived near York, murdered his wife, by drowning her in a pond, and buried her body in a bank covered by a quickset hedge, near to the pond.

He gave it out amongst his neighbours that his wife was gone to Selby, to an uncle, who had sent to her, in order to make her his heir. A month after, one John Lofthouse, whose wife was sister to the deceased, having occasion to water the quickset hedge before mentioned, saw a woman pass hastily from the pond to the hedge, and then disappear. He thought it looked very like Barwick's wife, but believing

her far off, he thought no more of the matter. The next day going to the same place, he again saw the same apparition walk from the pond to the hedge, and then he saw her sit down on the bank, and plainly perceived it to be the face of his wife's sister, but looking much paler than she used to do. He ran home in a great fright, and told his wife what he had seen, who advised him to declare it to the minister of the parish. He did so, and the minister bid him be for some time very secret, till he had sent to Selby, to inquire if Barwick's wife was at the place, to which he pretended he had sent her. But finding neither any news of the woman, or any such uncle as her husband had talked of. Barwick was immediately taken up, and being stung in conscience, confessed the fact. He was condemned at York assizes the September following, by Judge Powel, and was hanged in chains.

[*Turner*, p. 31.]

EXAMPLE XXIV.

Two Arcadians of intimate acquaintance, lodged at Megara. One at a friend's house, the other at an inn. He that lodged with his friend, saw in his sleep, his companion supplicating his host not to kill him; and heard his voice begging him to come to his assistance. Suddenly awaking, he started from his bed; and was hastily running out of the room; but recollecting his senses, he found he had only been in a dream, he therefore returned to bed, and composed himself again to sleep. His friend again appeared to him with several wounds in his body, and said, "Since you could not prevent my murder, yet I conjure you to revenge it. My host has killed me, and has laid my body at the bottom of a dung-cart, and is now carrying it out of the west gate of the city." The man at this suddenly awaked again, and putting on his clothes, ran hastily to the western gate,

where he overtook the cart, and under a heap of dung, found the mangled body of his murdered friend. The inn-keeper was seized, and suffered the punishment he so well deserved.

[*Turner*, 49. *Valer. Maxim* l. c. 7. *Dr. More Immort. of the Soul.* l. 2. c. 16.]

EXAMPLE XXV.

It is very common abroad, when a murder has been committed, for the survivors, if there are any, to describe the face and person of the murderer to some painter, who having drawn the likeness, prints are taken of it, and dispersed about, whereby many a murderer has been discovered. One very remarkable instance happened of a discovery from these prints, where a common thief who had been guilty of many robberies, and some murders, had clapped a patch over one of his eyes, by which he designed to mislead any description that might be given of him in case he should be observed. His plot took, a print of him was published as having been guilty of a most cruel and inhuman murder, and, as he thought himself safe by his stratagem, he bought one of the prints, carried it about with him, declared his great zeal to find out the murderer, and with much earnestness bid every one remark, that the villain had but one eye. His noisy assiduity was observed by a sagacious person, who suspected there was something more than common in his behaviour; the gentleman therefore begged, that this voluntary avenger of murder, might be taken up, and the person who had described the murder sent to look at him. It was a maid-servant to the murdered lady, who had recovered it, although she was also left for dead when the house was robbed. She immediately said, that the accused person was not the man, for the villain had but one eye. The gentleman then asked her in what manner his eye seemed lost, whether it was sunk in his head, or appeared dead and wanted sight;

the maid answered, that it was covered with a black patch, and she therefore could not answer his question. The gentleman immediately ordered a black patch to be put over the eye of the suspected man; when the maid positively swore to him and he was executed, confessing when on the rack that he was guilty of the crime.

EXAMPLE XXVI.

In the west of England a man had been murdered, but four years had passed, and the murderer had not been discovered. In a large company of men met together at an ordinary, one of them looking earnestly at a grazier, cried out, "You are the man, sir, that four years ago killed farmer W——" The grazier turned as pale as death, and staggered so, that he was forced to sit down in a chair. The company gathered round him, and asked him if the accusation was just. He fell on his knees, and with great contrition and tears, confessed the fact, and was condemned and executed for the same. The person who taxed the grazier with the murder, being asked on what foundation he had accused him, declared, that it was no other than a strong and sudden impulse, which he could not resist, although his life might have paid the forfeit for his speech.

This story was given me by a reverend clergyman of Wiltshire.

EXAMPLE XXVII.

A gentleman of high rank and fortune abroad, had invited several officers to dine with him, (amongst which was the father of the gentleman who told me the story) and just as they sat down to the table, one of the officers looking up,

cried out "Good God! I am a dead man, take her away, for pity's sake, take her away, for I cannot bear that look." And immediately he fell from his chair in a fit upon the floor. They gave him all proper assistance, and recovered him enough to place him again in his seat, when looking to the same side of the room, he again cried out, "There she is still, take her away, or I shall confess all, and suffer the punishment I so well deserve." He then fell into a stronger fit than before; and the gentleman of the house having great compassion for the poor man, and thinking he was seized with a frenzy fever, ordered him to be carried upstairs, and put to bed, and sent to the next town, which was six miles off, for a surgeon to let him blood.

One of the company observing, that his agonies came on, by his looking at the picture which hung in the room, asked the gentleman of the house, whose picture it was; to which he answered, that it was the picture of a young lady, who about two years ago had been found murdered in her bed, and her house robbed of all the most valuable effects in it; that there never had yet been the least trace to find out the murderer; that all the remainder of her furniture had been publicly sold, and that he had bought that portrait as being well drawn, and the representation of a fine woman. The gentleman of the house then asked the other officers, what they knew of the man who was gone to bed in a fit, for he had only invited him out of civility to the rest of the gentlemen of the regiment. They declared they knew nothing of his family, but that he had lately bought a pair of colours.

As soon as the surgeon arrived, he blooded the sick man, who again came to his senses; and being asked what had given him so much uneasiness, he looked wildly, would give no answer, and only muttered that he was subject to such fits; but looking up earnestly in the surgeon's face, he seemed in great confusion, and they apprehended, was again falling into a fit. The gentleman of the house taking the surgeon apart, asked him, if he knew the person he had blooded. The surgeon answered, that he believed he did not know

him, for he heard he was an officer in the army; whereas he should otherwise have taken him for a strolling idle fellow, that he once remembered to have seen, who was not likely, either by his birth or fortune, to bear the king's commission. The gentleman desired the surgeon to go to him again, and to accost him by the name of that vagabond, to see what effect it would have upon him, and if it was a mistake, it was easy to ask his pardon, and it would soon be made up. The surgeon returning into the room, came familiarly up to the officer, who was still in bed, took him by the hand and said, "How is it, Pedro? I little thought to have seen you here, nor knew you just now while you was in your fit." On which he cried out, "Well since I find I am discovered, I will confess all, if you will not let me look on that face in the parlour any more." He accordingly, before the gentleman of the house, made a full confession of his having entered the house of the lady, whose picture had so terrified him, and by the help of one of the servants, whom he killed and buried in the cellar, and who, it was supposed, was fled for the robbery and murder, had rifled the house, and murdered the lady. That he found five hundred pound in gold in her bureau, with which he equipped himself for the army; but all her jewels, plate, &c. he had buried for fear of a discovery, in a place, where by his direction, they were all found; as was also the bones of the murdered servant in the cellar. He was accordingly executed for the same.

EXAMPLE XXVIII.

In the north of France, a most barbarous and cruel murder had been committed on a young gentleman of fortune; and, with all the care and vigilance of the magistrates, not the least trace of the murderer could be found. Seven years after this happened there was a current report all over the town where he had lived, that now the murderer of

this young gentleman was found, for it was Monsieur De —— that had done it, who was his most intimate friend, and lived, at that time, in great credit and reputation in the town. After this report had prevailed one whole day, it began to be wondered at, that Monsieur De —— was not taken up, and on that, by endeavouring to trace the foundation of such an accusation, it was found to be only a rumour, and no one could be fixed on as the first inventor; on which the report soon died, and everyone wished to find the author of so base a calumny.

Just that day twelvemonth the same rumour again prevailed all over the town, with this addition, that Monsieur De —— had confessed the fact, and had shown to the magistrates a place in his garden where he had buried in a box the hanger with which he had killed his friend, and all his own bloody clothes in which he had committed the murder. This report made a crowd gather about the gentleman's house, saying they would come in to look at things that had been discovered in the garden. The gentleman, seeing a mob at his door, asked from his window the cause of the riot, and hearing what they said, with many imprecations also on him for his cruelty, and some sticks and stones flung at his head, he really believed himself discovered, and slipping down a pair of back stairs, he hastened to his stable, which was behind the house, took his best horse, and fled as fast as possible to get out of the French territories. The magistrates of the town, knowing the report of the gentleman's confession to be false, sent proper officers to quiet and disperse the mob, and to prevent the gentleman from being killed by their ill-founded rage. But on finding he was privately fled they began to reflect seriously on the matter, and to think that this strange rumour, the author of which again could not be found, was sent by Providence to detect this murder; they therefore ordered some men to dig in the garden, in the spot where the bloody clothes, &c. were reported to be hid, and there they found all the things which had before been described, and though they had been buried eight years, the blood was as fresh on them as ever. Messengers were imme-

diately sent in pursuit of Monsieur De —— whom they overtook about two leagues from the city, for his horse having thrown him, he was lying on the ground with his leg broke short off. As soon as he was brought back, he presently confessed the fact, and was executed accordingly.

The two last preceding stories were told me by a gentleman whose father was an officer in the Irish regiments, in the French service, and who, he said, was an eye-witness to the former; and had the relation of the latter from a French officer whom he knew to be a man of great honour and veracity.

EXAMPLE XXIX.

In the year 1611, Sir Thomas Glover, then being our ambassador at Constantinople, some of his servants were one day diverting themselves with throwing snowballs, when one of the ambassador's servants threw a ball, which hit a Turk such a blow on the eye, that it struck him instantly dead.

The aga of the janisaries complained to the grand vizier, and the grand vizier demanded the servant of the ambassador to be given up to public justice.

It was in vain that the ambassador urged that the blow was given by accident, and not by design; for the grand vizier insisted that he should have blood for blood, which is a law never dispensed with amongst the Turks. The ambassador then declared, that he knew not which of his servants to deliver up, for he could not discover by whose hand the ball had been thrown; but to prevent a tumult which seemed beginning to arise, (and the end of which might have reached even to the throne) he ordered all his servants to appear, and promised to give up the man that should be pronounced guilty. Five or six Turks instantly seized on one Simon Dibbins, a man newly come from Candia, and the rest of the janisaries, with one voice, declared him to be the guilty man.

ıne ı ıbassador, knowing this man to have been absent
ım the place when the snow-ball was thrown, again pro-
ed with great vehemence against his execution; but find-
that neither entreaties, nor great sums of money which
offered, could prevail for his enlargement, after they had
seized on him, he thought it was better that one man
ocent as he thought him) should suffer, than by any
ner opposition, to run the risk of losing many lives by
eral insurrection.

day of his execution being fixed, the ambassador
nis chaplain to him in prison, and Dibbins then con-
ed, that he had, some years before, killed a man in Eng-
and, for fear of detection, had fled to Candia; but he
he was now convinced, that the general outcry against
was the voice of God, by that means to bring him to
e, for a most bloody and premeditated murder.

was accordingly executed before the gate of the ambas-
or's house, who, from the account given by the chaplain,
very well satisfied to find, that, by the death of Dibbins, a
rderer was punished, and an innocent man who was only
accidental cause of a Turk's death, was saved from a sen-
ce which would have been as hard for him, as it was just on the wretch who suffered no more than he really deserved.

[*Knowle's Turkish History*, p. 134.]

EXAMPLE XXX.

The following fact was told me by a gentleman whose great-grandfather was an Irish judge, and before whom the thing happened. The particulars have been preserved in the family by tradition ever since, but the name of the person that was executed is purposely omitted, as being of no inconsiderable family in that nation.

A gentleman was tried in Ireland for killing his friend in a duel, and the circumstances appearing very favourable on his side, the verdict was brought in manslaughter. The crime being within the benefit of clergy, the prisoner had the book offered him to read; on which he started and hesitated in such a manner, that those who stood near him asked him why he did not proceed. He answered, he could not see the words, they were so stained with blood. He added, that he wondered they should use him in such a manner, and desired they would give him a fair book. Several people standing by looked on the book, and all declared, that not the least drop of blood appeared on it, but the words were perfectly legible. The prisoner, on that, fetched a deep sigh, and said, "I plainly perceive the vengeance of God is pursuing me; for although I declare myself innocent of the death of my friend, any otherwise than by being forced into it for self-defence, yet I confess myself worthy of public punishment; for some years ago I barbarously murdered my own father."

He then related all the particulars of the murder, and his confession was so full, that he must have been condemned on that account, had he taken his trial; but his incapacity for reading in any book they offered him, by the appearance of blood before his eyes, still continuing, no other trial was necessary, and he was executed by virtue of his first conviction.

He died very penitent, persisting in his confession of the murder of his father, allowing the justice of his punishment, and acknowledging the hand of God, in forcing him to a confession of his horrid crime.

EXAMPLE XXXI.

I cannot omit a very extraordinary instance of the power of imagination in a guilty conscience, shewn at the trial of

Catherine Hayes, which was told me by a person of high rank and character, who was present at her trial.

Catherine Hayes, near thirty years ago, was tried, convicted, and burnt, for the murder of her husband, which (assisted by her own son and some others) she effected by cutting off his head, and throwing it into a river. On examining the evidence against her, there was a coat produced in court that formerly belonged to her husband, and had been given by her, as part of the reward, to one of her wicked accomplices in the murder. This coat was held up in order to be viewed, and, by the manner of its being lifted up, (the under parts of the skirt being hid by the crowd) its appearance was very much like that of a man without a head. This struck such a horror into the heart of the prisoner at the bar, especially as it was the very coat of her husband, that she fell dead upon the floor, and though she afterwards returned to life, yet she made no farther defence, but hung her head, and suddenly submitted to the sentence that was passed upon her; whereas it had been observed, before this circumstance, that she was exceedingly bold in her denial of the facts alleged by the witnesses; made many pertinent observations on the evidence, and seemed under no kind of confusion or disorder. But whatever it pleased God to represent to her mind at that time, the consequence, as many must remember at this day, was as I have here related it; and all who were present were struck with amazement and horror.

EXAMPLE XXXII.

In the late instance of Miss Jeffries, may certainly be seen the secret hand of Providence in bringing her to justice. It is well known, that, some time before the murder of Mr. Jeffries, Swan, who also suffered for it, and Mathews the evidence, were in London; and, at a public house, engaged

in a riotous quarrel with some of their drunken companions. One of them challenging a fellow to fight, stripped off his clothes, and gave his coat to a man to hold for him, until the battle should be decided, when out of his coat pocket dropped a brace of pistols. On this he was taken up, on suspicion of being a highwayman, and, to procure his liberty, Miss Jeffries herself appeared and declared that some jewels which were found on him were hers, and that she sent them by him to be pawned, and that the pistols were her uncle's, which she too had ordered him to get cleaned. This, for the present, got the man off; but when the murder was committed, and with one of those pistols, Swan or Mathews, or both, were too strongly pointed out not to come under great suspicion of having a hand in the murder. Yet still Miss Jeffries, being of that sex of which nothing but gentleness should be presumed, being niece to the murdered man, and having been bred up under his care, could never have been suspected of being either a principal or an accessory, in a crime so horrid and repugnant to every breast not divested of humanity, had she not, by the accident before-mentioned, so far departed from her character, as publicly to appear in vindication of a man, who now might pretty strongly be presumed to be a murderer, and who was then (most likely with her knowledge) preparing the pistols for the cruel purpose to which they were applied. May it not, therefore, be said, that the drunken quarrel in London was the clue by which this murder was unravelled? It was certainly by that means that Miss Jeffries was suspected of having, by the murder of her uncle, taken out of the hands of God the punishment of man, who, it must be confessed, (if her own account of the murder be true) was very highly culpable. Yet, vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; and so it manifestly appears in this instance.

EXAMPLE XXXIII.

In Miss Mary Blandy is seen the strong infatuation which often attends those who commit murder, and which seldom fails of leading them to justice.

As this unhappy lady is acknowledged to have had an exceeding good understanding, and great quickness of parts and invention, what but infatuation could make her go on in that horrid fact of poisoning her father, in so public and barefaced a manner? For according to the evidence of several witnesses, she had frequently uttered speeches very unbecoming in a daughter, and such as must give but too just cause for suspicion: and her repeated doses to her father made even him to suspect that she intended to poison him, as appeared also from what he said to her; yet his affection for this unhappy girl was so great, that he could not force himself into a belief of her intentions strong enough to prevent them.

What, but the same infatuation, could have prevented her making use of the money, and things of value in her hands, for her escape? And this she might easily have effected, when she walked to Henley, had she gone on in a post-chaise to London, instead of returning to her father's house, which she must know, from what had before passed, would lead to her being taken up, and tried; and that she had little reason, from her first unguarded manner of proceeding, to hope for an acquittal at her trial.

And now, my good countrymen, let me seriously exhort you, to weigh well with yourselves the following considerations, which must, I think, sufficiently deter you from this most deadly crime. A crime, which, though perhaps not considered by law as the highest, is in truth and in fact, the blackest sin, which can contaminate the hands, or pollute the soul of man.

First, this is the greatest injury which one human being can do to another.

Secondly, it is always irreparable. There is scarce any other mischief which we can bring on our neighbour, but it will be afterwards in our power to undo again. If by force or fraud we take away the property of another, it will be in our power to restore them; but here no future penitence will avail. Here can be no restitution; no reparation!

Nor is the injury done solely to the murdered person. It often involves a whole family in its consequences. A disconsolate widow, a number of distressed wretched orphans are left to deplore the loss of a husband and a father; a parent is deprived of a beloved wife or child, a loss sometimes more bitter than would have been that of their own lives.

Besides the violently robbing a man of his life, and of all the blessings and enjoyments of it; there is one consideration of so dreadful a nature, that the bare hint of it, is sufficient to chill every heart with horror. We know not in what state of mind we find the person whom we destroy; nor with what load of fresh contracted unrepented guilt, we send him to his final account. We surprise the unhappy wretch unawares, preparing himself perhaps for that repentance which might have obtained his pardon, and by preventing which, we may be guilty of destroying both his body and soul.

It is no wonder, that a crime in itself so execrable, in its consequences so dreadful, should be stamped with every mark of human abhorrence and divine vengeance.

The laws of every civilised people, punish it with death; in many countries the most exquisite torments are inflicted on a murderer; nay, even in this, where tortures are held in a just abhorrence, and where punishments are in so eminent a manner mild and gentle; the law is not barely satisfied with taking away the murderer's life; he is denied even the burial of a Christian; and his body is exposed a prey to the ravenous birds of the air. His infamy is preserved as long as nature will admit, a gibbet exposes him as a terrible example to others, and he becomes the monument of his own shame, and of that of all his relations.

In other crimes, it is usual for the criminal to find protection, and the sufferer to be regarded with pity by the

tender-hearted; but in murder there is scarce a single person so profligate and abandoned, as to afford the fugitive a refuge. Every man is ready to discover and yield him up, to pursue and to take him; every man is desirous to bring him to justice, views him with detestation when in chains; and sees him on the gallows with pleasure.

In robbery, theft, and such like transgressions, an offender sometimes remains many years in impunity; for on such occasions, he hath scarce any person, unless those who are immediately injured, or the officers of justice themselves, to apprehend and avoid; but with murder, all mankind are alarmed. All the human passions are roused against him; and it presently becomes a common cause to bring him to justice. Hence it very rarely happens that this criminal long escapes the punishment which is his due. Never, indeed, unless he exchanges it for what is, perhaps, much worse, to linger out a miserable life with the loss of country, friends, fortune, and fame; to be shunned, despised, detested, and cursed by all mankind.

Nor is this wretch, in all probability, a greater object of horror to others, than he is to himself. If his conscience be not seared, as it were with a hot iron, if his heart be not shut to all the compunctions of remorse, and of shame, his own mind is his worst tormentor; and the horrors which attend all his reflections appear more dreadful, when he casts his eyes behind him, than even the sight of his pursuers would be.

And, if he casts his eyes forward, what comfort can even hope afford him? That very justice from which he hath so eagerly run, seems often the only friend to whose arms he can fly. This, many of those murderers who have been brought, at last, though late, to their deserved punishment, have honestly confessed; have owned that the day of their execution was much the happiest which they had experienced since the day of their guilt.

And this must surely be, in general, the case, had we any certain assurance that our punishment for so enormous, so execrable a sin, was to end in this world; but, alas! how

just reason have we to apprehend that this will not be the case. In every other crime the offender who hath paid the price of his life, may flatter himself that he hath fully expiated his offence: but, in murder, it is far otherwise; and that, especially, from the last causes which I have assigned above, where I have endeavoured to set forth the extreme heinousness of this crime.

Here, then, is a thought which must shake the firmest mind; and make the boldest heart to tremble. Fear not him, saith our Saviour, who can kill the body; but fear him who can destroy both body and soul.

What are the terrors of earthly judgment, compared to this tremendous tribunal? Great courage may, perhaps, bear up a bad mind (for it is sometimes the property of such) against the most severe sentence which can be pronounced by the mouth of a human judge; but where is the fortitude which can look an offended Almighty in the face? Who can bear the dreadful thought of being confronted with the spirit of one whom we have murdered, in the presence of all the Host of Heaven, and to have justice demanded against our guilty soul, before that awful judgment-seat, where there is infinite justice, as well as infinite power? A most dreadful situation indeed! from which may God, in his infinite mercy, deliver us all.



THE

JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE to LISBON,

By the late

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;



LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
MDCCLV.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

"WE can with Pleasure inform the Public, that they will soon be greatly entertained by a posthumous Piece of the late Henry Fielding, Esq; entitled, A Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon; to which, we hear, will be added, a Fragment of his Answer to Lord Bolingbroke." This modest "puff preliminary" appeared in the "Public Advertiser" for Thursday, 6th February, 1755, and shortly afterwards was succeeded by the usual publishers' notifications, the first of which ran as follows:—

"*On Tuesday the 25th inst. will be published,* In One Volume Duodecimo, Price 3s. bound, *(Printed for the Benefit of his Wife and Children)* THE JOURNAL of a Voyage to *Lisbon.* By the late HENRY FIELDING, Esq; To which is added, A Fragment of his Answer to Lord Bolingbroke. Sold by A. Millar in the Strand."

This was issued on the 13th February, and in these terms the book continued to be announced at intervals until Tuesday the 25th, when the wording was duly altered to "This Day is published." The publisher was the same Andrew Millar, Tonson's successor "at *Shakespeare's-Head* over-against *Katherine Street* in the *Strand,*" who had published "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." As recently as January and February, 1753, he had put forth Fielding's "Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor," and his "Clear State of the Case of Elizabeth Canning" (who by 1755 was satisfactorily transferred to His Majesty's Plantations); and he was ultimately to publish Fielding's complete works. The "Journal" was reviewed in the "London Magazine" for February; in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for March; and, briefly, in the "Monthly Review" for the same month. But whether it brought any material emolu-

ment to "those innocents" its author had left behind, History, which conceals so much, has not recorded.

For the book itself, it purported to be in the exact state in which Fielding had left it. "It was thought proper, by the friends of the deceased," says the "Dedication to the Public," "that this little piece should come into your hands as it came from the hands of the author." Yet notwithstanding this explicit declaration, a careful comparison of what is generally described as the first issue with the version which in 1762 was included in Fielding's "Works," and remains to-day the accepted text of the book, shows that the first issue, if not "patch'd by a different hand," was certainly considerably "manipulated" by the suppression or excision of a number of passages. These, with the exception of a few lines which reflect obliquely upon Fielding himself,[1] relate in the main to the captain of the ship, and to the captain's nephew, a military coxcomb of the type of Ensign Northerton.[2] There is also a difference in the name of the landlady who, to use Horace Walpole's flippant phrase, "treated and teased" the sick man's dropsy in the Isle of Wight. An obvious inference from these last-mentioned omissions and variation would doubtless be that, in 1755, the parties concerned were still living; and that, in a volume for which the widest sale was desired, it was, to say the least, inexpedient to include matter which might give rise to contention or expostulation. Indeed, it may well be that Mrs. Fielding and her daughter returned from Portugal in the very ship that carried them out, a circumstance which would make the almost immediate publication of a book containing satirical comments upon the captain an ungracious and even ungenerous act, especially as he was probably known personally to the novelist's brother John, who had carried out the arrangement for the passage to Lisbon."[3]

This explanation of the existence of an earlier and a shorter version than that included among Fielding's complete works is so plausible that, in the absence of any more reasonable

[1] See note to p. 24, l. 3.

[2] See notes to p. 145, l. 4, and p. 175, l. 10.

[3] See p. 41, l. 14.

theory, it should require but little persuasion to procure its acceptance. Unluckily, it has been discovered, during the progress of the present reprint, that, besides the edition hitherto regarded as the first, there exists another, published by the same publisher, and having the same date, dedication, and title-page, but corresponding in all respects with the longer version. When was it issued from the press? Upon this question contemporary advertisements throw no light; and the only solution which suggests itself is hypothetical. The book, as reference to the "Public Advertiser" shows, was freely advertised in February and March, 1755. Then, for some eight months, there is no mention of it whatever, until, on the 4th December, the advertisements again begin to appear for a short time, in much the same terms as before, the reference to Fielding's family being the only thing omitted, and "Printed" by Andrew Millar being substituted for "Sold." As to the reason for this re-advertisement there need be no long speculation. On the 1st of November had taken place the famous earthquake at Lisbon. The contemporary magazines and newspapers were full of references to this "topical" subject, and Millar no doubt saw in it an admirable pretext for pushing the account of Fielding's voyage to a place that was occupying so much attention. The book had to be hastily reprinted; and as it had now probably become his own property, he reprinted it, not as it had been edited for the press, but as it had been originally left in manuscript by its author. It is, of course, competent for casuistry to contend that the longer version was really the first; that it had been withdrawn upon objection; and that, until 1762, when it was again issued *in extenso*, the shorter version continued to be sold. A certain colourable support is given to this supposition by the fact that an unauthorized edition, published by James Hoey of Dublin, follows, not the longer, but the shorter version, which looks, at first sight, as if the shorter version were the later. But the Dublin reprint, seeing that it contains a supplementary account of Lisbon "as it stood before the 1st of *Nov.* 1755," was plainly prompted by the earthquake; and, though dated 1756, might really have been printed before the longer

version had found its way over to Ireland. It might, in fact —But to proceed further is to enter a jungle of conjecture. Upon the whole, the presumption that the longer version succeeded the shorter is not only a natural but a logical one; and that it did so rather prematurely must be attributed to the excitement of the earthquake.[1]

In both versions there is one thing that deserves notice. From the longer version we learn the captain's Christian name, since his nephew addresses him familiarly as "Dick"; but in neither is given his surname or the name of his vessel. These particulars were for the first time revealed by the publication, in Jesse's "Memoirs of Celebrated Etonians," 1875, of the following letter, now, as then, in the collection of Mr. Locker-Lampson. It is here printed from a collation made in 1883 with the MS., Mr. Jesse's version being slightly inaccurate, though by reading "that agreeable Lre" as "that agreeable 10*l.*," he perhaps succeeded in making it more in keeping with Fielding's traditional character:—

> **"On board the Queen of Portugal, Richd Veal at anchor on the Mother Bank, off Ryde, to the care of the Post Master of Portsmouth—this is my Date and yr Direction.**
>
> **"July 12 1754**

"Dear Jack, After receiving that agreeable Lre from Messrs. Fielding and Co., we weighed on monday morning and sailed from Deal to the Westward Four Days long but inconceivably pleasant passage brought us yesterday to an Anchor on the Mother Bank, on the Back of the Isle of Wight, where

[1] Since this was first written, a close examination of contemporary reviews has supplied practical proof, if not of the whole of the above hypothesis, at least of the priority of the shorter version. The "Monthly Review" for March, 1755, says incidentally that the "Comment on Bolingbroke" occupies twenty-seven pages. To speak precisely, in the shorter version it occupies twenty-seven pages and a half (pp. 201-228); but in the longer version it occupies only twenty-two and a half (pp. 223-245). It is clear, therefore, that as the book was first published on the 25th February, 1755, the shorter version was the one reviewed, and consequently is the earlier.

we had last Night in Safety the Pleasure of hearing the Winds roar over our Heads in as violent a Tempest as I have known, and where my only Consideration were the Fears which must possess any Friend of ours, (if there is happily any such) who really makes our Wellbeing the Object of his Concern especially if such Friend should be totally inexperienced in Sea Affairs. I therefore beg that on the Day you receive this M^rs^. Daniel [1] may know that we are just risen from Breakfast in Health and Spirits this twelfth Instant at 9 in the morning. Our Voyage hath proved fruitful in Adventures all which being to be written in the Book you must postpone y^r^ Curiosity. As the Incidents which fall under y^r^ Cognizance will possibly be consigned to Oblivion, do give them to us as they pass. Tell y^r^ Neighbour I am much obliged to him for recommending me to the care of a most able and experienced Seaman to whom other Captains seem to pay such Deference that they attend and watch his Motions, and think themselves only safe when they act under his Direction and Example.[1] Our Ship in Truth seems to give Laws on the Water with as much Authority and Superiority as you Dispense Laws to the Public and Example to y^r^ Brethren in Commission, Please to direct y^r^ Answer to me on Board as in the Date, if gone to be returned, and then send it by the Post and Pacquet to Lisbon to

"Y^r^ affec^t^. Brother
"H. FIELDING

"To John Fielding Esq. at his House
in Bow Street Cov^t^ Garden, London."

Fielding's letters are extremely rare, and there is a good deal of minor information in this one. It mentions his wife's mother (who had probably remained in charge of the little family at Fordhook); it shows that the "Journal" was already in contemplation, if not actually begun; it confirms

[1] His mother-in-law, Mrs. Fielding's maiden name having been Mary Daniel (see note to p. 44, l. 9).

[1] This was probably the source of the passage at p. 91, ll. 7-12, which occurs in the shorter version, but not in the longer.

the fact that John Fielding (and not Saunders Welch, as Boswell says) was his brother's immediate successor at Bow Street; and, lastly, it incidentally supplies the names of the ship and of the captain thereof, to whose qualities as a seaman is paid a compliment which seems afterwards to have found its way into the first issue of the book. Of Richard Veal himself, no further particulars are forthcoming. But it is worth notice in passing that the name of the commander of the "Inspector" Privateer, of London, which was wrecked in the Bay of Tangier, on the Coast of Barbary, the 4th of January, 1746, was also Richard Veale, or Veal. He is not mentioned in the list of unfortunates who, until they were redeemed by the Crown in 1750, remained to languish as slaves among the Moors; and it may well be that he was not among the ninety-six who were drowned, but among the few who effected their escape.[1] If, therefore, the Richard Veal who in 1754 carried Fielding to Lisbon, and had been a privateer, be identical with the commander of the "Inspector," it is obvious that those "moving incidents" of his past career with which he occasionally regaled his bunk-ridden passenger must at times have been well worth hearing.[2]

From these exclusively bibliographical considerations, it is time to turn to the "Voyage to Lisbon" itself. That it is not its author's masterpiece may be conceded, and there are good reasons why it should not be. Great works have before now been written in prisons; and if ever place of confinement came under Johnson's definition of "a jail, with the chance of being drowned," it must assuredly have been the good ship "Queen of Portugal." But it may be questioned if any masterpiece was ever produced, in any place, under Fielding's bodily conditions, and from so limited a stock of material. We know that the admirable introductory chapters of

[1] See the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1748, 1749, and 1751, and the "Ladies Magazine" for 1751, where is printed an "Address to the Publick" by William Latton, Plenipotentiary and Consul General from His Majesty to the Emperor of Morocco, by whom the redemption of these unhappy captives was at last effected.

[2] Cf. p. 193, l. 24 *et seq.*

"The Antiquary" were written during an attack of tooth-ache; that the "Legend of Montrose" (with its inimitable Rittmaster) was composed in acute pain. But in neither of these cases was the author doomed and dying. If one recalls for a moment the wasted figure of the man from whose ghastly aspect women and children fled at Fordhook; who had so completely lost the use of his limbs that he had to be hoisted like a dead weight over the ship's side at Rotherhithe, and carried helplessly in a chair across the treacherous mud flats at Ryde; who was enfeebled by disease, broken by want of sleep, and embarrassed by every kind of personal discomfort, it is marvellous that he should have had the heart to put pen to paper at all. Yet write he does, and writes moreover in such a fashion that one almost forgets it is a dying person who is speaking. That he was aware of this himself he tells us at the outset: that he remembered it always is plain from a dozen quiet touches. He knew, he says, when he left Fordhook that he was quitting it for ever. Of a storm in the Channel he observes that it would have given no small alarm to a man "who had either not learnt what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable." Yet so indomitable is his gallantry of spirit, so irrepressible his joy of life, so insatiable still his "curious eye" for humanity, that a fresh face or a new sensation makes the old fire flame up once more, and he writes as if he had not a care in the world. The reader has no doubt remarked the extraordinary sentence in the letter quoted above—"We are just risen from Breakfast in Health and Spirits;" and even in the discomforts of Ryde, he speaks of a dinner in a barn, "as the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real, solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's." Nor, notwithstanding his unstimulating subject-matter, has his hand by any means lost its cunning. His portraits of Captain Veal (especially when completed by the passages at first suppressed), of Captain Veal's nephew, of Farmer Francis and his wife, of the "gentleman" at Gravesend who was "a riding surveyor"—are by no means unworthy of the hand which drew Parson Abraham Adams. And although

much of this character-painting is in the old ironic manner, which is, in a sense, his natural speech, it is never malignant. He is laughing, not at the individual, but at the race in general; and he scarcely ever finishes his sketch without a word to show that he is willing to give his sitter the benefit of the smallest good quality he possesses. He is merciless to shams; but, like Fontenelle, he never utters the least thing against the most infinitesimal virtue. Of his own sufferings he says little, and then never to emphasize or exaggerate them; but he is infinitely compassionate to the temporary ailment of his wife, for whose condition he seems far more concerned than he is for himself. In short, if the "Voyage to Lisbon" be not his best work, at least it gives a picture of fortitude, of cheerful patience, of manly endurance under trial, which may be fairly described as unexampled in our literature. Many men begin life as wildly and recklessly as Henry Fielding, but not to many is it given to end it as nobly as he did. He expended his last energies in works of philanthropy and benevolence: almost his last ink was shed in opposing the tenets of Bolingbroke; and he went to a foreign grave with the courage of a hero and the dignity of a philosopher.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING, W.,
March, 1892.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC

YOUR candour is desired on the perusal of the following sheets, as they are the product of a genius that has long been your delight and entertainment. It must be acknowledged that a lamp almost burnt out does not give so steady and uniform a light, as when it blazes in its full vigour; but yet it is well known that, by its wavering, as if struggling against its own dissolution, it sometimes darts a ray as bright as ever. In like manner, a strong and lively genius will, in its last struggles, sometimes mount aloft, and throw forth the most striking marks of its original lustre.

Wherever these are to be found, do you, the genuine patrons of extraordinary capacities, be as liberal in your applauses of him who is now no more, as you were of him whilst he was yet amongst you. And, on the other hand, if in this little work there should appear any traces of a weaken'd and decay'd life, let your own imaginations place before your eyes a true picture, in that of a hand trembling in almost its latest hour, of a body emaciated with pains, yet struggling for your entertainment; and let this affecting picture open each tender heart, and call forth a melting tear, to blot out whatever failings may be found in a work begun in pain, and finished almost at the same period with life.

It was thought proper, by the friends of the deceased, that this little piece should come into your hands as it came from the hands of the author; it being judged that you would be better pleased to have an opportunity of observing the faintest traces of a genius you have long admired, than have it patch'd by a different hand; by which means the marks of its true author might have been effac'd.

That the success of this last written, tho' first published volume, of the author's posthumous pieces, may be attended with some convenience to those innocents he hath left behind,

will, no doubt, be a motive to encourage its circulation through the kingdom, which will engage every future genius to exert itself for your pleasure.

The principles and spirit which breathe in every line of the small fragment begun in answer to Lord Bolingbroke will unquestionably be a sufficient apology for its publication, altho' vital strength was wanting to finish a work so happily begun and so well designed.



THE PREFACE

THERE would not, perhaps, be a more pleasant, or profitable study, among those which have their principal end in amusement, than that of travels or voyages, if they were writ, as they might be, and ought to be, with a joint view to the entertainment and information of mankind. If the conversation of travellers be so eagerly sought after as it is, we may believe their books will be still more agreeable company, as they will, in general, be more instructive and more entertaining.

But when I say the conversation of travellers is usually so welcome, I must be understood to mean that only of such as have had good sense enough to apply their peregrinations to a proper use, so as to acquire from them a real and valuable knowledge of men and things; both which are best known by comparison. If the customs and manners of men were every where the same, there would be no office so dull as that of a traveller: for the difference of hills, valleys, rivers; in short, the various views in which we may see the face of the earth, would scarce afford him a pleasure worthy of his labour; and surely it would give him very little opportunity of communicating any kind of entertainment or improvement to others.

To make a traveller an agreeable companion to a man of sense, it is necessary, not only that he should have seen much, but that he should have overlooked much of what he hath seen. Nature is not, any more than a great genius, always admirable in her productions, and therefore the traveller, who may be called her commentator, should not expect to find every where subjects worthy of his notice.

It is certain, indeed, that one may be guilty of omission as well as of the opposite extreme: but a fault on that side will be more easily pardoned, as it is better to be hungry than surfeited, and to miss your dessert at the table of a man whose

gardens abound with the choicest fruits, than to have your taste affronted with every sort of trash that can be pick'd up at the green-stall, or the wheelbarrow.

If we should carry on the analogy between the traveller and the commentator, it is impossible to keep one's eye a moment off from the laborious much read doctor Zachary Grey, of whose redundant notes on Hudibras I shall only say, that it is, I am confident, the single book extant in which above five hundred authors are quoted, not one of which could be found in the collection of the late doctor Mead.

As there are few things which a traveller is to record, there are fewer on which he is to offer his observations: this is the office of the reader, and it is so pleasant a one, that he seldom chuses to have it taken from him, under the pretence of lending him assistance. Some occasions, indeed, there are, when proper observations are pertinent, and others when they are necessary; but good sense alone must point them out. I shall lay down only one general rule, which I believe to be of universal truth between relator and hearer, as it is between author and reader; this is, that the latter never forgive any observation of the former which doth not convey some knowledge that they are sensible they could not possibly have attained of themselves.

But all his pains in collecting knowledge, all his judgment in selecting, and all his art in communicating it, will not suffice, unless he can make himself, in some degree, an agreeable, as well as an instructive companion. The highest instruction we can derive from the tedious tale of a dull fellow scarce ever pays us for our attention. There is nothing, I think, half so valuable as knowledge, and yet there is nothing which men will give themselves so little trouble to attain; unless it be, perhaps, that lowest degree of it which is the object of curiosity, and which hath therefore that active passion constantly employed in its service. This, indeed, it is in the power of every traveller to gratify; but it is the leading principle in weak minds only.

To render his relation agreeable to the man of sense, it is therefore necessary that the voyager should possess several

eminent and rare talents; so rare, indeed, that it is almost wonderful to see them ever united in the same person.

And if all these talents must concur in the relator, they are certainly in a more eminent degree necessary to the writer: for here the narration admits of higher ornaments of stile, and every fact and sentiment offers itself to the fullest and most deliberate examination.

It would appear therefore, I think, somewhat strange, if such writers as these should be found extremely common; since nature hath been a most parsimonious distributer of her richest talents, and hath seldom bestowed many on the same person. But on the other hand, why there should scarce exist a single writer of this kind worthy our regard; and whilst there is no other branch of history (for this is history) which hath not exercised the greatest pens, why this alone should be overlooked by all men of great genius and erudition, and delivered up to the Goths and Vandals as their lawful property, is altogether as difficult to determine.

And yet that this is the case, with some very few exceptions, is most manifest. Of these I shall willingly admit Burnet and Addison; if the former was not perhaps to be considered as a political essayist, and the latter as a commentator on the classics, rather than as a writer of travels; which last title perhaps they would both of them have been least ambitious to affect.

Indeed if these two, and two or three more, should be removed from the mass, there would remain such a heap of dulness behind, that the appellation of voyage-writer would not appear very desirable.

I am not here unapprized that old Homer himself is by some considered as a voyage-writer; and indeed the beginning of his Odyssey may be urged to countenance that opinion, which I shall not controvert. But whatever species of writing the Odyssey is of, it is surely at the head of that species, as much as the Iliad is of another; and so far the excellent Longinus would allow, I believe, at this day.

But, in reality, the Odyssey, the Telemachus, and all of that kind, are to the voyage-writing I here intend, what romance

is to true history, the former being the confounder and corrupter of the latter. I am far from supposing, that Homer, Hesiod, and the other antient poets and mythologists, had any settled design to pervert and confuse the records of antiquity; but it is certain they have effected it; and, for my part, I must confess I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose, than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon, with more amusement and more satisfaction.

The original poets were not, however, without excuse. They found the limits of nature too strait for the immensity of their genius, which they had not room to exert, without extending fact by fiction; and that especially at a time when the manners of men were too simple to afford that variety, which they have since offered in vain to the choice of the meanest writers. In doing this, they are again excusable for the manner in which they have done it,

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promant.

They are not indeed so properly said to turn reality into fiction, as fiction into reality. Their paintings are so bold, their colours so strong, that every thing they touch seems to exist in the very manner they represent it: their portraits are so just, and their landscapes so beautiful, that we acknowledge the strokes of nature in both, without enquiring whether nature herself, or her journeyman the poet, formed the first pattern of the piece.

But other writers (I will put Pliny at their head) have no such pretensions to indulgence: they lye for lying sake, or in order insolently to impose the most monstrous improbabilities and absurdities upon their readers on their own authority; treating them as some fathers treat children, and as other fathers do lay-men, exacting their belief of whatever they relate, on no other foundation than their own authority, without ever taking the pains of adapting their lies to human credulity, and of calculating them for the meridian of a com-

mon understanding; but with as much weakness as wickedness, and with more impudence often than either, they assert facts contrary to the honour of God, to the visible order of the creation, to the known laws of nature, to the histories of former ages, and to the experience of our own, and which no man can at once understand and believe.

If it should be objected (and it can no where be objected better than where I now write,[1] as there is no where more pomp of bigotry) that whole nations have been firm believers in such most absurd suppositions; I reply, the fact is not true. They have known nothing of the matter, and have believed they knew not what. It is, indeed, with me no matter of doubt, but that the pope and his clergy might teach any of those Christian Heterodoxies, the tenets of which are the most diametrically opposite to their own; nay, all the doctrines of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mahomet, not only with certain and immediate success, but without one catholick in a thousand knowing he had changed his religion.

What motive a man can have to sit down, and to draw forth a list of stupid, senseless, incredible lies upon paper, would be difficult to determine, did not Vanity present herself so immediately as the adequate cause. The vanity of knowing more than other men is, perhaps, besides hunger, the only inducement to writing, at least to publishing, at all: why then should not the voyage-writer be inflamed with the glory of having seen what no man ever did or will see but himself? This is the true source of the wonderful, in the discourse and writings, and sometimes, I believe, in the actions of men. There is another fault of a kind directly opposite to this, to which these writers are sometimes liable, when, instead of filling their pages with monsters which no body hath ever seen, and with adventures which never have nor could possibly have happened to them, they waste their time and paper with recording things and facts of so common a kind, that they challenge no other right of being remembered, than as they had the honour of having happened to the author, to whom nothing seems trivial that in any manner happens to himself. Of such consequence

[1] At Lisbon.

do his own actions appear to one of this kind, that he would probably think himself guilty of infidelity, should he omit the minutest thing in the detail of his journal. That the fact is true, is sufficient to give it a place there, without any consideration whether it is capable of pleasing or surprising, of diverting or informing the reader.

I have seen a play (if I mistake not, it is one of Mrs. Behn's, or of Mrs. Centlivre's) where this vice in a voyage-writer is finely ridiculed. An ignorant pedant, to whose government, for I know not what reason, the conduct of a young nobleman in his travels is committed, and who is sent abroad to shew My Lord the world, of which he knows nothing himself, before his departure from a town, calls for his journal, to record the goodness of the wine and tobacco, with other articles of the same importance, which are to furnish the materials of a voyage at his return home. The humour, it is true, is here carried very far; and yet, perhaps, very little beyond what is to be found in writers who profess no intention of dealing in humour at all.

Of one or other or both of these kinds are, I conceive, all that vast pile of books which pass under the names of voyages, travels, adventures, lives, memoirs, histories, &c., some of which a single traveller sends into the world in many volumes, and others are, by judicious booksellers, collected into vast bodies in folio, and inscribed with their own names, as if they were indeed their own travels; thus unjustly attributing to themselves the merit of others.

Now from both these faults we have endeavoured to steer clear in the following narrative: which, however the contrary may be insinuated by ignorant, unlearned, and fresh-water critics, who have never travelled either in books or ships, I do solemnly declare doth, in my own impartial opinion, deviate less from truth than any other voyage extant; my lord Anson's alone being, perhaps, excepted.

Some few embellishments must be allowed to every historian: for we are not to conceive that the speeches in Livy, Sallust, or Thucydides, were literally spoken in the very words in which we now read them. It is sufficient that every fact

hath its foundation in truth, as I do seriously aver is the case in the ensuing pages; and when it is so, a good critic will be so far from denying all kind of ornament of stile or diction, or even of circumstance to his author, that he would be rather sorry if he omitted it: for he could hence derive no other advantage than the loss of an additional pleasure in the perusal.

Again, if any merely common incident should appear in this journal, which will seldom, I apprehend, be the case, the candid reader will easily perceive it is not introduced for its own sake, but for some observations and reflections naturally resulting from it; and which, if but little to his amusement, tend directly to the instruction of the reader, or to the information of the public; to whom if I chuse to convey such instruction or information with an air of joke and laughter, none but the dullest of fellows will, I believe, censure it; but if they should, I have the authority of more than one passage in Horace to alledge in my defence.

Having thus endeavoured to obviate some censures to which a man, without the gift of fore-sight, or any fear of the imputation of being a conjurer, might conceive this work would be liable, I might now undertake a more pleasing task, and fall at once to the direct and positive praises of the work itself; of which indeed I could say a thousand good things: but the task is so very pleasant that I shall leave it wholly to the reader; and it is all the task that I impose on him. A moderation for which he may think himself obliged to me, when he compares it with the conduct of authors, who often fill a whole sheet with their own praises, to which they sometimes set their own real names, and sometimes a fictitious one. One hint, however, I must give the kind reader; which is, that if he should be able to find no sort of amusement in the book, he will be pleased to remember the public utility which will arise from it. If entertainment, as Mr. Richardson observes, be but a secondary consideration in a romance; with which Mr. Addison I think agrees, affirming the use of the pastry-cook to be the first; if this, I say, be true of a mere work of invention, sure it may well be so considered in a work founded, like

this, on truth; and where the political reflections form so distinguishing a part.

But perhaps I may hear, from some critic of the most saturnine complexion, that my vanity must have made a horrid dupe of my judgment, if it hath flattered me with an expectation of having any thing here seen in a grave light, or of conveying any useful instruction to the public, or to their guardians. I answer with the great man, whom I just now quoted, that my purpose is to convey instruction in the vehicle of entertainment; and so to bring about at once, like the revolution in the Rehearsal, a perfect reformation of the laws relating to our maritime affairs: an undertaking, I will not say more modest, but surely more feasible, than that of reforming a whole people, by making use of a vehicular story, to wheel in among them worse manners than their own.

THE INTRODUCTION

In the beginning of August, 1753, when I had taken the Duke of Portland's medicine, as it is called, near a year, the effects of which had been the carrying off the symptoms of a lingering imperfect gout, I was persuaded by Mr. Ranby, the King's premier serjeant-surgeon, and the ablest advice, I believe, in all branches of the physical profession, to go immediately to Bath. I accordingly writ that very night to Mrs. Bowden, who, by the next post, informed me she had taken me a lodging for a month certain.

Within a few days after this, whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street robbers, I received a message from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the King's messenger, to attend his Grace in Lincoln's-inn-fields, upon some business of importance; with which I immediately complied; when his Grace sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for putting an immediate end to those murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets: upon which, I promised to transmit my opinion, in writing, to his Grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the privy council.

Tho' this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work, and in about four days sent the Duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out in several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the Duke, by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me, that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

The principal and most material of those terms was the immediately depositing £600 in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

I had delayed my Bath-journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintance, and to the ardent desire of my warmest friends, tho' my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath-waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of demolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow who had undertaken, for a small sum, to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service, all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity.

After some weeks the money was paid at the Treasury, and within a few days after £200 of it had come to my hands the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of town, and others out of the kingdom.

Tho' my health was now reduced to the last extremity, I continued to act with the utmost vigour against these villains; in examining whom, and in taking the depositions against them, I have often spent whole days, nay sometimes whole nights, especially when there was any difficulty in procuring sufficient evidence to convict them; which is a very common case in street-robberies, even when the guilt of the party is sufficiently apparent to satisfy the most tender conscience. But courts of justice know nothing of a cause more than what is told them on oath by a witness; and the most flagitious villain upon earth is tried in the same manner as a man of the best character, who is accused of the same crime.

Mean while, amidst all my fatigues and distresses, I had the satisfaction to find my endeavours had been attended with such success, that this hellish society were almost utterly extirpated, and that, instead of reading of murders and street-

robberies in the news, almost every morning, there was, in the remaining part of the month of November, and in all December, not only no such thing as a murder, but not even a street-robbery committed. Some such, indeed, were mentioned in the public papers; but they were all found, on the strictest enquiry, to be false.

In this entire freedom from street-robberies, during the dark months, no man will, I believe, scruple to acknowledge, that the winter of 1753 stands unrival'd, during a course of many years; and this may possibly appear the more extraordinary to those who recollect the outrages with which it began.

Having thus fully accomplished my undertaking, I went into the country in a very weak and deplorable condition, with no fewer or less diseases than a jaundice, a dropsy, and an asthma, altogether uniting their forces in the destruction of a body so entirely emaciated, that it had lost all its muscular flesh.

Mine was now no longer what is called a Bath case; nor, if it had been so, had I strength remaining sufficient to go thither, a ride of six miles only being attended with an intolerable fatigue. I now discharged my lodgings at Bath, which I had hitherto kept. I began, in earnest, to look on my case as desperate, and I had vanity enough to rank myself with those heroes who, of old times, became voluntary sacrifices to the good of the public.

But, lest the reader should be too eager to catch at the word *vanity*, and should be unwilling to indulge me with so sublime a gratification, for I think he is not too apt to gratify me, I will take my key a pitch lower, and will frankly own that I had a stronger motive than the love of the public to push me on: I will therefore confess to him, that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking: on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been

universally practised) and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about £500 [1] a year of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more that £300; a considerable proportion of which remained with my clerk; and indeed if the whole had done so, as it ought, he would be but ill paid for sitting almost sixteen hours in the twenty-four, in the most unwholesome, as well as nauseous air in the universe, and which hath in his case corrupted a good constitution without contaminating his morals.

But, not to trouble the reader with anecdotes, contrary to my own rule laid down in my preface, I assure him I thought my family was very slenderly provided for; and that my health began to decline so fast, that I had very little more of life left to accomplish what I had thought of too late. I re-

[1] A predecessor of mine used to boast that he made £1000 a year in his office: but how he did this, if indeed he did it, is to me a secret. His clerk, now mine, told me I had more business than he had ever known there; I am sure I had as much as any man could do. The truth is, the fees are so very low, when any are due, and so much is done for nothing, that if a single justice of peace had business enough to employ twenty clerks, neither he nor they would get much by their labour. The public will not therefore, I hope, think I betray a secret when I inform them, that I received from the government a yearly pension out of the public service-money; which I believe indeed would have been larger, had my great patron been convinced of an error, which I have heard him utter more than once, That he could not indeed say, that the acting as a principal justice of peace in Westminster was on all accounts very desirable, but that all the world knew it was a very lucrative office. Now to have shewn him plainly, that a man must be a rogue to make a very little this way, and that he could not make much by being as great a rogue as he could be, would have required more confidence than I believe he had in me, and more of his conversation than he chose to allow me; I therefore resigned the office, and the farther execution of my plan to my brother, who had long been my assistant. And now, lest the case between me and the reader should be the same in both instances as it was between me and the great man, I will not add another word on the subject.

joiced therefore greatly in seeing an opportunity, as I apprehended, of gaining such merit in the eye of the public, that if my life were the sacrifice to it, my friends might think they did a popular act in putting my family at least beyond the reach of necessity, which I myself began to despair of doing. And tho' I disclaim all pretence to that Spartan or Roman patriotism, which loved the public so well that it was always ready to become a voluntary sacrifice to the public good, I do solemnly declare I have that love for my family.

After this concession therefore, that the public was not the principal Deity to which my life was offered a sacrifice, and when it is farther considered what a poor sacrifice this was, being indeed no other than the giving up what I saw little likelihood of being able to hold much longer, and which, upon the terms I held it, nothing but the weakness of human nature could represent to me as worth holding at all; the world may, I believe, without envy, allow me all the praise to which I have any title.

My aim, in fact, was not praise, which is the last gift they care to bestow; at least this was not my aim as an end, but rather as a means, of purchasing some moderate provision for my family, which, tho' it should exceed my merit, must fall infinitely short of my service, if I succeeded in my attempt.

To say the truth, the public never act more wisely, than when they act most liberally in the distribution of their rewards; and here the good they receive is often more to be considered than the motive from which they receive it. Example alone is the end of all public punishments and rewards. Laws never inflict disgrace in resentment, nor confer honour from gratitude. For it is very hard, my lord, said a convicted felon at the bar to the late excellent judge Burnet, to hang a poor man for stealing a horse. You are not to be hanged, Sir, answered my ever-honoured and beloved friend, for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen. In like manner it might have been said to the late duke of Marlborough, when the parliament was so deservedly liberal to him, after the battle of Blenheim, You receive not these

honours and bounties on account of a victory past, but that other victories may be obtained.

I was now, in the opinion of all men, dying of a complication of disorders; and, were I desirous of playing the advocate, I have an occasion fair enough: but I disdain such an attempt. I relate facts plainly and simply as they are; and let the world draw from them what conclusions they please, taking with them the following facts for their instruction. The one is, That the proclamation offering £100 for the apprehending felons for certain felonies committed in certain places, which I prevented from being revived, had formerly cost the government several thousand pounds within a single year. Secondly, That all such proclamations, instead of curing the evil, had actually increased it; had multiplied the number of robberies; had propagated the worst and wickedest of perjuries; had laid snares for youth and ignorance; which, by the temptation of these rewards, had been sometimes drawn into guilt; and sometimes, which cannot be thought on without the highest horror, had destroyed them without it. Thirdly, That my plan had not put the government to more than £300 expence, and had produced none of the ill consequences above-mentioned; but, lastly, Had actually suppressed the evil for a time, and had plainly pointed out the means of suppressing it for ever. This I would myself have undertaken, had my health permitted, at the annual expence of the above-mentioned sum.

After having stood the terrible six weeks which succeeded last Christmas, and put a lucky end, if they had known their own interests, to such numbers of aged and infirm valetudinarians, who might have gasped through two or three mild winters more, I returned to town in February, in a condition less despaired of by myself than by any of my friends. I now became the patient of Dr. Ward, who wished I had taken his advice earlier.

By his advice I was tapped, and fourteen quarts of water drawn from my belly. The sudden relaxation which this caused, added to my enervate, emaciated habit of body, so

weakened me, that within two days I was thought to be falling into the agonies of death.

I was at the worst on that memorable day when the public lost Mr. Pelham. From that day I began slowly, as it were, to draw my feet out of the grave; till in two months time I had again acquired some little degree of strength; but was again full of water.

During this whole time, I took Mr. Ward's medicines, which had seldom any perceptible operation. Those in particular of the diaphoretic kind, the working of which is thought to require a great strength of constitution to support, had so little effect on me, that Mr. Ward declared it was as vain to attempt sweating me as a deal board.

In this situation I was tapped a second time. I had one quart of water less taken from me now than before; but I bore all the consequences of the operation much better. This I attributed greatly to a dose of laudanum prescribed by my surgeon. It first gave me the most delicious flow of spirits, and afterwards as comfortable a nap.

The month of May, which was now begun, it seemed reasonable to expect would introduce the spring, and drive off that winter which yet maintained its footing on the stage. I resolved therefore to visit a little house of mine in the country, which stands at Ealing, in the county of Middlesex, in the best air, I believe, in the whole kingdom, and far superior to that of Kensington Gravel-Pits; for the gravel is here much wider and deeper, the place higher and more open towards the south, whilst it is guarded from the north wind by a ridge of hills, and from the smells and smoke of London by its distance; which last is not the fate of Kensington, when the wind blows from any corner of the east.

Obligations to Mr. Ward I shall always confess; for I am convinced that he omitted no care in endeavouring to serve me, without any expectation or desire of fee or reward.

The powers of Mr. Ward's remedies want indeed no unfair puffs of mine to give them credit; and tho' this distemper of the dropsy stands, I believe, first in the list of those over

which he is always certain of triumphing; yet, possibly, there might be something particular in my case, capable of eluding that radical force which had healed so many thousands. The same distemper, in different constitutions, may possibly be attended with such different symptoms, that to find an infallible nostrum for the curing any one distemper in every patient, may be almost as difficult as to find a panacea for the cure of all.

But even such a panacea one of the greatest scholars and best of men did lately apprehend he had discovered. It is true, indeed, he was no physician; that is, he had not by the forms of his education acquired a right of applying his skill in the art of physic to his own private advantage; and yet, perhaps, it may be truly asserted, that no other modern hath contributed so much to make his physical skill useful to the public; at least, that none hath undergone the pains of communicating this discovery in writing to the world. The reader, I think, will scarce need to be informed that the writer I mean is the late bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, and the discovery, that of the virtues of tar-water.

I then happened to recollect, upon a hint given me by the inimitable author of the Female Quixote, that I had many years before, from curiosity only, taken a cursory view of bishop Berkeley's treatise on the virtues of tar-water, which I had formerly observed he strongly contends to be that real panacea which Sydenham supposes to have an existence in nature, tho' it yet remains undiscovered, and, perhaps, will always remain so.

Upon the re-perusal of this book I found the bishop only asserting his opinion, that tar-water might be useful in the dropsy, since he had known it to have a surprizing success in the cure of a most stubborn anasarca, which is indeed no other than, as the word implies, the dropsy of the flesh; and this was, at that time, a large part of my complaint.

After a short trial, therefore, of a milk diet, which I presently found did not suit with my case, I betook myself to the bishop's prescription, and dosed myself every morning and evening with half a pint of tar-water.

It was no more than three weeks since my last tapping, and my belly and limbs were distended with water. This did not give me the worse opinion of tar-water: for I never supposed there could be any such virtue in tar-water, as immediately to carry off a quantity of water already collected. For my delivery from this, I well knew I must be again obliged to the trochar; and that if the tar-water did me any good at all, it must be only by the slowest degrees; and that if it should ever get the better of my distemper, it must be by the tedious operation of undermining, and not by a sudden attack and storm.

Some visible effects, however, and far beyond what my most sanguine hopes could with any modesty expect, I very soon experienced; the tar-water having, from the very first, lessened my illness, increased my appetite, and added, though in a very slow proportion, to my bodily strength.

But if my strength had increased a little, my water daily increased much more. So that, by the end of May, my belly became again ripe for the trochar, and I was a third time tapped; upon which two very favourable symptoms appeared. I had three quarts of water taken from me less than had been taken the last time; and I bore the relaxation with much less (indeed with scarce any) faintness.

Those of my physical friends, on whose judgment I chiefly depended, seemed to think my only chance of life consisted in having the whole summer before me; in which I might hope to gather sufficient strength to encounter the inclemencies of the ensuing winter. But this chance began daily to lessen. I saw the summer mouldering away, or rather, indeed, the year passing away without intending to bring on any summer at all. In the whole month of May the sun scarce appeared three times. So that the early fruits came to the fulness of their growth, and to some appearance of ripeness, without acquiring any real maturity; having wanted the heat of the sun to soften and meliorate their juices. I saw the dropsy gaining rather than losing ground; the distance growing still shorter between the tappings. I saw the asthma likewise beginning again to become more troublesome. I saw the mid-

summer quarter drawing towards a close. So that I conceived, if the Michaelmas quarter should steal off in the same manner, as it was, in my opinion, very much to be apprehended it would, I should be delivered up to the attacks of winter, before I recruited my forces, so as to be any wise able to withstand them.

I now began to recall an intention, which from the first dawnings of my recovery I had conceiv'd, of removing to a warmer climate; and finding this to be approv'd of by a very eminent physician, I resolved to put it into immediate execution.

Aix in Provence was the place first thought on; but the difficulties of getting thither were insuperable. The journey by land, beside the expence of it, was infinitely too long and fatiguing; and I could hear of no ship that was likely to set out from London, within any reasonable time for Marseilles, or any other port in that part of the Mediterranean.

Lisbon was presently fixed on in its room. The air here, as it was near four degrees to the south of Aix, must be more mild and warm, and the winter shorter and less piercing.

It was not difficult to find a ship bound to a place with which we carry on so immense a trade. Accordingly, my brother soon informed me of the excellent accommodations for passengers, which were to be found on board a ship that was obliged to sail for Lisbon in three days.

I eagerly embraced the offer, notwithstanding the shortness of the time; and having given my brother full power to contract for our passage, I began to prepare my family for the voyage with the utmost expedition.

But our great haste was needless; for the captain having twice put off his sailing, I at length invited him to dinner with me at Fordhook, a full week after the time on which he had declared, and that with many asseverations, he must, and would, weigh anchor.

He dined with me, according to his appointment; and when all matters were settled between us, left me with positive orders to be on board the Wednesday following; when he

declared he would fall down the river to Gravesend; and would not stay a moment for the greatest man in the world.

He advised me to go to Gravesend by land, and there wait the arrival of his ship; assigning many reasons for this, every one of which was, as I well remember, among those that had before determined me to go on board near the Tower.

THE JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE TO LISBON

Wednesday, June 26, 1754. On this day, the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun, I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doated with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learnt to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer the company of my little ones, during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kiss'd my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, tho' at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

In two hours we arrived in Redriffe, and immediately went on board, and were to have sailed the next morning; but as this was the king's proclamation-day, and consequently a holiday at the Custom-house, the captain could not clear his vessel till the Thursday; for these holidays are as strictly observed as those in the popish calendar, and are almost as numerous. I might add, that both are opposite to the genius of trade, and consequently *contra bonum publicum*.

To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat; a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men, who tho' sufficiently strong for their burden, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pullies. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my couch to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. Indeed so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house, for fear of the ill consequences of looking at me. In this condition, I ran the gauntlope, (so, I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me, by all manner of insults and jests on my misery. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty

and inhumanity, in the nature of men, which I have often contemplated with concern; and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said, that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontroul'd licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shews itself in men who are polish'd and refin'd, in such manner as human nature requires, to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition, of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation.

This may be said, and this is all that can be said; and it is, I am afraid, but little satisfactory to account for the inhumanity of those, who, while they boast of being made after God's own image, seem to bear in their minds a resemblance of the vilest species of brutes; or rather, indeed, of our idea of devils: for I don't know that any brutes can be taxed with such malevolence.

A surloin of beef was now placed on the table, for which, tho' little better than carrion, as much was charged by the master of the little paltry alehouse who dressed it, as would have been demanded for all the elegance of the King's Arms, or any other polite tavern, or eating-house; for indeed the difference between the best house and the worst is, that at the former you pay largely for luxury, at the latter for nothing.

Thursday, June 27. This morning the captain, who lay on shore at his own house, paid us a visit in the cabin; and after having express'd his concern at the impossibility of sailing so soon as he expected, hoped we would excuse delay, which he could not foresee, but assured us he would certainly fall down the river on Saturday. This indeed was no small mortification to me; for, besides the disagreeable situation in which we then lay, in the confines of Wapping and Redriffe, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fish-women, oyster-women, and of all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores, composing altogether a greater variety

of harmony than Hogarth's imagination hath brought together in that print of his, which is enough to make a man deaf to look at; I had a more urgent cause to press our departure, which was, that the dropsy, for which I had undergone three tappings, seemed to threaten me with a fourth discharge before I should reach Lisbon, and when I should have no body on board capable of performing the operation: but I was obliged to hearken to the voice of reason, if I may use the captain's own words, and to rest myself contented. Indeed there was no alternative within my reach, but what would have cost me much too dear.

There are many evils in society, from which people of the highest rank are so entirely exempt, that they have not the least knowledge or idea of them; nor indeed of the characters which are formed by them. Such, for instance, is the conveyance of goods and passengers from one place to another. Now there is no such thing as any kind of knowledge contemptible in itself; and as the particular knowledge I here mean is entirely necessary to the well understanding and well enjoying this journal; and, lastly, as in this case the most ignorant will be those very readers whose amusement we chiefly consult, and to whom we wish to be supposed principally to write, we will here enter somewhat largely into the discussion of this matter; the rather, for that no antient or modern author (if we can trust the catalogue of Dr. Mead's library) hath ever undertaken it; but that it seems (in the stile of Don Quixote) a task reserved for my pen alone.

When I first conceived this intention, I began to entertain thoughts of inquiring into the antiquity of travelling; and, as many persons have performed in this way (I mean have travelled) at the expence of the public, I flattered myself that the spirit of improving arts and sciences, and of advancing useful and substantial learning, which so eminently distinguishes this age, and hath given rise to more speculative societies in Europe than I at present can recollect the names of; perhaps indeed than I or any other, besides their very near neighbours, ever heard mentioned, would assist in promoting so curious a work: A work! begun with the same views, cal-

culated for the same purposes, and fitted for the same uses, with the labours which those right honourable societies have so cheerfully undertaken themselves, and encouraged in others; sometimes with the highest honours, even with admission into their colleges, and with inrolment among their members.

From these societies I promised myself all assistance in their power, particularly the communication of such valuable manuscripts and records as they must be supposed to have collected from those obscure ages of antiquity, when history yields us such imperfect accounts of the residence, and much more imperfect, of the travels of the human race; unless, perhaps, as a curious and learned member of the young society of antiquarians is said to have hinted his conjectures, that their residence and their travels were one and the same; and this discovery (for such it seems to be) he is said to have owed to the lighting by accident on a book, which we shall have occasion to mention presently, the contents of which were then little known to the society.

The King of Prussia, moreover, who, from a degree of benevolence and taste which in either case is a rare production in so northern a climate, is the great encourager of art and science, I was well assured would promote so useful a design, and order his archives to be searched in my behalf.

But, after well weighing all these advantages, and much meditation on the order of my work, my whole design was subverted in a moment, by hearing of the discovery just mentioned to have been made by the young antiquarian, who from the most antient record in the world, (tho' I don't find the society are all agreed in this point) one long preceding the date of the earliest modern collections, either of books or butterflies, none of which pretend to go beyond the flood, shews us, that the first man was a traveller, and that he and his family were scarce settled in Paradise, before they disliked their own home, and became passengers to another place. Hence it appears, that the humour of travelling is as old as the human race, and that it was their curse from the beginning.

By this discovery my plan became much shortened, and I

found it only necessary to treat of the conveyance of goods and passengers from place to place; which not being universally known, seemed proper to be explained, before we examined into its original. There are, indeed, two different ways of tracing all things, used by the historian and the antiquary; these are upwards, and downwards. The former shews you how things are, and leaves to others to discover when they began to be so. The latter shews you how things were, and leaves their present existence to be examined by others. Hence the former is more useful, the latter more curious. The former receives the thanks of mankind, the latter of that valuable part, the virtuosi.

In explaining, therefore, this mystery of carrying goods and passengers from one place to another, hitherto so profound a secret to the very best of our readers, we shall pursue the historical method, and endeavour to shew by what means it is at present performed, referring the more curious enquiry either to some other pen, or to some other opportunity.

Now there are two general ways of performing (if God permit) this conveyance; viz. by land and water, both of which have much variety; that by land being performed in different vehicles, such as coaches, caravans, waggons, &c., and that by water in ships, barges, and boats, of various sizes and denominations. But as all these methods of conveyance are formed on the same principles, they agree so well together, that it is fully sufficient to comprehend them all in the general view, without descending to such minute particulars as would distinguish one method from another.

Common to all of these is one general principle, that as the goods to be conveyed are usually the larger, so they are to be chiefly considered in the conveyance; the owner being indeed little more than an appendage to his trunk, or box, or bale, or at best a small part of his own baggage, very little care is to be taken in stowing or packing them up with convenience to himself: for the conveyance is not of passengers and goods, but of goods and passengers.

Secondly, From this conveyance arises a new kind of relation, or rather of subjection in the society; by which the pas-

senger becomes bound in allegiance to his conveyer. This allegiance is indeed only temporary and local, but the most absolute during its continuance of any known in Great-Britain, and, to say truth, scarce consistent with the liberties of a free people; nor could it be reconciled with them, did it not move downwards, a circumstance universally apprehended to be incompatible to all kinds of slavery. For Aristotle, in his Politicks, hath proved abundantly to my satisfaction, that no men are born to be slaves, except barbarians; and these only to such as are not themselves barbarians: and indeed Mr. Montesquieu hath carried it very little farther, in the case of the Africans; the real truth being, that no man is born to be a slave, unless to him who is able to make him so.

Thirdly, This subjection is absolute, and consists of a perfect resignation both of body and soul to the disposal of another; after which resignation, during a certain time, his subject retains no more power over his own will, than an Asiatic slave, or an English wife, by the laws of both countries, and by the customs of one of them. If I should mention the instance of a stage-coachman, many of my readers would recognize the truth of what I have here observed; all indeed, that ever have been under the dominion of that tyrant, who, in this free country, is as absolute as a Turkish Bashaw. In two particulars only his power is defective; he cannot press you into his service, and if you enter yourself at one place, on condition of being discharged at a certain time at another, he is obliged to perform his agreement, if God permit: but, all the intermediate time, you are absolutely under his government; he carries you how he will, when he will, and whither he will, provided it be not much out of the road; you have nothing to eat, or to drink, but what, and when, and where he pleases. Nay, you cannot sleep, unless he pleases you should; for he will order you sometimes out of bed at midnight, and hurry you away at a moment's warning: indeed, if you can sleep in his vehicle, he cannot prevent it; nay, indeed, to give him his due, this he is ordinarily disposed to encourage; for the earlier he forces you to rise in the morning, the more time he will give you in the heat of the day, sometimes even

six hours at an alehouse, or at their doors, where he always gives you the same indulgence which he allows himself; and for this he is generally very moderate in his demands. I have known a whole bundle of passengers charged no more than half a crown for being suffered to remain quiet at an alehouse door, for above a whole hour, and that even in the hottest day in summer.

But as this kind of tyranny, tho' it hath escaped our political writers, hath been, I think, touched by our dramatic, and is more trite among the generality of readers; and as this and all other kinds of such subjection are alike unknown to my friends, I will quit the passengers by land, and treat of those who travel by water: for whatever is said on this subject is applicable to both alike, and we may bring them together as closely as they are brought in the liturgy, when they are recommended to the prayers of all Christian congregations; and (which I have often thought very remarkable) where they are joined with other miserable wretches, such as, women in labour, people in sickness, infants just born, prisoners and captives.

Goods and passengers are conveyed by water in divers vehicles, the principal of which being a ship, it shall suffice to mention that alone. Here the tyrant doth not derive his title, as the stage-coachman doth, from the vehicle itself, in which he stows his goods and passengers, but he is called the captain; a word of such various use and uncertain signification, that it seems very difficult to fix any positive idea to it: if indeed there be any general meaning which may comprehend all its different uses, that of the head, or chief, of any body of men, seems to be most capable of this comprehension; for whether they be a company of soldiers, a crew of sailors, or a gang of rogues, he who is at the head of them is always stiled the captain.

The captain, whose fortune it was to stow us aboard, laid a farther claim to this appellation than the bare command of a vehicle of conveyance. He had been the captain of a privateer, which he looked upon as being in the king's service; and in this capacity he had gained great honour, having distinguished

his bravery in some very warm engagements, for which he had justly received public thanks; and from hence he derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat, and of wearing a sword of no ordinary length.

Now, as I saw myself in danger from these unavoidable delays, and as the wind had been long nested, as it were, in the south-west, where it constantly blew hurricanes, I began with great reason to apprehend that our voyage might be long, and that my belly, which began already to be much extended, would require the water to be let out at a time when no assistance was at hand; though indeed, the captain comforted me with assurances, that he had a pretty young fellow on board, who acted as his surgeon, as I found he likewise did as steward, cook, butler, sailor. In short, he had as many offices as Scrub in the play, and went through them all with great dexterity: this of surgeon, was, perhaps, the only one in which his skill was somewhat deficient, at least that branch of tapping for the dropsy; for he very ingenuously and modestly confessed, he had never seen the operation performed, nor was possessed of that chirurgical instrument with which it is performed.

Friday, June 28. By way of prevention, therefore, I this day sent for my friend Mr. Hunter, the great surgeon and anatomist of Covent-garden; and, though my belly was not yet very full and tight, let out ten quarts of water, the young sea-surgeon attending the operation, not as a performer, but as a student.

I was now eased of the greatest apprehension which I had from the length of the passage; and I told the captain, I was become indifferent as to the time of his sailing. He expressed much satisfaction in this declaration, and at hearing from me, that I found myself, since my tapping, much lighter and better. In this, I believe, he was sincere; for he was, as we shall have occasion to observe more than once, a very good-natured man; and as he was a very brave one too, I found that the heroic constancy, with which I had born an operation that is attended with scarce any degree of pain, had not a

little raised me in his esteem. That he might adhere, therefore, in the most religious and rigorous manner to his word, he ordered his ship to fall down to Gravesend on Sunday morning, and there to wait his arrival.

Sunday, June 30. Nothing worth notice pass'd till that morning, when my poor wife, after passing a night in the utmost torments of the tooth-ache, resolved to have it drawn. I dispatched, therefore, a servant into Wapping, to bring, in haste, the best toothdrawer he could find. He soon found out a female of great eminence in the art; but when he brought her to the boat, at the water-side, they were informed that the ship was gone; for, indeed, she had set out a few minutes after his quitting her; nor did the pilot, who well knew the errand on which I had sent my servant, think fit to wait a moment for his return, or to give me any notice of his setting out.

But of all the petty bashaws, or turbulent tyrants I ever beheld, this sour-faced pilot was the worst tempered; for, during the time that he had the guidance of the ship, which was till we arrived in the Downs, he complied with no one's desires, nor did he give a civil word, or, indeed, a civil look to any on board.

The toothdrawer, who, as I said before, was one of great eminence among her neighbours, refused to follow the ship; so that my man made himself the best of his way, and, with some difficulty, came up with us before we were got under full sail; for, after that, as we had both wind and tide with us, he would have found it impossible to overtake the ship, till she was come to an anchor at Gravesend.

The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither, I think, as pleasant as can be conceiv'd; for, take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and of Woolwich are noble sights; and give us a just idea of the great perfection to which we are arrived in building those floating castles, and the figure which we may always make in Europe among the other maritime powers. That of Wool-

wich, at least, very strongly imprinted this idea on my mind; for, there was now on the stocks there the Royal Anne, supposed to be the largest ship ever built, and which contains ten carriage guns more than had ever yet equipped a first rate.

It is true, perhaps, that there is more of ostentation than of real utility, in ships of this vast and unwieldy burthen, which are rarely capable of acting against an enemy; but if the building such contributes to preserve, among other nations, the notion of the British superiority in naval affairs, the expence, though very great, is well incurred, and the ostentation is laudable and truly political. Indeed I should be sorry to allow that Holland, France or Spain, possessed a vessel larger and more beautiful than the largest and most beautiful of ours; for this honour I would always administer to the pride of our sailors, who should challenge it from all their neighbours with truth and success. And sure I am, that not our honest tars alone, but every inhabitant of this island, may exult in the comparison, when he considers the king of Great-Britain as a maritime prince, in opposition to any other prince in Europe; but I am not so certain that the same idea of superiority will result from comparing our land-forces with those of many other crowned heads. In numbers, they all far exceed us, and in the goodness and splendor of their troops, many nations, particularly the Germans and French, and perhaps the Dutch, cast us at a distance; for however we may flatter ourselves with the Edwards and Henrys of former ages, the change of the whole art of war since those days, by which the advantage of personal strength is, in a manner, entirely lost, hath produced a change in military affairs to the advantage of our enemies. As for our successes in later days, if they were not entirely owing to the superior genius of our general, they were not a little due to the superior force of his money. Indeed, if we should arraign marshal Saxe of ostentation, when he shewed his army, drawn up, to our captive general, the day after the battle of La Val, we cannot say that the ostentation was entirely vain; since he certainly shewed him an army, which had not been often equalled, either in the number or goodness of the troops, and which, in

those respects, so far exceeded ours, that none can ever cast any reflection on the brave young prince who could not reap the laurels of conquest in that day; but his retreat will be always mentioned as an addition to his glory.

In our marine the case is entirely the reverse, and it must be our own fault if it doth not continue so; for, continue so it will, as long as the flourishing state of our trade shall support it; and this support it can never want, till our legislature shall cease to give sufficient attention to the protection of our trade, and our magistrates want sufficient power, ability, and honesty to execute the laws: a circumstance not to be apprehended, as it cannot happen, till our senates and our benches shall be filled with the blindest ignorance, or with the blackest corruption.

Besides the ships in the docks, we saw many on the water: the yachts are sights of great parade, and the king's body yacht is, I believe, unequalled in any country, for convenience as well as magnificence; both which are consulted in building and equipping her with the most exquisite art and workmanship.

We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. These are, I believe, the largest and finest vessels which are any where employed in commercial affairs. The colliers, likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and, if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that ly between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman, who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognize any effect of the patriot in his constitution.

Lastly, the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, which presents so delightful a front to the water, and doth such honour at once to its builder and the nation, to the great skill and ingenuity of the one, and to the no less sensible gratitude of the other, very properly closes the account of this scene; which may well appear romantic to those who have not themselves seen, that,

in this one instance, truth and reality are capable, perhaps, of exceeding the power of fiction.

When we had past by Greenwich, we saw only two or three gentlemen's houses, all of very moderate account, till we reached Gravesend; these are all on the Kentish shore, which affords a much drier, wholsomer and pleasanter situation, than doth that of its opposite, Essex. This circumstance, I own, is somewhat surprising to me, when I reflect on the numerous villas that crowd the river, from Chelsea upwards as far as Shepperton, where the narrower channel affords not half so noble a prospect, and where the continual succession of the small craft, like the frequent repetition of all things, which have nothing in them great, beautiful, or admirable, tire the eye, and give us distaste and aversion instead of pleasure. With some of these situations, such as Barnes, Mortlake, &c. even the shore of Essex might contend, not upon very unequal terms; but, on the Kentish borders, there are many spots to be chosen by the builder, which might justly claim the preference over almost the very finest of those in Middlesex and Surry.

How shall we account for this depravity in taste? for, surely, there are none so very mean and contemptible, as to bring the pleasure of seeing a number of little wherries, gliding along after one another, in competition with what we enjoy, in viewing a succession of ships, with all their sails expanded to the winds, bounding over the waves before us.

And here I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we shew by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement: this is, the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation, to which such situations of our villas, as I have recommended, would be so convenient and even necessary.

This amusement, I confess, if enjoyed in any perfection, would be of the expensive kind; but such expence would not exceed the reach of a moderate fortune, and would fall very short of the prices which are daily paid for pleasures of a far inferior rate. The truth, I believe, is, that sailing in the

manner I have just mentioned, is a pleasure rather unknown, or unthought of, than rejected by those who have experienced it; unless, perhaps, the apprehension of danger, or sea-sickness, may be supposed, by the timorous and delicate, to make too large deductions; insisting, that all their enjoyments shall come to them pure and unmixed, and being ever ready to cry out,

"Nocet empta dolore voluptas."

This, however, was my present case; for the ease and lightness which I felt from my tapping, the gaiety of the morning, the pleasant sailing with wind and tide, and the many agreeable objects with which I was constantly entertained during the whole way, were all suppressed and overcome by the single consideration of my wife's pain, which continued incessantly to torment her till we came to an anchor, when I dispatched a messenger in great haste, for the best reputed operator in Gravesend. A surgeon of some eminence now appeared, who did not decline tooth-drawing, tho' he certainly would have been offended with the appellation of tooth-drawer, no less than his brethren, the members of that venerable body, would be with that of barber, since the late separation between those long united companies, by which, if the surgeons have gained much, the barbers are supposed to have lost very little.

This able and careful person (for so I sincerely believe he is) after examining the guilty tooth, declared, that it was such a rotten shell, and so placed at the very remotest end of the upper jaw, where it was, in a manner, covered and secured by a large, fine, firm tooth, that he despaired of his power of drawing it.

He said, indeed, more to my wife, and used more rhetoric to dissuade her from having it drawn, than is generally employed to persuade young ladies, to prefer a pain of three moments to one of three months continuance; especially, if those young ladies happen to be past forty or fifty years of age, when, by submitting to support a racking torment, the only good circumstance attending which is, 'tis so short, that scarce one in a thousand can cry out, I feel it, they are to do

a violence to their charms, and lose one of those beautiful holders, with which alone Sir Courtly Nice declares, a lady can ever lay hold of his heart.

He said at last so much, and seemed to reason so justly, that I came over to his side, and assisted him in prevailing on my wife (for it was no easy matter) to resolve on keeping her tooth a little longer, and to apply to palliatives only for relief. These were opium applied to the tooth, and blisters behind the ears.

Whilst we were at dinner this day, in the cabin, on a sudden the window on one side was beat into the room, with a crash, as if a twenty-pounder had been discharged among us. We were all alarmed at the suddenness of the accident, for which, however, we were soon able to account: for the sash, which was shivered all to pieces, was pursued into the middle of the cabin by the bowsprit of a little ship, called a cod-smack, the master of which made us amends for running (carelessly at best) against us, and injuring the ship, in the sea way; that is to say, by damning us all to hell, and uttering several pious wishes that it had done us much more mischief. All which were answered in their own kind and phrase by our men; between whom, and the other crew, a dialogue of oaths and scurrility was carried on, as long as they continued in each other's hearing.

It is difficult, I think, to assign a satisfactory reason why sailors in general should, of all others, think themselves entirely discharged from the common bands of humanity, and should seem to glory in the language and behaviour of savages? They see more of the world, and have, most of them, a more erudite education, than is the portion of land men of their degree. Nor do I believe that in any country they visit (Holland itself not excepted) they can ever find a parallel to what daily passes on the river Thames. Is it that they think true courage (for they are the bravest fellows upon earth) inconsistent with all the gentleness of a humane carriage, and that the contempt of civil order springs up in minds but little cultivated at the same time, and from the same principles, with the contempt of danger and death? Is it ——? In

short, it is so; and how it comes to be so, I leave to form a question in the Robin Hood society, or to be propounded for solution among the ænigmas in the Woman's Almanack for the next year.

Monday, July 1. This day Mr. Welch took his leave of me after dinner, as did a young lady of her sister, who was proceeding with my wife to Lisbon. They both set out together in a post-chaise for London

Soon after their departure, our cabin, where my wife and I were sitting together, was visited by two ruffians, whose appearance greatly corresponded with that of the sheriff's, or rather the knight marshal's bailiffs. One of these, especially, who seemed to affect a more than ordinary degree of rudeness and insolence, came in without any kind of ceremony, with a broad gold lace on his hat, which was cocked with much military fierceness on his head. An inkhorn at his button-hole, and some papers in his hand, sufficiently assured me what he was, and I asked him if he and his companion were not custom-house officers; he answered with sufficient dignity, that they were, as an information which he seemed to conclude would strike the hearer with awe, and suppress all further inquiry; but, on the contrary I proceeded to ask of what rank he was in the Custom-house, and receiving an answer from his companion, as I remember, that the gentleman was a riding surveyor; I replied that he might be a riding surveyor, but could be no gentleman, for that none who had any title to that denomination, would break into the presence of a lady, without any apology, or even moving his hat. He then took his covering from his head, and laid it on the table, saying, he asked pardon, and blamed the mate, who should, he said, have informed him if any persons of distinction were below. I told him, he might guess by our appearance (which, perhaps, was rather more than could be said with the strictest adherence to truth) that he was before a gentleman and lady, which should teach him to be very civil in his behaviour, tho' we should not happen to be of that number whom the world calls people of fashion and distinction. However, I said, that as he seemed sensible of his error, and had asked pardon, the

lady would permit him to put his hat on again, if he chose it. This he refused with some degree of surliness, and failed not to convince me that, if I should condescend to become more gentle, he would soon grow more rude.

I now renewed a reflection, which I have often seen occasion to make, that there is nothing so incongruous in nature as any kind of power, with lowness of mind and of ability; and that there is nothing more deplorable than the want of truth in the whimsical notion of Plato; who tells us that "Saturn, well knowing the state of human affairs, gave us kings and rulers, not of human, but divine original: for as we make not shepherds of sheep, nor oxherds of oxen, nor goatherds of goats; but place some of our own kind over all, as being better and fitter to govern them: in the same manner, were demons by the Divine Love, set over us, as a race of beings of a superior order to men; and who with great ease to themselves, might regulate our affairs, and establish peace, modesty, freedom and justice; and, totally destroying all sedition, might complete the happiness of the human race. So far, at least, may even now be said with truth, that in all states which are under the government of mere man, without any divine assistance, there is nothing but labour and misery to be found. From what I have said, therefore, we may at least learn, with our utmost endeavours to imitate the Saturnian institution; borrowing all assistance from our immortal part, while we pay to this the strictest obedience, we should form both our private œconomy, and public policy, from its dictates. By this dispensation of our immortal minds, we are to establish a law, and to call it by that name. But if any government be in the hands of a single person, of the few, or of the many; and such governor or governors shall abandon himself or themselves to the unbridled pursuit of the wildest pleasures or desires, unable to restrain any passion, but possessed with an insatiable bad disease; if such shall attempt to govern, and at the same time to trample on all laws, there can be no means of preservation left for the wretched people." *Plato de Leg. lib.* 4. *p.* 713. *c.* 714. *edit. Serrani.*

It is true that Plato is here treating of the highest or sov-

ereign power in a state; but it is as true, that his observations are general, and may be applied to all inferior powers: and, indeed, every subordinate degree is immediately derived from the highest; and as it is equally protected by the same force, and sanctified by the same authority, is alike dangerous to the well-being of the subject.

Of all powers, perhaps, there is none so sanctified and protected, as this which is under our present consideration. So numerous, indeed, and strong are the sanctions given to it by many acts of parliament, that having once established the laws of customs on merchandize, it seems to have been the sole view of the legislature to strengthen the hands, and to protect the persons of the officers, who became established by those laws; many of whom are so far from bearing any resemblance to the Saturnian institution, and to be chosen from a degree of beings superior to the rest of human race, that they sometimes seem industriously picked out of the lowest and vilest orders of mankind.

There is, indeed, nothing so useful to man in general, nor so beneficial to particular societies and individuals, as trade. This is that *alma mater*, at whose plentiful breast all mankind are nourished. It is true, like other parents, she is not always equally indulgent to all her children; but tho' she gives to her favourites a vast proportion of redundancy and superfluity, there are very few whom she refuses to supply with the conveniencies, and none with the necessaries of life.

Such a benefactress as this must naturally be beloved by mankind in general; it would be wonderful, therefore, if her interest was not considered by them, and protected from the fraud and violence of some of her rebellious offspring, who coveting more than their share, or more than she thinks proper to allow them, are daily employed in meditating mischief against her, and in endeavouring to steal from their brethren those shares which this great *alma mater* had allowed them.

At length our Governor came on board, and about six in the evening we weighed anchor, and fell down to the Nore, whither our passage was extremely pleasant, the evening being

very delightful, the moon just past the full, and both wind and tide favourable to us.

Tuesday, July 2. This morning we again set sail, under all the advantages we had enjoy'd the evening before: this day we left the shore of Essex, and coasted along Kent, passing by the pleasant island of Thanet, which is an island, and that of Sheppey, which is not an island; and about three o'clock, the wind being now full in our teeth, we came to an anchor in the Downs, within two miles of Deal. My wife, having suffered intolerable pain from her tooth, again renewed her resolution of having it drawn, and another surgeon was sent for from Deal, but with no better success than the former. He likewise declined the operation, for the same reason which had been assigned by the former: however, such was her resolution, backed with pain, that he was obliged to make the attempt, which concluded more in honour of his judgment, than of his operation; for after having put my poor wife to inexpressible torment, he was obliged to leave her tooth *in statu quo;* and she had now the comfortable prospect of a long fit of pain, which might have lasted her her whole voyage, without any possibility of relief.

In these pleasing sensations, of which I had my just share, nature, overcome with fatigue, about eight in the evening resign'd her to rest; a circumstance which would have given me some happiness, could I have known how to employ those spirits which were raised by it: but unfortunately for me, I was left in a disposition of enjoying an agreeable hour, without the assistance of a companion, which has always appeared to me necessary to such enjoyment; my daughter and her companion were both retired sea-sick to bed; the other passengers were a rude schoolboy of fourteen years old, and an illiterate Portuguese friar, who understood no language but his own, in which I had not the least smattering. The captain was the only person left, in whose conversation I might indulge myself; but unluckily for me, besides his knowledge being chiefly confined to his profession, he had the misfortune of being so deaf, that to make him hear my words, I must run the risque of conveying them to the ears of my wife, who,

tho' in another room (called, I think, the state-room; being indeed a most stately apartment capable of containing one human body in length, if not very tall, and three bodies in breadth) lay asleep within a yard of me. In this situation necessity and choice were one and the same thing; the captain and I sat down together to a small bowl of punch, over which we both soon fell fast asleep, and so concluded the evening.

Wednesday, July 3. This morning I awakened at four o'clock, for my distemper seldom suffered me to sleep later. I presently got up, and had the pleasure of enjoying the sight of what I thought a tempestuous sea for four hours before the captain was stirring; for he loved to indulge himself in morning slumbers, which were attended with a wind music, much more agreeable to the performers than to the hearers, especially such as have, as I had, the privilege of sitting in the orchestra. At eight o'clock the captain rose, and sent his boat on shore. I ordered my man likewise to go in it, as my distemper was not of that kind which entirely deprives us of appetite. Now tho' the captain had well victualled his ship with all manner of salt provisions for the voyage, and had added great quantities of fresh stores, particularly of vegetables, at Gravesend, such as beans and peas, which had been on board only two days, and had, possibly, not been gathered above two more, I apprehended I could provide better for myself at Deal, than the ship's ordinary seemed to promise. I accordingly sent for fresh provisions of all kinds from the shore, in order to put off the evil day of starving as long as possible. My man returned with most of the articles I sent for, and I now thought myself in a condition of living a week on my own provisions. I therefore ordered my own dinner, which I wanted nothing but a cook to dress, and a proper fire to dress it at; but those were not to be had, nor, indeed, any addition to my roast mutton, except the pleasure of the captain's company, with that of the other passengers; for my wife continued the whole day in a state of dozing; and my other females, whose sickness did not abate by the rolling of the ship at anchor, seemed more inclined to empty their

stomachs than to fill them. Thus I pass'd the whole day (except about an hour at dinner) by myself, and the evening concluded with the captain, as the preceding one had done: one comfortable piece of news he communicated to me, which was, that he had no doubt of a prosperous wind in the morning; but as he did not divulge the reasons of this confidence, and as I saw none myself, besides the wind being directly opposite, my faith in this prophecy was not strong enough to build any great hopes upon.

Thursday, July 4. This morning, however, the captain seem'd resolved to fulfil his own predictions, whether the wind would or no; he accordingly weighed anchor, and taking the advantage of the tide, when the wind was not very boisterous, he hoisted his sails, and, as if his power had been no less absolute over Eolus than it was over Neptune, he forced the wind to blow him on in its own despight.

But as all men who have ever been at sea well know how weak such attempts are, and want no authorities of Scripture to prove, that the most absolute power of a captain of a ship is very contemptible in the wind's eye, so did it befal our noble commander; who having struggled with the wind three or four hours, was obliged to give over, and lost, in a few minutes, all that he had been so long a gaining; in short, we returned to our former station, and once more cast anchor in the neighbourhood of Deal.

Here, though we lay near the shore, that we might promise ourselves all the emolument which could be derived from it, we found ourselves deceived, and that we might with as much conveniency be out of the sight of land; for, except when the captain launch'd forth his own boat, which he did always with great reluctance, we were incapable of procuring any thing from Deal, but at a price too exorbitant, and beyond the reach even of modern luxury; the fare of a boat from Deal, which lay at two miles distance, being at least three half crowns, and if we had been in any distress for it, as many half guineas; for these good people consider the sea as a large common, appendant to their manor, in which when they find any of their fellow creatures impounded, they conclude, that they

have a full right of making them pay at their own discretion for their deliverance: to say the truth, whether it be that n , who live on the sea-shore, are of an amphibious kind, do not entirely partake of human nature, or whatever may be the reason, they are so far from taking any share the distresses of mankind, or of being moved with any passion for them, that they look upon them as blessings ower'd down from above; and which the more they im- ve to their own use, the greater is their gratitude and piety. s at Gravesend, a sculler requires a shilling for going less way than he would row in London for three-pence; and, at eal, a boat often brings more profit in a day, than it can oduce in London in a week, or, perhaps, in a month: in h places, the owner of the boat founds his demand on the essity and distress of one, who stands more or less in abso- e want of his assistance; and with the urgency of these, ays rises in the exorbitancy of his demand, without ever sidering, that, from these very circumstances, the power or of gratifying such demand is in like proportion lessened. , as I am unwilling that some conclusions, which may be, n aware, too justly drawn from these observations, should e imputed to human nature in general, I have endeavoured to account for them in a way more consistent with the goodness and dignity of that nature: however it be, it seems a little to reflect on the governors of such monsters, that they do not take some means to restrain these impositions, and prevent them from triumphing any longer in the miseries of those, who are, in many circumstances at least, their fellow-creatures, and considering the distresses of a wretched seaman, from his being wrecked to his being barely wind-bound, as a blessing sent among them from above, and calling it by that blasphemous name.

Friday, July 5. This day I sent a servant on board a man of war, that was stationed here, with my compliments to the captain, to represent to him the distress of the ladies, and to desire the favour of his long-boat to conduct us to Dover, at about seven miles distance; and, at the same time, presumed to make use of a great lady's name, who would, I told him,

be pleased with any kindness shewn by him towards us in our miserable condition. And this I am convinced was true, from the humanity of the lady, though she was entirely unknown to me.

The captain returned a verbal answer to a long letter; acquainting me, that what I desired could not be complied with, it being a favour not in his power to grant. This might be, and I suppose was true; but it is as true, that if he was able to write, and had pen, ink, and paper aboard, he might have sent a written answer; and that it was the part of a gentleman so to have done; but this is a character seldom maintained on the watery element, especially by those who exercise any power on it. Every commander of a vessel here seems to think himself entirely free from all those rules of decency and civility, which direct and restrain the conduct of the members of a society on shore; and each, claiming absolute dominion in his little wooden world, rules by his own laws and his own discretion. I do not, indeed, know so pregnant an instance of the dangerous consequences of absolute power, and its aptness to intoxicate the mind, as that of those petty tyrants, who become such in a moment, from very well-disposed and social members of that communion, in which they affect no superiority, but live in an orderly state of legal subjection with their fellow-citizens.

Saturday, July 6. This morning our commander, declaring he was of opinion that the wind would change, he took the advantage of an ebbing tide, and weighed his anchor. His hopes, however, had the same completion, and his endeavours the same success, with his former trial; and he was soon obliged to return once more to his old quarters. Just before we let go our anchor, a small sloop, rather than submit to yield us an inch of way, ran foul of our ship, and carried off her bowsprit. This obstinate frolic would have cost those aboard the sloop very dear, if our steersman had not been too generous to exert his superiority, the certain consequence of which would have been the immediate sinking of the other. This contention of the inferior, with a might capable of crushing it in an instant, may seem to argue no small share of folly or

madness, as well as of impudence; but I am convinced there is very little danger in it: contempt is a port to which the pride of man submits to fly with reluctance, but those who are within it are always in a place of the most assured security; for whosoever throws away his sword, prefers, indeed, less honourable, but much safer means of avoiding danger, n he who defends himself with it. And here we shall offer ..other distinction, of the truth of which much reading and xperience have well convinced us, that as in the most absolute 'ernments, there is a regular progression of slavery down-rds, from the top to the bottom, the mischief of which is lom felt with any great force and bitterness, but by the .t immediate degree; so in the most dissolute and an-.ical states, there is as regular an ascent of what is called or condition, which is always laying hold of the head of who is advanced but one step higher on the ladder, who , if he did not too much despise such efforts, kick his .uer headlong to the bottom. We will conclude this di-.sion with one general and short observation, which will, .aps, set the whole matter in a clearer light than the .est and most laboured harangue. Whereas envy of all .ings most exposes us to danger from others; so, contempt of all things best secures us from them. And thus, while the dung-cart and the sloop are always meditating mischief against the coach and the ship, and throwing themselves designedly in their way, the latter consider only their own security, and are not ashamed to break the road, and let the other pass by them.

Monday, July 8. Having past our Sunday without any thing remarkable, unless the catching a great number of whitings in the afternoon may be thought so; we now set sail on Monday at six o'clock, with a little variation of wind; but this was so very little, and the breeze itself so small, that the tide was our best, and, indeed, almost our only friend. This conducted us along the short remainder of the Kentish shore. Here we past that cliff of Dover, which makes so tremendous a figure in Shakespear, and which whoever reads without being giddy, must, according to Mr. Addison's observation, have

either a very good head, or a very bad one; but which whoever contracts any such ideas from the sight of, must have, at least, a poetic, if not a Shakespearian genius. In truth, mountains, rivers, heroes, and gods, owe great part of their existence to the poets; and Greece and Italy do so plentifully abound in the former, because they furnished so glorious a number of the latter; who, while they bestowed immortality on every little hillock and blind stream, left the noblest rivers and mountains in the world to share the same obscurity with the eastern and western poets, in which they are celebrated.

This evening we beat the sea off Sussex, in sight of Dungeness, with much more pleasure than progress; for the weather was almost a perfect calm, and the moon, which was almost at the full, scarce suffered a single cloud to veil her from our sight.

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 9, 10. These two days we had much the same fine weather, and made much the same way; but, in the evening of the latter day, a pretty fresh gale sprung up, at N.N.W. which brought us by the morning in sight of the Isle of Wight.

Thursday, July 11. This gale continued till towards noon; when the east end of the island bore but little a-head of us. The captain, being unwilling to come to anchor, declared he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and, making a sudden tack, stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde on the island; as did a great number of merchant ships, who attended our commodore from the Downs, and watched his motions so narrowly, that they seemed to think themselves unsafe when they did not regulate their motions by his.

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making, as will appear, no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water: an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he

called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less, indeed, at the captain's extreme tenderness, than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for, if puss had had nine thousand, instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stript himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leapt boldly into the water, and, to my great astonishment, in a few minutes, returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader: the kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so tally destroy his philosophy, as to make him yield himself to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his like a man, he resolved to shew he could bear it like one; , having declared, he had rather have lost a cask of rum or ndy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the rtuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they passed their leisure hours.

But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers, in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it, without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain; but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted, that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind: a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

Friday, July 12. This day our ladies went a-shore at Ryde, and drank their afternoon tea at an alehouse there with great satisfaction: here they were regaled with fresh cream, to which they had been strangers since they left the Downs.

Saturday, July 13. The wind seeming likely to continue in

the same corner, where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore, and stay at Ryde till we sailed. I approved the motion much; for, though I am a great lover of the sea, I now fancied there was more pleasure in breathing the fresh air of the land; but, how to get thither was the question: for, being really that dead luggage which I considered all passengers to be in the beginning of this narrative, and incapable of any bodily motion without external impulse, it was in vain to leave the ship, or to determine to do it, without the assistance of others. In one instance, perhaps, the living luggage is more difficult to be moved, or removed, than an equal or much superior weight of dead matter; which, if of the brittle kind, may indeed be liable to be broken through negligence; but this, by proper care, may be almost certainly prevented; whereas the fractures to which the living lumps are exposed, are sometimes by no caution avoidable, and often by no art to be amended.

I was deliberating on the means of conveyance, not so much out of the ship to the boat, as out of a little tottering boat to the land. A matter which, as I had already experienced in the Thames, was not extremely easy, when to be performed by any other limbs than your own. Whilst I weighed all that could suggest itself on this head, without strictly examining the merit of the several schemes which were advanced by the captain and sailors, and, indeed, giving no very deep attention even to my wife, who, as well as her friend and my daughter, were exerting their tender concern for my ease and safety; fortune, for I am convinced she had a hand in it, sent me a present of a buck; a present welcome enough of itself, but more welcome on account of the vessel in which it came, being a large hoy, which in some places would pass for a ship, and many people would go some miles to see the sight. I was pretty easily conveyed on board this hoy, but to get from hence to the shore was not so easy a task; for, however strange it may appear, the water itself did not extend so far; an instance which seems to explain those lines of Ovid,

"Omnia Pontus erant, deerant quoque littora Ponto,"

in a less tautological sense, than hath generally been imputed to them.

In fact, between the sea and the shore, there was, at low water, an impassable gulph, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming, so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours, Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of this place seemed more to desire the company of the former, than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a small causeway to the low water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say, the churchwardens, the overseers, constable and tithingman, and the principal inhabitants, had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expence of the public, they fell out among themselves; and after having thrown away one half of the requisite sum, resolved, at least, to save the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves, than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in a greater profit to another. Thus that unanimity, which is so necessary in all public affairs, became wanting, and every man, from the fear of being a bubble to another, was, in reality, a bubble to himself.

However, as there is scarce any difficulty, to which the strength of men, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted into a small boat, and being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land, whence they afterwards conveyed me a quarter of a mile farther, and brought me to a house, which seemed to bid the fairest for hospitality of any in Ryde.

We brought with us our provisions from the ship, so that we wanted nothing but a fire to dress our dinner, and a room in which we might eat it. In neither of these had we any reason to apprehend a disappointment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon, and the worst apartment in his maj-



The Mistress of the house acquainted us that it was not for want of time to dress them that they were not ready, but for fear of their being cold or overdone before we should be ready.

From a drawing by M. Rooker.

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was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Humphrys to be called in, in order to give her instructions concerning it; in particular, what I would have roasted, and what baked; concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect of so much money being spent in her house, as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer to blow from the same points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise my own sagacity. Mrs. Humphrys having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and bidding a servant take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, muttering to herself, that had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that morning. "If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks, for her part she had no notion of it!"

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather, perhaps, her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacrifice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room; a circumstance, which, tho' it had hitherto escaped my notice, from the colour of the bricks, was by no means to be neglected in a valetudinary state.

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own, and all the tender offices becoming the female character; who besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Humphrys, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, tho' not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Humphrys, and which had escaped the mop, by his wife's being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken floored barn, lined on both

sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end into a green field, and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Humphrys, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phænomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in the barn: she answered in the affirmative; upon which Mrs. Humphrys declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time, she believed, that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She shewed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had undergone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots, I believe, in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was, however, so deplorable, that we had consumed our whole dish, before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity and not luxury had dictated. This was a joint of mutton, which Mrs. Humphrys had been ordered to provide; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else,* we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Humphrys being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that it being then beans and pease time, he killed no meat, by reason he was sure of not selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soals, and whitings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city-feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest,

and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real, soli luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an ente tainment at White's.

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Humphrys shoul be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may see to be thus inattentive to her own interest: but this was n the case; for having clapt a poll-tax on our heads at o arrival, and determined at what price to discharge our bodi from her house, the less she suffered any other to share in t levy, the clearer it came into her own pocket; and it w better to get twelve-pence in a shilling than ten-pence, whic latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate.

Thus we past a most agreeable day, owing to good appetit and good humour; two hearty feeders, which will devour wit satisfaction whatever food you place before them: wherea without these, the elegance of St. James's, the charde, t Perigord-pye, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or t custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happ ness to the heart, or cheerfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immoveable, my wife propose my lying on shore. I presently agreed, tho' in defiance c an act of parliament, by which persons wandering abroa and lodging in alehouses, are decreed to be rogues and vag bonds; and this too after having been very singularly officiou in putting that law in execution.

My wife having reconnoitred the house, reported, that the was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded therefore, that she and Harriot should occupy one, and mysel take possession of the other. She added likewise an ingeniou recommendation of this room, to one who had so long been i a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down wit age on one side, and was in the form of a ship with gu nels to.

For my own part, I make little doubt but this apartmen was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wrec and, probably, dedicated to Neptune, in honour of TH BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants, such blessing having, in all ages, been very common to them. The timb

employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but ship-builders. I do not find, indeed, any mention of this matter in Hearne; but, perhaps, its antiquity was too modern to deserve his notice. Certain it is, that this island of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity; nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted. But I have only time to touch slightly on things of this kind, which, luckily for us, we have a society whose peculiar profession it is to discuss and develope.

Sunday, July 19. This morning early I summoned Mrs. Humphrys, in order to pay her the preceding day's account. As I could recollect only two or three articles, I thought there was no necessity of pen and ink. In a single instance only we had exceeded what the law allows gratis to a foot soldier on his march, viz. vinegar, salt, &c. and dressing his meat. I found, however, I was mistaken in my calculation; for when the good woman attended with her bill, it contained as follow.

	£	s.	d.
Bread and beer	0	2	4
Wind	0	2	0
Rum	0	2	0
Dressing dinner	0	3	0
Tea	0	1	6
Firing	0	1	0
Lodging	0	1	6
Servants lodging	0	0	6
	£0	13	10

Now that five people, and two servants, should live a day and night at a public house for so small a sum, will appear incredible to any person in London above the degree of a chimney-sweeper; but more astonishing will it seem, that these people should remain so long at such a house, without tasting any other delicacy than bread, small beer, a tea cup full of milk called cream, a glass of rum converted into punch by their own materials, and one bottle of *wind*, of which we

only tasted a single glass, tho' possibly, indeed, our servants drank the remainder of the bottle.

This *wind* is a liquor of English manufacture, and its flavour is thought very delicious by the generality of the English, who drink it in great quantities. Every seventh year is thought to produce as much as the other six. It is then drank so plentifully, that the whole nation are in a manner intoxicated by it, and consequently very little business is carried on at that season.

It resembles in colour the red wine which is imported from Portugal, as it doth in its intoxicating quality; hence, and from this agreement in the orthography, the one is often confounded with the other, tho' both are seldom esteemed by the same person. It is to be had in every parish in the kingdom, and a pretty large quantity is consumed in the metropolis, where several taverns are set apart solely for the vendition of this liquor, the masters never dealing in any other.

The disagreement in our computation produced some small remonstrance to Mrs. Humphrys on my side; but this received an immediate answer, "She scorned to overcharge gentlemen: her house had been always frequented by the very best gentry of the island; and she had never had a bill found fault with in her life, tho' she had lived upwards of forty years in the house, and within that time the greatest gentry in Hampshire had been at it, and that Lawyer Willis never went to any other, when he came to those parts. That for her part she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more, but that her neighbours might come again; wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain."

She was proceeding thus, and from her volubility of tongue seemed likely to stretch the discourse to an immoderate length, when I suddenly cut all short by paying the bill.

This morning our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire, with his cockade in his hat, and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little

chappel drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille, and wished themselves drest, for the sake of the curate, who was the greatest of their beholders.

While I was left alone, I received a visit from Mr. Humphrys himself, who was much more considerable as a farmer, than as an innholder. Indeed he left the latter entirely to the care of his wife, and he acted wisely, I believe, in so doing.

As nothing more remarkable past on this day, I will close it with the account of these two characters, as far as a few days residence could inform me of them. If they should appear as new to the reader as they did to me, he will not be displeased at finding them here.

This amiable couple seemed to border hard on their grand climacteric; nor indeed were they shy of owning enough to fix their ages within a year or two of that time. They appeared to be rather proud of having employed their time well, than ashamed of having lived so long; the only reason which I could ever assign, why some fine ladies, and fine gentlemen too, should desire to be thought younger than they really are by the cotemporaries of their grandchildren. Some, indeed, who too hastily credit appearances, might doubt whether they had made so good a use of their time as I would insinuate, since there was no appearance of any thing but poverty, want, and wretchedness about their house; nor could they produce any thing to a customer in exchange for his money, but a few bottles of *wind,* and spirituous liquors, and some very bad ale, to drink; with rusty bacon, and worse cheese, to eat. But then it should be considered, on the other side, that whatever they received was almost as entirely clear profit as the blessing of a wreck itself; such an inn being the very reverse of a coffee-house: for here you can neither sit for nothing, nor have any thing for your money.

Again, as many marks of want abounded everywhere, so were the marks of antiquity visible. Scarce any thing was to be seen which had not some scar upon it, made by the hand of time; not an utensil, it was manifest, had been purchased

within a dozen years last past; so that whatever money had come into the house during that period, at least, must have remained in it, unless it had been sent abroad for food, or other perishable commodities; but these were supplied by a small portion of the fruits of the farm, in which the farmer allowed he had a very good bargain. In fact, it is inconceivable what sums may be collected by starving only, and how easy it is for a man to die rich, if he will but be contented to live miserable.

Nor is there in this kind of starving any thing so terrible as some apprehend. It neither wastes a man's flesh, nor robs him of his cheerfulness. The famous Cornaro's case well proves the contrary; and so did farmer Humphrys, who was of a round statute, had a plump round face, with a kind of smile on it, and seemed to borrow an air of wretchedness, rather from his coat's age, than from his own.

The truth is, there is a certain diet which emaciates men more than any possible degree of abstinence; tho' I do not remember to have seen any caution against it, either in Cheney, Arbuthnot, or in any other modern writer on regimen. Nay, the very name is not, I believe, in the learned Dr. James's dictionary. All which is the more extraordinary, as it is a very common food in this kingdom.

But though it should not be found among our English physical writers, we may be assured of meeting with it among the Greeks: for nothing considerable in nature escapes their notice; though many things considerable in them, it is to be feared, have escaped the notice of their readers. The Greeks then, to all such as feed too voraciously on this diet, give the name of HEAUTOFAGI, which our physicians will, I suppose, translate men that eat themselves.

As nothing is so destructive to the body as this kind of food, so nothing is so plentiful and cheap; but it was, perhaps, the only cheap thing the farmer disliked. Probably living much on fish might produce this disgust; for Diodorus Siculus attributes the same aversion in a people of Æthiopia to the same cause: he calls them the fish-eaters; and asserts, that they cannot be brought to eat a single meal with the Heautofagi

by any persuasion, threat, or violence whatever, not even though they should kill their children before their faces.

What hath puzzled our physicians, and prevented them from setting this matter in the clearest light, is possibly one simple mistake, arising from a very excusable ignorance, that the passions of men are capable of swallowing food as well as their appetites; that the former, in feeding, resemble the state of those animals who chew the cud; and therefore such men, in some sense, may be said to prey on themselves, and as it were, to devour their own entrails. And hence ensues a meagre aspect, and thin habit of body, as surely as from what is called a consumption.

Our farmer was none of these. He had no more passion than an Ichthuofagus or Ethiopian fisher. He wished not for any thing, thought not of any thing; indeed, he scarce did any thing or said any thing. Here I cannot be understood strictly, for then I must describe a non-entity; whereas I would rob him of nothing but that free-agency which is the cause of all the corruption, and of all the misery of human nature. No man, indeed, ever did more than the farmer, for he was an absolute slave to labour all the week; but, in truth, as my sagacious reader must have at first apprehended, when I said, he resigned the care of the house to his wife, I meant more than I then expressed; even the house and all that belonged to it; for he was really a farmer, only under the direction of his wife. In a word, so composed, so serene, so placid a countenance I never saw; and he satisfied himself by answering to every question he was asked: "I don't know any thing about it, sir, I leaves all that to my wife."

Now, as a couple of this kind would, like two vessels of oil, have made no composition in life, and for want of all savour must have palled every taste; nature or fortune, or both of them, took care to provide a proper quantity of acid, in the materials that formed the wife, and to render her a perfect *Helpmate* for so tranquil a husband. She abounded in whatsoever he was defective; that is to say, in almost every thing. She was, indeed, as vinegar to oil, or a brisk wind to a standing-pool, and preserved all from stagnation and corruption.

Quin the player, on taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow-comedian, burst forth into this exclamation, "If that fellow be not a rogue, the Creator doth not write a legible hand." Whether he guessed right or no, is not worth my while to examine. Certain it is, that the latter, having wrought his features into a proper harmony to become the characters of Iago, Shylock, and others of the same cast, gave a semblance of truth to the observation, that was sufficient to confirm the wit of it. Indeed, we may remark in favour of the physiognomist, though the law hath made him a rogue and vagabond, that nature is seldom curious in her works within, without employing some little pains on the outside; and this more particularly in mischievous characters, in forming which, as Mr. Derham observes, in venomous insects, as the sting or saw of a wasp, she is sometimes wonderfully industrious. Now, when she hath thus completely armed her hero, to carry on a war with man, she never fails of furnishing that innocent lambkin with some means of knowing his enemy, and foreseeing his designs. Thus she hath been observed to act in the case of a rattle-snake, which never meditates a human prey without giving warning of his approach.

This observation will, I am convinced, hold most true, if applied to the most venomous individuals of human insects. A tyrant, a trickster, and a bully, generally wear the marks of their several dispositions in their countenances; so do the vixen, the shrew, the scold, and all other females of the like kind. But, perhaps, nature had never afforded a stronger example of all this, than in the case of Mrs. Humphrys. She was a short, squat woman; her head was closely joined to her shoulders, where it was fixed somewhat awry; every feature of her countenance was sharp and pointed; her face was furrowed with the small-pox; and her complexion, which seemed to be able to turn milk to curds, not a little resembled in colour such milk as had already undergone that operation. She appeared indeed to have many symptoms of a deep jaundice in her look; but the strength and firmness of her voice overbalanced them all; the tone of this was a sharp treble at a distance; for, I seldom heard it on the same floor; but was

usually waked with it in the morning, and entertained with it almost continually through the whole day.

Though vocal be usually put in opposition to instrumental music, I question whether this might not be thought to partake of the nature of both; for she played on two instruments, which she seemed to keep for no other use from morning till night; these were two maids, or rather scolding-stocks, who, I suppose, by some means or other, earned their board, and she gave them their lodging gratis, or for no other service than to keep her lungs in constant exercise.

She differed, as I have said, in every particular from her husband; but very remarkably in this, that as it was impossible to displease him, so it was as impossible to please her; and as no art could remove a smile from his countenance, so could no art carry it into hers. If her bills were remonstrated against, she was offended with the censure of her fair-dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve; for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteen-pence; and if she drest us two dishes for two shillings on Saturday, we paid half a crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and wherever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill; saying, she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but, for her part, she had not the art of it. When she was asked why she complained, when she was paid all she demanded, she answered, she could not deny that, nor did she know she omitted any thing, but that it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.

I accounted for all this by her having heard, that it is a maxim with the principal inn-holders on the continent, to levy considerable sums on their guests, who travel with many horses and servants, though such guests should eat little or nothing in their houses; the method being, I believe, in such cases, to lay a capitation on the horses, and not on their masters. But she did not consider, that in most of these inns a

very great degree of hunger, without any degree of delicacy, may be satisfied; and that in all such inns there is some appearance, at least, of provision, as well as of a man cook to dress it, one of the hostlers being always furnished with a cook's cap, waistcoat and apron, ready to attend gentlemen and ladies on their summons; that the case therefore of such inns differed from hers, where there was nothing to eat or to drink; and in reality no house to inhabit, no chair to sit upon, nor any bed to lie in; that one third or fourth part therefore of the levy imposed at inns was, in truth, a higher tax than the whole was when laid on in the other, where, in order to raise a small sum, a man is obliged to submit to pay as many various ways for the same thing as he doth a taylor's bill, such are the articles of bread and beer, firing, eating, and dressing dinner.

The foregoing is a very imperfect sketch of this extraordinary couple; for every thing is here lowered, instead of being heightened. Those who would see them set forth in more lively colours, and with the proper ornaments, may read the descriptions of the furies in some of the classical poets, or of the stoic philosophers in the works of Lucian.

Monday, July 20. This day nothing remarkable passed; Mrs. Humphrys levied a tax of fourteen shillings for the Sunday. We regaled ourselves at dinner with venison and good claret of our own; and, in the afternoon, the women, attended by the captain, walked to see a delightful scene two miles distant, with the beauties of which they declared themselves most highly charmed, at their return, as well as with the goodness of the lady of the mansion, who had slipt out of the way, that my wife and her company might refresh themselves with the flowers and fruits with which her garden abounded.

Tuesday, July 21. This day, having paid our taxes of yesterday, we were permitted to regale ourselves with more venison. Some of this we would willingly have exchanged for mutton; but no such flesh was to be had nearer than Portsmouth, from whence it would have cost more to convey a joint to us, than the freight of a Portugal ham from Lisbon to London amounts to: for tho' the water-carriage be some-

what cheaper here than at Deal, yet can you find no waterman who will go on board his boat, unless by two or three hours rowing he can get drunk for the residue of the week.

And here I have an opportunity, which possibly may not offer again, of publishing some observations on that political economy of this nation, which, as it concerns only the regulation of the mob, is below the notice of our great men; tho', on the due regulation of this order depend many emoluments which the great men themselves, or, at least, many who tread close on their heels, may enjoy, as well as some dangers, which may some time or other arise from introducing a pure state of anarchy among them. I will represent the case as it appears to me, very fairly and impartially, between the mob and their betters.

The whole mischief which infects this part of our economy, arises from the vague and uncertain use of a word called Liberty, of which, as scarce any two men with whom I have ever conversed, seem to have one and the same idea, I am inclined to doubt whether there be any simple universal notion represented by this word, or whether it conveys any clearer or more determinate idea, than some of those old Punic compositions of syllables, preserved in one of the comedies of Plautus, but at present, as I conceive, not supposed to be understood by any one.

By liberty, however, I apprehend, is commonly understood the power of doing what we please: not absolutely; for then it would be inconsistent with law, by whose controul the liberty of the freest people, except only the Hottentots and wild Indians, must always be restrained.

But, indeed, however largely we extend, or however moderately we confine the sense of the word, no politician will, I presume, contend that it is to pervade in an equal degree, and be with the same extent enjoyed by every member of society; no such polity having been ever found, unless among those vile people just before commemorated. Among the Greeks and Romans, the servile and free conditions were opposed to each other; and no man who had the misfortune to be enrolled under the former, could lay any claim to liberty, 'till

the right was conveyed to him by that master whose slave he was, either by the means of conquest, of purchase, or of birth.

This was the state of all the free nations in the world; and this, 'till very lately, was understood to be the case of our own.

I will not indeed say this is the case at present, the lowest class of our people having shaken off all the shackles of their superiors, and become not only as free, but even freer, than most of their superiors. I believe it cannot be doubted, tho' perhaps we have no recent instance of it, that the personal attendance of every man who hath £300 *per annum*, in parliament, is indispensably his duty; and that, if the citizens and burgesses of any city or borough shall chuse such a one, however reluctant he appear, he may be obliged to attend, and be forcibly brought to his duty by the serjeant at arms.

Again, there are numbers of subordinate offices, some of which are of burthen, and others of expence in the civil government: all of which, persons who are qualified are liable to have imposed on them, may be obliged to undertake and properly execute, notwithstanding any bodily labour, or even danger, to which they may subject themselves, under the penalty of fines and imprisonment; nay, and what may appear somewhat hard, may be compelled to satisfy the losses which are eventually incident, to that of sheriff in particular, out of their own private fortunes; and tho' this should prove the ruin of a family, yet the public, to whom the price is due, incurs no debt or obligation to preserve its officer harmless, let his innocence appear ever so clearly.

I purposely omit the mention of those military or militiary duties, which our old constitution laid upon its greatest members. These might, indeed, supply their posts with some other able-bodied men; but, if no such could have been found, the obligation nevertheless remained, and they were compellable to serve in their own proper persons.

The only one, therefore, who is possessed of absolute liberty, is the lowest member of the society, who, if he prefers hunger or the wild product of the fields, hedges, lanes, and rivers, with the indulgence of ease and laziness, to a food a

little more delicate, but purchased at the expence of labour, may lay himself under a shade; nor can be forced to take the other alternative from that which he hath, I will not affirm whether wisely or foolishly, chosen.

Here I may, perhaps, be reminded of the last vagrant act, where all such persons are compellable to work for the usual and accustomed wages allowed in the place; but this is a clause little known to the justices of the peace, and least likely to be executed by those who do know it, as they know likewise that it is formed on the antient power of the justices to fix and settle these wages every year, making proper allowances for the scarcity and plenty of the times, the cheapness and dearness of the place; and that *the usual and accustomed wages,* are words without any force or meaning, when there are no such; but every man spunges and raps whatever he can get; and will haggle as long and struggle as hard to cheat his employer of two pence in a day's labour, as an honest tradesman will to cheat his customers of the same sum in a yard of cloth or silk.

It is a great pity then that this power, or rather this practice, was not revived; but this having been so long omitted, that it is become obsolete, will be best done by a new law, in which this power, as well as the consequent power of forcing the poor to labour at a moderate and reasonable rate, should be well considered, and their execution facilitated: for gentlemen who give their time and labour gratis, and even voluntarily, to the public, have a right to expect that all their business be made as easy as possible; and to enact laws without doing this, is to fill our statute-books, much too full already, still fuller with dead letter, of no use but to the printer of the acts of parliament.

That the evil which I have here pointed at is of itself worth redressing, is, I apprehend, no subject of dispute: for why should any persons in distress be deprived of the assistance of their fellow-subjects, when they are willing amply to reward them for their labour? or, why should the lowest of the people be permitted to exact ten times the value of their work? For those exactions increase with the degrees of neces-

sity in their object, insomuch that on the former side many are horribly imposed upon, and that often in no trifling matters. I was very well assured, that at Deal no less than ten guineas was required, and paid by the supercargo of an India-man, for carrying him on board two miles from the shore, when she was just ready to sail; so that his necessity, as his pillager well understood, was absolute. Again, many others whose indignation will not submit to such plunder, are forced to refuse the assistance, tho' they are often great sufferers by so doing. On the latter side, the lowest of the people are encouraged in laziness and idleness; while they live by a twentieth part of the labour that ought to maintain them, which is diametrically opposite to the interest of the public; for that requires a great deal to be done, not to be paid, for a little. And moreover, they are confirm'd in habits of exaction, and are taught to consider the distresses of their superiors as their own fair emolument.

But enough of this matter, of which I at first intended only to convey a hint to those who are alone capable of applying the remedy, tho' they are the last to whom the notice of those evils would occur, without some such monitor as myself, who am forced to travel about the world in the form of a passenger. I cannot but say I heartily wish our governors would attentively consider this method of fixing the price of labour, and by that means of compelling the poor to work, since the due execution of such powers will, I apprehend, be found the true and only means of making them useful, and of advancing trade, from its present visibly declining state, to the height to which Sir William Petty, in his Political Arithmetic, thinks it capable of being carried.

In the afternoon the lady of the above-mentioned mansion called at our inn, and left her compliments to us with Mrs. Humphrys, with an assurance, that while we continued windbound in that place, where she feared we could be but indifferently accommodated, we were extremely welcome to the use of any thing which her garden or her house afforded. So polite a message convinced us, in spite of some arguments to the contrary, that we were not on the coast of Africa, or on

some island, where the few savage inhabitants have little of human in them besides their form.

And here I mean nothing less than to derogate from the merit of this lady, who is not only extremely polite in her behaviour to strangers of her own rank, but so extremely good and charitable to all her poor neighbours, who stand in need of her assistance, that she hath the universal love and praises of all who live near her. But, in reality, how little doth the acquisition of so valuable a character, and the full indulgence of so worthy a disposition, cost those who possess it? Both are accomplished by the very offals which fall from a table moderately plentiful. That they are enjoyed therefore by so few, arises truly from their being so few who have any such disposition to gratify, or who aim at any such character.

Wednesday, July 22. This morning, after having been mulcted as usual, we dispatched a servant with proper acknowledgments of the lady's goodness; but confined our wants entirely to the productions of her garden. He soon returned, in company with the gardener, both richly laden with almost every particular which a garden at this most fruitful season of the year produces.

While we were regaling ourselves with these, towards the close of our dinner, we received orders from our commander, who had dined that day with some officers on board a man of war, to return instantly to the ship; for that the wind was become favourable, and he should weigh that evening. These orders were soon followed by the captain himself, who was still in the utmost hurry, tho' the occasion of it had long since ceased: for the wind had, indeed, a little shifted that afternoon, but was before this very quietly set down in its old quarters.

This last was a lucky hit for me: for, as the captain, to whose orders we resolved to pay no obedience, unless delivered by himself, did not return till past six, so much time seemed requisite to put up the furniture of our bed-chamber or dining-room, (for almost every article, even to some of the chairs, were either our own or the captain's property) so much more in conveying it as well as myself, as dead a luggage as any,

to the shore, and thence to the ship, that the night threatened first to overtake us. A terrible circumstance to me, in my decayed condition; especially as very heavy showers of rain, attended with a high wind, continued to fall incessantly; the being carried thro' which two miles in the dark, in a wet and open boat, seemed little less than certain death.

However, as my commander was absolute, his orders peremptory, and my obedience necessary, I resolved to avail myself of a philosophy which hath been of notable use to me in the latter part of my life, and which is contained in this hemistich of Virgil.

Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est."

The meaning of which, if Virgil had any, I think I rightly understand and rightly applied.

As I was therefore to be entirely passive in my motion, I resolved to abandon myself to the conduct of those who were to carry me into a cart, when it returned from unloading the goods.

But before this, the captain perceiving what had happened in the clouds, and that the wind remained as much his enemy as ever, came up stairs to me, with a reprieve till the morning. This was, I own, very agreeable news, and I little regretted the trouble of refurnishing my apartment, by sending back for the goods.

Mrs. Humphrys was not well pleased with this. As she understood the reprieve to be only till the morning, she saw nothing but lodging to be possibly added, out of which she was to deduct fire and candle, and the remainder, she thought, would scarce pay her for her trouble. She exerted therefore all the ill humour of which she was mistress, and did all she could to thwart and perplex everything during the whole evening.

Thursday, July 23. Early in the morning the captain came to visit us, and to press us to make haste on board. "I am resolved," says he, "not to lose a moment, now the wind is coming about fair: for my own part, I never was

surer of a wind in all my life." I use his very words; nor will I presume to interpret or comment upon them farther, than by observing that they were spoke in the utmost hurry.

We promised to be ready as soon as breakfast was over; but this was not so soon as was expected: for in removing our goods the evening before, the tea-chest was unhappily lost.

Every place was immediately searched, and many where it was impossible for it to be; for this was a loss of much greater consequence, than it may at first seem to many of my readers. Ladies and valetudinarians do not easily dispense with the use of this sovereign cordial, in a single instance; but to undertake a long voyage without any probability of being supplied with it the whole way, was above the reach of patience. And yet, dreadful as this calamity was, it seemed unavoidable. The whole town of Ryde could not supply a single leaf; for as to what Mrs. Humphrys and the shop called by that name, it was not of Chinese growth. It did not indeed in the least resemble tea, either in smell or taste, or in any particular, unless in being a leaf; for it was in truth no other than a tobacco of the mundungus species. And as for the hopes of relief in any other port, they were not to be depended upon; for the captain had positively declared he was sure of a wind, and would let go his anchor no more till he arrived in the Tajo.

When a good deal of time had been spent, most of it indeed wasted on this occasion, a thought occurred, which every one wondered at its not having presented itself the first moment. This was to apply to the good lady, who could not fail of pitying and relieving such distress. A messenger was immediately dispatched, with an account of our misfortune, till whose return we employed ourselves in preparatives for our departure, that we might have nothing to do but to swallow our breakfast when it arrived. The tea-chest, tho' of no less consequence to us than the military chest to a general, was given up as lost, or rather as stolen; for tho' I would not, for the world, mention any particular name, it is certain we had suspicions, and all, I am afraid, fell on the same person.

The man returned from the worthy lady with much expedition, and brought with him a canister of tea, dispatched with so true a generosity, as well as politeness, that if our voyage had been as long again, we should have incurred no danger of being brought to a short allowance in this most important article. At the very same instant likewise arrived William the footman, with our own tea-chest. It had been, indeed, left in the hoy, when the other goods were re-landed, as William, when he first heard it was missing, had suspected; and whence, had not the owner of the hoy been unluckily out of the way, he had retrieved it soon enough to have prevented our giving the lady an opportunity of displaying some part of her goodness.

To search the hoy was, indeed, too natural a suggestion to have escaped any one, nor did it escape being mentioned by many of us; but we were dissuaded from it by my wife's maid, who perfectly well remembered she had left the chest in the bed-chamber; for that she had never given it out of her hand in her way to or from the hoy; but William, perhaps, knew the maid better, and best understood how far she was to be believed; for otherwise he would hardly of his own accord, after hearing her declarations, have hunted out the hoyman, with much pains and difficulty.

Thus ended this scene, which begun with such appearance of distress, and ended with becoming the subject of mirth and laughter.

Nothing now remained but to pay our taxes, which were indeed laid with inconceivable severity. Lodging was raised six-pence, fire in the same proportion, and even candles, which had hitherto escaped, were charged with a wantonness of imposition, from the beginning, and placed under the style of oversight. We were raised a whole pound, whereas we had only burnt ten, in five nights, and the pound consisted of twenty-four.

Lastly, an attempt was made, which almost as far exceeds human credulity to believe, as it did human patience to submit to. This was to make us pay as much for existing an hour or two as for existing a whole day; and dressing dinner was

introduced as an article, tho' we left the house before either pot or spit had approached the fire. Here I own my patience failed me, and I became an example of the truth of the observation, That all tyranny and oppression may be carried too far, and that a yoke may be made too intolerable for the neck of the tamest slave. When I remonstrated with some warmth against this grievance, Mrs. Humphrys gave me a look, and left the room, without making any answer. She returned in a minute, running to me with pen, ink, and paper in her hand, and desired me to make my own bill; for she hoped, she said, I did not expect that her house was to be dirtied, and her goods spoiled and consumed for nothing. "The whole is but thirteen shillings. Can gentlefolks lie a whole night at a public house for less? If they can, I am sure it is time to give off being a landlady: but pay me what you please; I would have people know that I value my money as little as other folks. But I was always a fool, as I says to my husband, and never knows which side my bread is buttered of. And yet, to be sure, your honour shall be my warning not to be bit so again. Some folks knows better than others some, how to make their bills. Candles! why, yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pays for my candles, and the chandler pays the King's Majesty for them; and if he did not, I must, so as it comes to the same thing in the end. To be sure I am out of sixteens at present, but these burn as white and as clear, tho' not quite so large. I expects my chandler here soon, or I would send to Portsmouth, if your honour was to stay any time longer. But when folks stays only for a wind, you knows there can be no dependence on such!" Here she put on a little slyness of aspect, and seemed willing to submit to interruption. I interrupted her, accordingly, by throwing down half a guinea, and declared I had no more English money, which was indeed true; and as she could not immediately change the thirty-six shilling pieces, it put a final end to the dispute. Mrs. Humphrys soon left the room, and we soon after left the house; nor would this good woman see us, or wish us a good voyage.

I must not, however, quit this place, where we had been so ill-treated, without doing it impartial justice, and recording what may with the strictest truth be said in its favour.

First then, as to its situation, it is, I think, most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river, which leads from Newport to Cowes: but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompence for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire or Buckinghamshire, tho' another Denham, or another Pope, should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble.

When the late Sir Robert Walpole, one of the best of men and of ministers, used to equip us a yearly fleet at Spithead, his enemies of taste must have allowed that he, at least, treated the nation with a fine sight for their money. A much finer, indeed, than the same expence in an encampment could have produced. For what, indeed, is the best idea which the prospect of a number of huts can furnish to the mind, but of a number of men forming themselves into a society, before the art of building more substantial houses was known? This, perhaps, would be agreeable enough; but, in truth, there is a much worse idea ready to step in before it, and that is of a body of cut-throats, the supports of tyranny, the invaders of the just liberties and properties of mankind, the plunderers of the industrious, the ravishers of the chaste, the murderers of the innocent; and, in a word, the destroyers of the plenty, the peace, and the safety of their fellow-creatures.

And what, it may be said, are these men of war, which seem so delightful an object to our eyes? Are they not alike the support of tyranny, and oppression of innocence, carrying with them desolation and ruin wherever their masters please

to send them. This is, indeed, too true; and however the ship of war may, in its bulk and equipment, exceed the honest merchant-man, I heartily wish there was no necessity for it; for, tho' I must own the superior beauty of the object on one side, I am more pleased with the superior excellence of the idea, which I can raise in my mind on the other; while I reflect on the art and industry of mankind, engaged in the daily improvements of commerce, to the mutual benefit of all countries, and to the establishment and happiness of social life.

This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which assisted with its declivity, preserves it always so dry, that immediately after the most violent rain, a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it.

In a field, in the ascent of this hill, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, stands a neat little chapel. It is very small, but adequate to the number of inhabitants: for the parish doth not seem to contain above thirty houses.

At about two miles distant from this parish, lives that polite and good lady to whose kindness we were so much obliged. It is placed on a hill, whose bottom is washed by the sea, and which from its eminence at top, commands a view of great part of the island, as well as it does that of the opposite shore. This house was formerly built by one Boyce, who, from a blacksmith at Gosport, became possessed, by great success in smuggling, of £40,000. With part of this he purchased an estate here, and by chance, probably, fixed on this spot for building a large house. Perhaps the convenience of carrying on his business, to which it is so well adapted, might dictate the situation to him. We can hardly, at least, attribute it to the same taste with which he furnished his house, or at least his library, by sending an order to a bookseller in

London, to pack him up 500 pounds worth of his handsomest books. They tell here several almost incredible stories of the ignorance, the folly, and the pride which this poor man and his wife discovered during the short continuance of his prosperity; for he did not long escape the sharp eyes of the revenue-solicitors, and was, by extents from the Court of Exchequer, soon reduced below his original state, to that of confinement in the Fleet. All his effects were sold, and, among the rest, his books, by an auction at Portsmouth, for a very small price; for the bookseller was now discovered to have been perfectly a master of his trade, and relying on Mr. Boyce's finding little time to read, had sent him not only the most lasting wares of his shop, but duplicates of the same, under different titles.

His estate and house were purchased by a gentleman of these parts, whose widow now enjoys them, and who hath improved them, particularly her gardens, with so elegant a taste, that the painter who would assist his imagination in the composition of a most exquisite landscape, or the poet, who would describe an earthly paradise, could no where furnish themselves with a richer pattern.

We left this place about eleven in the morning, and were again conveyed with more sunshine than wind aboard our ship.

Whence our captain had acquired his power of prophecy, when he promised us and himself a prosperous wind, I will not determine; it is sufficient to observe, that he was a false prophet, and that the weathercocks continued to point as before.

He would not, however, so easily give up his skill in prediction. He persevered in asserting that the wind was changed, and, having weighed his anchor, fell down that afternoon to St. Helen's, which was at about the distance of five miles; and whither his friend the tide, in defiance of the wind, which was most manifestly against him, softly wafted him in as many hours.

Here about seven in the evening, before which time we could not procure it, we sat down to regale ourselves with some

roasted venison, which was much better drest than we imagined it would be, and an excellent cold pasty which my wife had made at Ryde, and which we had reserved uncut to eat on board our ship, whither we all cheerfully exulted in being returned from the presence of Mrs. Humphrys, who, by the exact resemblance she bore to a fury, seemed to have been with no great propriety settled in Paradise.

Friday, July 24. As we passed by Spithead on the preceding evening, we saw the two regiments of soldiers who were just returned from Gibraltar and Minorca; and this day a lieutenant belonging to one of them, who was the captain's nephew, came to pay a visit to his uncle, and entertained the ladies with a description of those countries, the manners, dress, and diversions of the inhabitants of Minorca, to which he added an account of an officer's life in garrison, which, tho' it might be tolerable for three or four years, must, I think, be insupportable for a longer time. And I found, indeed, by his discourse, that the troops in general embarked from England to these garrisons, since they had been changed every third year, with the utmost cheerfulness; but that, before this time, they looked upon going to Gibraltar and Port Mahon in the light of banishment; which made many of them melancholy, and some of the soldiers, it is said, had such a strong desire of revisiting their native country, that they absolutely pined away, which I am much inclined to believe; for a brother of mine, who was at Minorca about fourteen years ago, inform'd me that he came to England in the same ship with a soldier who shot himself thro' the hand, merely that he might be sent home, having been in that island for many years. But now the north wind, dearer to our captain even than the company of his nephew for whom he express'd the highest regard, sprung suddenly up, and called aloud to him to weigh his anchor. While this ceremony was performing, the sea-captain ordered out his boat to row the land-captain to shore.

It appeared now, that the captain had been only mistaken in the date of his prediction, by placing the event a day earlier than it happened; for the wind which now arose, was not

only favourable but brisk, and was no sooner in reach of our sails, than it swept us away by the back of the Isle of Wight, and having in the night carried us by Christchurch and Peveral-point, brought us the next noon, *Saturday, July* 29, off the island of Portland, so famous for the smallness and sweetness of its mutton, of which a leg seldom weighs four pounds. We would have bought a sheep, but our captain would not permit it; for I must do him the justice to say, that whether the wind was fair or foul, he always made the most of it, for he never let go his anchor but with a manifest concern, and was generally out of humour for an hour or two upon these occasions, tho' he needed not have been in such a hurry, for presently the wind, I will not positively assert in resentment of his boldness, shewed him a dog's trick, and slily slipt back again to his summer-house in the south-west.

The captain now grew outrageous, and declaring open war with the wind, took a resolution, rather more bold than wise, of sailing in defiance of it, and in its teeth. He declared he would let go his anchor no more, but would beat the sea while he had either yard or sail left. He accordingly stood from the shore, and made so large a tack, that before night, though he seemed to advance but little on his way, he was got out of sight of land.

Towards the evening, the wind began, in the captain's own language, to freshen; and indeed it freshened so much, that before ten it blew a perfect hurricane. The captain having got, as he supposed, to a safe distance, tacked again towards the English shore; and now the wind veered a point only in his favour, and continued to blow with such violence, that the ship ran above eight knots or miles an hour, during this whole day and tempestuous night, till bed-time. I was obliged to betake myself once more to my solitude; for my women were again all down in their sea-sickness, and the captain was busy on deck.

Having contracted no great degree of good humour, by living a whole day alone, without a single soul to converse with, I took but ill physic to purge it off, by a bed-conversation with the captain; who, amongst many bitter lamentations of

his fate, and protesting he had more patience than a Job, frequently intermixed summons to the commanding-officer on the deck, who now happened to be one Morrison, of whom he inquired every quarter of an hour concerning the state of affairs; the wind, the care of the ship, and other matters of navigation. The frequency of these summons, as well as the solicitude with which they were made, gave me to understand, that we were not totally free from danger, and would have given no small alarm to a man, who had either not learnt what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable. And my dear wife and child must pardon me, if what I did not conceive to be any great evil to myself, I was not much terrified with the thoughts of happening to them: in truth, I have often thought they are both too good, and too gentle, to be trusted to the power of any man.

Can I say then I had no fear; indeed I cannot, reader, I was afraid for thee, lest thou shouldst have been deprived of that pleasure thou art now enjoying.

From all these fears we were relieved, at six in the morning, by the arrival of Mr. Morrison, who acquainted us that he was sure he beheld land very near; for he could not see half a mile, by reason of the haziness of the weather. This land, he said, was, he believed, the Berry-head, which forms one side of Torbay: the captain much surprized at this news, for he did not believe he was so near land, whipped on his night-gown, and regardless of every other dress, ran upon deck, saying, that if that was true he would give him his mother for a maid, a forfeiture which afterwards became due, for within half an hour, he returning into the cabin, wished me joy of our lying safe at anchor in the bay.

Sunday, July 26. Things now began to put on an aspect very different from what they had lately worn: the news that the ship had almost lost its mizzen, and that we had procured very fine clouted cream and fresh bread and butter from the shore, restored health and spirits to our women, and we all sat down to a very cheerful breakfast.

But however pleasant our stay promised to be here, we were all desirous it should be short: I resolved immediately

to dispatch my man into the country, to purchase a present of cyder for my friends of that which is called Southam, as well as to take with me a hogshead of it to Lisbon; for it is, in my opinion, much more delicious than that which is the growth of Herefordshire. I purchased three hogsheads for five pounds ten shillings, all which I should have scarce thought worth mentioning, had I not believed it might be of equal service to the honest farmer who sold it me, and who is by the neighbouring gentlemen reputed to deal in the very best, and to the reader, who from ignorance of the means of providing better for himself, swallows at a dearer rate the juice of Middlesex turnip, instead of that Vinum Pomonæ which Mr. Giles Leverance of Cheeshurst, near Dartmouth in Devon, will, at the price of forty shillings per hogshead, send in double casks to any part of the world. Had the wind been very sudden in shifting, I had lost my cyder, by an attempt of a boatman to exact, according to custom. He required five shillings for conveying my man a mile and half to the shore, and four more if he staid to bring him back. This I thought to be such insufferable impudence, that I ordered him to be immediately chased from the ship, without any answer. Indeed, there are few inconveniencies that I would not rather encounter, than encourage the insolent demands of these wretches, at the expence of my own indignation, of which I own they are not the only objects, but rather those who purchase a paultry convenience by encouraging them. But of this I have already spoken very largely. I shall conclude, therefore, with the leave which this fellow took of our ship, saying, he should know it again, and would not put off from the shore to relieve it in any distress whatever.

It will, doubtless, surprize many of my readers to hear, that when we lay at anchor within a mile or two of a town, several days together, and even in the most temperate weather, we should frequently want fresh provisions and herbage, and other emoluments of the shore, as much as if we had been an hundred leagues from land. And this too, while numbers of boats were in our sight, whose owners get their livelihood by rowing people up and down, and could be at any time sum-

moned by a signal to our assistance, and while the captain had a little boat of his own with men always ready to row it at his command.

This, however, hath been partly accounted for already, by the imposing disposition of the people; who asked so much more than the proper price of their labour. And as to the usefulness of the captain's boat, it requires to be a little expatiated upon, as it will tend to lay open some of the grievances which demand the utmost regard of our legislature, as they affect the most valuable part of the king's subjects, those by whom the commerce of the nation is carried into execution.

Our captain then, who was a very good and experienced seaman, having been above thirty years the master of a vessel, part of which he had served, as hath been before noticed, as commander of a privateer; and had discharged himself with great courage and conduct, and with as great success, discovered the utmost aversion to the sending his boat ashore, whenever we lay wind-bound in any of our harbours. This aversion did not arise from any fear of wearing out his boat by using it, but was, in truth, the result of experience, that it was easier to send his men on shore than to recal them. They acknowledged him to be their master while they remained on ship-board, but did not allow his power to extend to the shores, where they had no sooner set their foot, than every man became *sui juris,* and thought himself at full liberty to return when he pleased. Now it is not any delight that these fellows have in the fresh air, or verdant fields on the land. Every one of them would prefer his ship and his hammock to all the sweets of Arabia the happy; but unluckily for them, there are in every sea-port in England certain houses, whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket. For this purpose, they are always well-furnished with those cordial liquors, which do immediately inspire the heart with gladness, banishing all careful thoughts, and indeed all others from the mind, and opening the mouth with songs of cheerfulness and thanksgiving, for the many wonderful blessings with which a sea-faring life overflows.

For my own part, however whimsical it may appear, I confess, I have thought the strange story of Circe in the Odyssey, no other than an ingenious allegory; in which Homer intended to convey to his countrymen the same kind of instruction, which we intend to communicate to our own in this digression. As teaching the art of war to the Greeks, was the plain design of the Iliad; so was teaching them the art of navigation the no less manifest intention of the Odyssey. For the improvement of this, their situation was most excellently adapted; and accordingly we find Thucydides, in the beginning of his history, considers the Greeks as a set of pirates, or privateers, plundering each other by sea. This being probably the first institution of commerce before the Ars Cauponaria was invented, and merchants, instead of robbing, began to cheat and outwit each other, and by degrees changed the Metabletic, the only kind of traffic allowed by Aristotle in his Politicks, into the Chrematistic.

By this allegory then I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good ale-wife, who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days. With this the transformation into swine, as well as all other incidents of the fable, will notably agree; and thus a key will be found out for unlocking the whole mystery, and forging, at least, some meaning to a story which, at present, appears very strange and absurd.

Hence, moreover, will appear the very near resemblance between the sea-faring men of all ages and nations; and here perhaps may be established the truth and justice of that observation, which will occur oftener than once in this voyage, that all human flesh is not the same flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen, and another of seamen.

Philosophers, divines, and others, who have treated the gratifications of human appetites with contempt, have, among other instances, insisted very strongly on that satiety which is so apt to overtake them, even in the very act of enjoyment. And here they more particularly deserve our attention, as most of them may be supposed to speak from their own experience; and very probably gave us their lessons with a full

stomach. Thus hunger and thirst, whatever delight they may afford while we are eating and drinking, pass both away from us with the plate and the cup; and though we should imitate the Romans, if indeed they were such dull beasts, which I can scarce believe, to unload the belly like a dung-pot, in order to fill it again with another load, yet would the pleasure be so considerably lessened, that it would scarce repay us the trouble of purchasing it with swallowing a bason of camomile tea. A second haunch of venison, or a second dose of turtle, would hardly allure a city glutton with its smell. Even the celebrated Jew himself, when well filled with Calipash and Calipee, goes contentedly home to tell his money, and expects no more pleasure from his throat, during the next twenty-four hours. Hence I suppose Dr. South took that elegant comparison of the joys of a speculative man to the solemn silence of an Archimedes over a problem, and those of a glutton to the stillness of a sow at her wash. A simile, which, if it became the pulpit at all, could only become it in the afternoon.

Whereas, in those potations which the mind seems to enjoy, rather than the bodily appetite, there is happily no such satiety; but the more a man drinks the more he desires; as if, like Mark Anthony in Dryden, his appetite increased with feeding, and this to such an immoderate degree, *ut nullus sit desiderio aut pudor aut modus.* Hence, as with the gang of Captain Ulysses, ensues so total a transformation, that the man no more continues what he was. Perhaps he ceases for a time to be at all; or, tho' he may retain the same outward form and figure he had before, yet is his nobler part, as we are taught to call it, so changed, that, instead of being the same man, he scarce remembers what he was a few hours before. And this transformation being once obtained, is so easily preserved by the same potations, which induce no satiety, that the captain in vain sends or goes in quest of his crew. They know him no longer; or, if they do, they acknowledge not his power, having indeed as entirely forgotten themselves, as if they had taken a large draught of the river of Lethe.

Nor is the captain always sure of even finding out the place to which Circe hath conveyed them. There are many of those houses in every port-town. Nay, there are some where the sorceress doth not trust only to her drugs; but hath instruments of a different kind to execute her purposes, by whose means the tar is effectually secreted from the knowledge and pursuit of his captain. This would, indeed, be very fatal, was it not for one circumstance; that the sailor is seldom provided with the proper bait for these harpies. However, the contrary sometimes happens, as these harpies will bite at almost any thing, and will snap at a pair of silver buttons or buckles, as surely as at the specie itself. Nay, sometimes they are so voracious, that the very naked hook will go down, and the jolly young sailor is sacrificed for his own sake.

In vain, at such a season as this, would the vows of a pious heathen have prevailed over Neptune, Æolus, or any other marine deity. In vain would the prayers of a Christian captain be attended with the like success. The wind may change, how it pleases, while all hands are on shore; the anchor would remain firm in the ground, and the ship would continue in durance, unless, like other forcible prison-breakers, it forcibly got loose for no good purpose.

Now, as the favour of winds and courts, and such like, is always to be laid hold on at the very first motion, for within twenty-four hours all may be changed again; so in the former case, the loss of a day may be the loss of a voyage: for, tho' it may appear to some persons not well skilled in navigation, who see ships meet and sail by each other, that the wind blows sometimes east and west, north and south, backwards and forwards, at the same instant; yet, certain it is, that the land is so contrived, that even the same wind will not, like the same horse, always bring a man to the end of his journey; but, that the gale which the mariner prayed heartily for yesterday, he may as heartily deprecate to-morrow; while all use and benefit, which would have arisen to him from the westerly wind of to-morrow, may be totally lost and thrown away, by neglecting the offer of the easterly blast which blows to-day.

Hence ensues grief and disreputation to the innocent captain, loss and disappointment to the worthy merchant, and not seldom great prejudice to the trade of a nation, whose manufactures are thus liable to lye unsold in a foreign warehouse, the market being forestall'd by some rival whose sailors are under a better discipline. To guard against these inconveniencies, the prudent captain takes every precaution in his power: he makes the strongest contracts with his crew, and thereby binds them so firmly, that none but the greatest or least of men can break through them with impunity: but for one of these two reasons, which I will not determine, the sailor, like his brother fish the eel, is too slippery to be held, and plunges into his element with perfect impunity.

To speak the plain truth, there is no trusting to any contract with one whom the wise citizens of London call a bad man; for, with such a one, tho' your bond be ever so strong, it will prove in the end good for nothing.

What then is to be done in this case? What, indeed! but to call in the assistance of that tremendous magistrate, the justice of peace, who can, and often doth lay good and bad men in equal durance; and, tho' he seldom cares to stretch his bonds to what is great, never finds any thing too minute for their detention, but will hold the smallest reptile alive so fast in his noose, that he can never get out 'till he is let drop through it.

Why, therefore, upon the breach of those contracts, should not an immediate application be made to the nearest magistrate of this order, who should be empower'd to convey the delinquent, either to ship or to prison, at the election of the captain, to be fettered by the leg in either place.

But, as the case now stands, the condition of this poor captain, without any commission, and of this absolute commander without any power, is much worse than we have hitherto shewn it to be; for notwithstanding all the aforesaid contracts to sail in the good ship the Elizabeth, if the sailor should, for better wages, find it more his interest to go on board the better ship, the Mary, either before their setting out, or on their speedy meeting in some port, he may prefer the latter

without any other danger, than that of "doing what he ought not to have done," contrary to a rule which he is seldom Christian enough to have much at heart, while the captain is generally too good a Christian to punish a man out of revenge only, when he is to be at a considerable expence for so doing. There are many other deficiencies in our laws, relating to maritime affairs, and which would probably have been long since corrected, had we any seamen in the House of Commons. Not that I would insinuate that the legislature wants a supply of many gentlemen in the sea-service: but, as these gentlemen are, by their attendance in the House, unfortunately prevented from ever going to sea, and there learning what they might communicate to their landed brethren, these latter remain as ignorant in that branch of knowledge, as they would be if none but courtiers and fox-hunters had been elected into parliament, without a single fish among them. The following seems to me to be an effect of this kind, and it strikes me the stronger, as I remember the case to have happened, and remember it to have been dispunishable. A captain of a trading vessel, of which he was part-owner, took in a large freight of oats at Liverpool, consign'd to the market at Bear-key: this he carried to a port in Hampshire, and there sold it as his own, and freighting his vessel with wheat for the port of Cadiz in Spain, dropt it at Oporto in his way, and there selling it for his own use, took in a lading of wine, with which he sailed again, and having converted it in the same manner, together with a large sum of money with which he was entrusted, for the benefit of certain merchants, sold the ship and cargo in another port, and then wisely sat down contented with the fortune he had made, and returned to London to enjoy the remainder of his days, with the fruits of his former labours and a good conscience.

The sum he brought home with him, consisted of near six thousand pounds, all in specie, and most of it in that coin which Portugal distributes so liberally over Europe.

He was not yet old enough to be past all sense of pleasure, nor so puff'd up with the pride of his good fortune, as to overlook his old acquaintances the journeymen taylors, from

among whom he had been formerly press'd into the sea-service, and having there laid the foundation of his future success, by his shares in prizes, had afterwards become captain of a trading vessel, in which he purchased an interest, and had soon begun to trade in the honourable manner above-mentioned.

The captain now took up his residence at an alehouse in Drury-lane, where, having all his money by him in a trunk, he spent above five pounds a day among his old friends the gentlemen and ladies of those parts.

The merchant of Liverpool having luckily had notice from a friend, during the blaze of his fortune, did, by the assistance of a justice of peace, without the assistance of the law, recover his whole loss. The captain, however, wisely chose to refund no more; but perceiving with what hasty strides envy was pursuing his fortune, he took speedy means to retire out of her reach, and to enjoy the rest of his wealth in an inglorious obscurity; nor could the same justice overtake him time enough to assist a second merchant, as he had done the first.

This was a very extraordinary case, and the more so, as the ingenious gentleman had steered entirely clear of all crimes in our law.

Now, how it comes about that a robbery so very easy to be committed, and to which there is such immediate temptation always before the eyes of these fellows, should receive the encouragement of impunity, is to be accounted for only from the oversight of the legislature, as that oversight can only be, I think, derived from the reasons I have assigned for it.

But I will dwell no longer on this subject. If what I have here said should seem of sufficient consequence to engage the attention of any man in power, and should thus be the means of applying any remedy, to the most inveterate evils at least, I have obtained my whole desire, and shall have lain so long wind-bound in the ports of this kingdom to some purpose. I would indeed have this work, which, if I should live to finish it, (a matter of no great certainty, if indeed of any great hope to me,) will be probably the last I shall ever undertake,

to produce some better end than the mere diversion of the reader.

Monday. This day our captain went ashore, to dine with a gentleman who lives in these parts, and who so exactly resembles the character given by Homer of Axylus, that the only difference I can trace between them is, the one living by the highway, erected his hospitality chiefly in favour of land travellers; and the other living by the water-side, gratifies his humanity by accommodating the wants of the mariner.

In the evening our commander received a visit from a brother captain, who lay wind-bound in the same harbour. This latter captain was a Swiss. He was then master of a vessel bound to Guinea, and had formerly been a privateering, when our hero was employed in the same laudable service. The honesty and freedom of the Switzer, his vivacity, in which he was in no respect inferior to his near neighbours the French, the aukward and affected politeness, which was likewise of French extraction, mixed with the brutal roughness of the English tar (for he had served under the colours of this nation, and his crew had been of the same) made such an odd variety, such a hotch-potch of character, that I should have been much diverted with him, had not his voice, which was as loud as a speaking trumpet, unfortunately made my head ake. The noise which he conveyed into the ears of his brother captain, who sat on one side of him, the soft addresses, with which, mixed with aukward bows, he saluted the ladies on the other, were so agreeably contrasted, that a man must not only have been void of all taste of humour, and insensible of mirth, but duller than Cibber is represented in the Dunciad, who could be unentertained with him a little while: for, I confess, such entertainments should always be very short, as they are very liable to pall. But he suffered not this to happen at present; for having given us his company a quarter of an hour only, he retired, after many apologies for the shortness of his visit.

Tuesday. The wind being less boisterous than it had hitherto been since our arrival here, several fishing boats, which the tempestuous weather yesterday had prevented from work-

ing, came on board us with fish. This was so fresh, so good in kind, and so very cheap, that we supplied ourselves with great numbers, among which were very large soals at four-pence a pair, and whitings, of almost a preposterous size, at nine-pence a score.

The only fish which bore any price was a john dorée, as it is called. I bought one of at least four pounds weight for as many shillings. It resembles a turbut in shape, but exceeds it in firmness and flavour. The price had the appearance of being considerable, when opposed to the extraordinary cheapness of others of value; but was, in truth, so very reasonable, when estimated by its goodness, that it left me under no other surprize, than how the gentlemen of this country, not greatly eminent for the delicacy of their taste, had discovered the preference of the dorée to all other fish: but I was informed that Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth hath been so justly celebrated, had lately visited Plymouth, and had done those honours to the dorée, which are so justly due to it from that sect of modern philosophers, who with Sir Epicure Mammon, or Sir Epicure Quin, their head, seem more to delight in a fish-pond than in a garden, as the old Epicureans are said to have done.

Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the dorée resides only in those seas; for could any of this company but convey one to the temple of luxury under the Piazza, where Macklin the high priest daily serves up his rich offerings to that goddess, great would be the reward of that fishmonger in blessings poured down upon him from the goddess; as great would his merit be towards the high priest, who could never be thought to over-rate such valuable incense.

And here having mentioned the extreme cheapness of fish in the Devonshire sea, and given some little hint of the extreme dearness with which this commodity is dispensed by those who deal in it in London, I cannot pass on without throwing forth an observation or two, with the same view with which I have scattered my several remarks through this voyage, sufficiently satisfied in having finished my life, as I have probably lost it, in the service of my country, from the

best of motives, tho' it should be attended with the worst of success. Ends are always in our power; means are very seldom so.

Of all the animal foods with which man is furnished, there are none so plenty as fish. A little rivulet, that glides almost unperceived through a vast tract of rich land, will support more hundreds with the flesh of its inhabitants than the meadow will nourish individuals. But if this be true of rivers, it is much truer of the sea shores, which abound with such immense variety of fish, that the curious fisherman, after he hath made his draught, often culls only the daintiest part, and leaves the rest of his prey to perish on the shore.

If this be true, it would appear, I think, that there is nothing which might be had in such abundance, and consequently so cheap, as fish, of which nature seems to have provided such inexhaustible stores with some peculiar design. In the production of terrestrial animals, she proceeds with such slowness, that in the larger kind, a single female seldom produces more than one a year, and this again requires three, four, or five years more to bring it to perfection. And tho' the lesser quadrupeds, those of the wild kind particularly, with the birds, do multiply much faster, yet can none of these bear any proportion with the aquatic animals, of whom every female matrix is furnished with an annual offspring, almost exceeding the power of numbers, and which, in many instances at least, a single year is capable of bringing to some degree of maturity.

What then ought in general to be so plentiful, what so cheap as fish? What then so properly the food of the poor? So in many places they are, and so might they always be in great cities, which are always situated near the sea, or on the conflux of large rivers. How comes it then, to look no farther abroad for instances, that in our city of London the case is so far otherwise, that except that of sprats, there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish.

It is true, indeed, that this taste is generally of such excellent flavour, that it exceeds the power of French cookery to treat the palates of the rich with any thing more exquis-

itely delicate; so that was fish the common food of the poor, it might put them too much upon an equality with their betters, in the great article of eating, in which, at present, in the opinion of some, the great difference in happiness between man and man consists. But this argument I shall treat with the utmost disdain: for if ortolans were as big as bustards, and at the same time as plenty as sparrows, I should hold it yet reasonable to indulge the poor with the dainty, and that for this cause especially, that the rich would soon find a sparrow, if as scarce as an ortolan, to be much the greater, as it would certainly be the rarer dainty of the two.

Vanity or scarcity will be always the favourite of luxury, but honest hunger will be satisfied with plenty. Not to search deeper into the cause of the evil, I shall think it abundantly sufficient to propose the remedies of it. And, first, I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and however it might have been some time ago the opinion of mild and temporizing men, that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect. *Cuncta prius tentanda* might have been formerly urged with some plausibility, but *Cuncta prius tentata* may now be replied: for surely if a few monopolizing fishmongers could defeat that excellent scheme of the Westminster market, to the erecting which so many justices of peace, as well as other wise and learned men, did so vehemently apply themselves, that they might be truly said not only to have laid the whole strength of their heads, but of their shoulders too, to the business, it would be a vain endeavour for any other body of men to attempt to remove so stubborn a nuisance.

If it should be doubted, whether we can bring this case within the letter of any capital law now subsisting? I am ashamed to own it cannot; for surely no crime better deserves such punishment; .but the remedy may, nevertheless, be immediate, and if a law was made the beginning of next sessions, to take place immediately, by which the starving thousands of poor was declared to be felony, without benefit of

clergy, the fishmongers would be hanged before the end of the sessions.

A second method of filling the mouths of the poor, if not with loaves, at least with fishes, is to desire the magistrates to carry into execution one, at least, out of near a hundred acts of parliament, for preserving the small fry of the river of Thames, by which means as few fish would satisfy thousands, as may now be devoured by a small number of individuals. But while a fisherman can break through the strongest meshes of an act of parliament, we may be assured he will learn so to contrive his own meshes, that the smallest fry will not be able to swim through them.

Other methods may, we doubt not, be suggested by those who shall attentively consider the evil here hinted at; but we have dwelt too long on it already, and shall conclude with observing, that it is difficult to affirm, whether the atrocity of the evil itself, the facility of curing it, or the shameful neglect of the cure, be the more scandalous, or more astonishing.

After having, however, gloriously regaled myself with this food, I was washing it down with some good claret, with my wife and her friend in the cabin, when the captain returned from his visit a little elevated with some champaign, which, as it cost his Swiss brother little or nothing, he dispensed at his table more liberally than our hospitable English nobleman put about those bottles, which the ingenious Peter Taylor, teaches a led captain to avoid, by distinguishing by the name of that generous liquor, which all humble companions are taught to postpone to the flavour of Methuen, or honest Port.

However, our commander being, as I observed, in great spirits, we spent the rest of this day with much cheerfulness, the ladies being a little recovered from their sea-sickness.

Wednesday, the 20th. This morning the captain drest himself in scarlet, in order to pay a visit to a Devonshire squire, to whom a captain of a ship is a guest of no ordinary consequence, as he is a stranger and a gentleman who hath seen a

great deal of the world in foreign parts and knows all the news of the times.

The squire, therefore, was to send his boat for the captain; but a most unfortunate accident happened: for, as the wind was extremely rough, and against the hoy, while this was endeavouring to avail itself of great seamanship, in hawling up against the wind, a sudden squall carried off sail and yard; or, at least, so disabled them, that they were no longer of any use, and unable to reach the ship: but the captain, from the deck, saw his hopes of venison disappointed, and was forced either to stay on board his ship, or to hoist forth his own long-boat, which he could not prevail with himself to think of, tho' the smell of the venison had had twenty times its attraction. He did, indeed, love his ship as his wife, and his boats as children, and never willingly trusted the latter, poor things! to the dangers of the seas.

To say truth, notwithstanding the strict rigour with which he preserved the dignity of his station, and the hasty impatience with which he resented any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, he was one of the best natur'd fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness for any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of supererogation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin. He even extended his humanity, if I may so call it, to animals, and even his cats and kittens had large shares in his affections. An instance of which we saw this evening, when the cat, which had shewn it could not be drowned, was found suffocated under a feather-bed in the cabin, upon which occasion he exprest a concern which testified great goodness of heart. Nay, he carried his fondness even to inanimate objects, of which we have above set down a pregnant example, in his demonstration of love and tenderness towards his boats and ship. He spoke of a ship which he had commanded formerly, and which was long since no more, which he had called the Princess of Brazil, as a widower of a deceased wife. This ship, after having followed the honest

business of carrying goods and passengers for hire many years, did at last take to evil courses and turn privateer, in which service, to use his own words, she received many dreadful wounds, which he himself had felt, as if they had been his own.

Thursday. As the wind did not yesterday discover any purpose of shifting, and the water in my belly grew troublesome, and rendered me short-breathed; I began a second time to have apprehensions of wanting the assistance of a trochar, when none was to be found: I therefore concluded to be tapped again, by way of precaution; and accordingly I this morning summoned on board a surgeon from a neighbouring parish, one whom the captain greatly recommended, and who did indeed perform his office with much dexterity. He was, I believe likewise, a man of great judgment and knowledge in the profession; but of this I cannot speak with perfect centainty; for when he was going to open on the dropsy at large, and on the particular degree of the distemper under which I laboured, I was obliged to stop him short, for the wind was changed, and the captain in the utmost hurry to depart; and to desire him, instead of his opinion, to assist me with his execution.

I was now once more delivered from my burthen, which was not indeed so great as I had apprehended, wanting two quarts of what was let out at the last operation.

While the surgeon was drawing away my water, the sailors were drawing up the anchor; both were finished at the same time, we unfurled our sails, and soon passed the Berry-head, which forms the mouth of the bay.

We had not however sailed far, when the wind, which had, tho' with a slow pace, kept us company about six miles, suddenly turned about, and offered to conduct us back again: a favour, which, tho' sorely against the grain, we were obliged to accept.

Nothing remarkable happened this day; for as to the persuasion of the captain, that he was under the spell of witchcraft, I would not repeat it too often, lest any one should imagine, that he had real faith in witches: but the truth was,

his patience, which he had before compared to that of Job, was wore out, tho' indeed he talked of nothing else, and seemed not only to be satisfied in general of his being bewitched, but actually to have fixed, with good certainty, on the person of the witch, whom, if he had lived in the days of Sir Matthew Hale, he would have infallibly indicted, and very possibly have hanged for the detestable sin of witchcraft. But that law, and the whole doctrine that supported it, are now out of fashion; and witches, as a learned divine once chose to express himself, are put down by act of parliament. This witch, in the captain's opinion, was no other than Mrs. Humphrys, of Ryde, who, as he insinuated, out of anger to me, for not spending more money in her house than she could produce any thing to exchange for, or any pretence to charge for, had laid this spell on his ship.

Tho' we were again got near our harbour by three in the afternoon, yet it seemed to require a full hour or more, before we could come to our former place of anchoring, or berth, as the captain called it. On this occasion we exemplified one of the few advantages, which the travellers by water have over the travellers by land. What would the latter often give for the sight of one of those hospitable mansions, where he is assured, *that there is good entertainment for man and horse;* and where both may consequently promise themselves to assuage that hunger which exercise is so sure to raise in a healthy constitution.

At their arrival at this mansion, how much happier is the state of the horse than that of the master? The former is immediately led to his repast, such as it is, and whatever it is, he falls to it with appetite. But the latter is in a much worse situation. His hunger, however violent, is always in some degree delicate, and his food must have some kind of ornament, or as the more usual phrase is, of dressing, to recommend it. Now all dressing requires time; and therefore, tho' perhaps, the sheep might be just killed before you came to the inn, yet in cutting him up, fetching the joint, which the landlord by mistake said he had in the house, from the butcher at two miles distance, and afterwards warming it

a little by the fire, two hours at least must be consumed, while hunger, for want of better food, preys all the time on the vitals of the man.

How different was the case with us? we carried our provision, our kitchen, and our cook with us, and we were at one and the same time travelling on our road, and sitting down to a repast of fish, with which the greatest table in London can scarce at any rate be supplied.

Friday. As we were disappointed of our wind, and obliged to return back the preceding evening, we resolved to extract all the good we could out of our misfortune, and to add considerably to our fresh stores of meat and bread, with which we were very indifferently provided when we hurried away yesterday. By the captain's advice we likewise laid in some stores of butter, which we salted and potted ourselves, for our use at Lisbon, and we had great reason afterwards to thank him for his advice.

In the afternoon, I persuaded my wife, whom it was no easy matter for me to force from my side, to take a walk on shore, whither the gallant captain declared he was ready to attend her. Accordingly, the ladies set out, and left me to enjoy a sweet and comfortable nap after the operation of the preceding day.

Thus we enjoyed our separate pleasures full three hours, when we met again; and my wife gave the foregoing account of the gentleman, whom I have before compared to Axylus, and of his habitation, to both which she had been introduced by the captain, in the stile of an old friend and acquaintance.

Saturday. Early this morning the wind seemed inclined to change in our favour. Our alert captain snatched its very first motion, and got under sail with so very gentle a breeze, that as the tide was against him, he recommended to a fishing-hoy to bring after him a vast salmon, and some other provisions which lay ready for him on shore.

Our anchor was up at six, and before nine in the morning we had doubled the Berry-head, and were arrived off Dartmouth, having gone full three miles in as many hours, in direct opposition to the tide, which only befriended us out

of our harbour; and tho' the wind was, perhaps, our friend, it was so very silent, and exerted itself so little in our favour, that, like some cool partisans, it was difficult to say whether it was with us or against us. The captain, however, declared the former to be the case, during the whole three hours; but at last he perceived his error; or rather, perhaps, this friend, which had hitherto wavered in chusing his side, became now more determined. The captain then suddenly tacked about, and asserting that he was bewitched, submitted to return to the place from whence he came. Now, though I am as free from superstition as any man breathing, and never did believe in witches, notwithstanding all the excellent arguments of my Lord Chief Justice Hale in their favour, and long before they were put down by act of parliament, yet by what power a ship of burthen should sail three miles against both wind and tide, I cannot conceive; unless there was some supernatural interposition in the case; nay, could we admit that the wind stood neuter, the difficulty would still remain. So that we must of necessity conclude, that the ship was either bewinded or bewitched.

The captain, perhaps, had another meaning. He imagined himself, I believe, bewitched, because the wind, instead of persevering in its change in his favour, for change it certainly did that morning, should suddenly return to its favourite station, and blow him back towards the bay. But if this was his opinion, he soon saw cause to alter; for he had not measured half the way back, when the wind again declared in his favour, and so loudly that there was no possibility of being mistaken.

The orders for the second tack were given, and obeyed with much more alacrity, than those had been for the first. We were all of us indeed in high spirits on the occasion; though some of us a little regretted the good things we were likely to leave behind us by the fisherman's neglect: I might give it a worse name, for he faithfully promised to execute the commission, which he had had abundant opportunity to do; but *Nautica fides* deserves as much to be proverbial, as ever *Punica fides* could formerly have done. Nay, when we consider that

the Carthaginians came from the Phenicians, who are supposed to have produced the first mariners, we may probably see the true reason of the adage, and it may open a field of very curious discoveries to the antiquarian.

We were, however, too eager to pursue our voyage, to suffer any thing we left behind us to interrupt our happiness, which indeed many agreeable circumstances conspired to advance. The weather was inexpressibly pleasant, and we were all seated on the deck, when our canvas began to swell with the wind. We had likewise in our view above thirty other sail around us, all in the same situation. Here an observation occurred to me which, perhaps, though extremely obvious, did not offer itself to every individual in our little fleet: when I perceived with what different success we proceeded, under the influence of a superior power, which while we lay almost idle ourselves, pushed us forward on our intended voyage, and compared this with the slow progress which we had made in the morning, of ourselves and without any such assistance, I could not help reflecting how often the greatest abilities lie wind-bound as it were in life; or if they venture out, and attempt to beat the seas, they struggle in vain against wind and tide; and if they have not sufficient prudence to put back, are most probably cast away on the rocks and quicksands, which are every day ready to devour them.

It was now our fortune to set out *melioribus avibus*. The wind freshened so briskly in our poop, that the shore appeared to move from us, as fast as we did from the shore. The captain declared he was sure of a wind, meaning its continuance; but he had disappointed us so often, that he had lost all credit. However, he kept his word a little better now, and we lost sight of our native land, as joyfully, at least, as it is usual to regain it.

Sunday. The next morning, the captain told me he thought himself thirty miles to the westward of Plymouth, and before evening declared that the Lizard point, which is the extremity of Cornwall, bore several leagues to leeward. Nothing remarkable past this day, except the captain's devotion, who, in his own phrase, summoned all hands to prayers,

which were read by a common sailor upon deck, with more devout force and address, than they are commonly read by a country curate, and received with more decency and attention by the sailors than are usually preserved in city congregations. I am, indeed, assured that if any such affected disregard of the solemn office in which they were engaged, as I have seen practised by fine gentlemen and ladies, expressing a kind of apprehension lest they should be suspected of being really in earnest in their devotion, had been shewn here, they would have contracted the contempt of the whole audience. To say the truth, from what I observed in the behaviour of the sailors in this voyage, and on comparing it with what I have formerly seen of them at sea and on shore, I am convinced that on land there is nothing more idle and dissolute; in their own element, there are no persons near the level of their degree, who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities. They are, for much the greater part, perfect masters of their business, and always extremely alert, and ready in executing it, without any regard to fatigue or hazard. The soldiers themselves are not better disciplined, nor more obedient to orders than these whilst aboard; they submit to every difficulty which attends their calling with cheerfulness, and no less virtues than patience and fortitude are exercised by them every day of their lives.

All these good qualities, however, they always leave behind them on shipboard: the sailor out of water is, indeed, as wretched an animal as the fish out of water; for tho' the former hath in common with amphibious animals the bare power of existing on the land, yet if he be kept there any time, he never fails to become a nuisance.

The ship having had a good deal of motion since she was last under sail, our women returned to their sickness, and I to my solitude; having, for twenty-four hours together, scarce opened my lips to a single person. This circumstance of being shut up within the circumference of a few yards, with a score of human creatures, with not one of whom it was possible to converse, was perhaps so rare, as scarce ever to have happened before, nor could it ever happen to one who disliked

it more than myself, or to myself at a season when I wanted more food for my social disposition. To this accident, which fortune opened to me in the Downs, was owing the first serious thought which I ever entertained of enroling myself among the voyage-writers; some of the most amusing pages, if indeed there be any which deserve that name, were possibly the production of the most disagreeable hours which ever haunted the author.

Monday. At noon the captain took an observation, by which it appeared that Ushant bore some leagues northward of us, and that we were just entering the bay of Biscay. We had advanced a very few miles in this bay before we were entirely becalmed; we furl'd our sails, as being of no use to us, while we lay in this most disagreeable situation, more detested by the sailors than the most violent tempest: we were alarmed with the loss of a fine piece of salf beef, which had been hung in the sea to freshen it; this being, it seems, the strange property of salt water. The thief was immediately suspected, and presently afterwards taken by the sailors. He was indeed no other than a huge shark, who, not knowing when he was well off, swallowed another piece of beef, together with a great iron crook on which it was hung, and by which he was dragged into the ship.

I should scarce have mentioned the catching this shark, though so exactly conformable to the rules and practice of voyage-writing, had it not been for a strange circumstance that attended it. This was the recovery of the stolen beef out of the shark's maw, where it lay unchewed and undigested, and whence being conveyed into the pot, the flesh, and the thief that had stolen it, joined together in furnishing variety to the ship's crew.

During this calm we likewise found the mast of a large vessel, which the captain had thought had lain at least three years in the sea. It was stuck all over with a little shell-fish or reptile called a barnacle, and which probably are the prey of the rock-fish, as our captain calls it, asserting that it is the finest fish in the world; for which we are obliged to confide entirely in his taste; for, though he struck the fish with a

kind of harping iron, and wounded him, I am convinced, to death, yet he could not possess himself of his body; but the poor wretch escaped to linger out a few hours, with probably great torments.

In the evening our wind returned, and so briskly, that we ran upwards of twenty leagues before the next day's [*Tuesday's*] Observation, which brought us to lat. 47°. 42′. The captain promised us a very speedy passage through the bay; but he deceived us, or the wind deceived him, for it so slackened at sunset, that it scarce carried us a mile in an hour during the whole succeeding night.

Wednesday. A gale struck up a little after sun-rising, which carried us between three or four knots or miles an hour. We were this day at noon about the middle of the bay of Biscay, when the wind once more deserted us, and we were so entirely becalmed, that we did not advance a mile in many hours. My fresh-water reader will perhaps conceive no unpleasant idea from this calm; but it affected us much more than a storm could have done; for as the irascible passions of men are apt to swell with indignation long after the injury which first raised them is over, so fared it with the sea. It rose mountains high, and lifted our poor ship up and down, backwards and forwards, with so violent an emotion, that there was scarce a man in the ship better able to stand than myself. Every utensil in our cabin rolled up and down, as we should have rolled ourselves, had not our chairs been fast lashed to the floor. In this situation, with our tables likewise fastened by ropes, the captain and myself took our meal with some difficulty, and swallowed a little of our broth, for we spilt much the greater part. The remainder of our dinner being an old lean, tame duck roasted, I regretted but little the loss of, my teeth not being good enough to have chewed it.

Our women, who began to creep out of their holes in the morning, retired again within the cabin to their beds, and were no more heard of this day, in which my whole comfort was to find, by the captain's relation, that the swelling was sometimes much worse; he did, indeed, take this occasion to be more communicative than ever, and informed me of such

misadventures that had befallen him within forty-six years at sea, as might frighten a very bold spirit from undertaking even the shortest voyage. Were these indeed but universally known, our matrons of quality would possibly be deterred from venturing their tender offspring at sea; by which means our navy would lose the honour of many a young commodore, who at twenty-two is better versed in maritime affairs than real seamen are made by experience at sixty.

And this may, perhaps, appear the more extraordinary, as the education of both seems to be pretty much the same; neither of them having had their courage tried by Virgil's description of a storm, in which, inspired as he was, I doubt whether our captain doth not exceed him.

In the evening the wind, which continued in the N.W., again freshened, and that so briskly that cape Finisterre appeared by this day's observation to bear a few miles to the southward. We now indeed sailed, or rather flew, near ten knots an hour; and the captain, in the redundancy of his good humour, declared he would go to church at Lisbon on Sunday next, for that he was sure of a wind; and indeed we all firmly believed him. But the event again contradicted him: for we were again visited by a calm in the evening.

But here, tho' our voyage was retarded, we were entertained with a scene which as no one can behold without going to sea, so no one can form an idea of any thing equal to it on shore. We were seated on the deck, women and all, in the serenest evening that can be imagined. Not a single cloud presented itself to our view, and the sun himself was the only object which engrossed our whole attention. He did indeed set with a majesty which is incapable of description, with which, while the horizon was yet blazing with glory, our eyes were called off to the opposite part to survey the moon, which was then at full, and which in rising presented us with the second object that this world hath offered to our vision. Compared to these the pageantry of theatres, or splendor of courts, are sights almost below the regard of children.

We did not return from the deck till late in the evening:

the weather being inexpressibly pleasant, and so warm, that even my old distemper perceived the alteration of the climate. There was indeed a swell, but nothing comparable to what we had felt before, and it affected us on the deck much less than in the cabin.

Friday. The calm continued till sunrising, when the wind likewise arose; but, unluckily for us, it came from a wrong quarter: it was S. S. E., which is that very wind which Juno would have solicited of Æolus, had Æneas been in our latitude bound for Lisbon.

The captain now put on his most melancholy aspect, and resumed his former opinion, that he was bewitched. He declared, with great solemnity, that this was worse and worse, for that a wind directly in his teeth was worse than no wind at all. Had we pursued the course which the wind persuaded us to take, we had gone directly for Newfoundland, if we had not fallen in with Ireland in our way. Two ways remained to avoid this; one was to put into a port of Galicia; the other, to beat to the westward with as little sail as possible; and this was our captain's election.

As for us, poor passengers, any port would have been welcome to us; especially as not only our fresh provisions, except a great number of old ducks and fowls, but even our bread was come to an end, and nothing but sea biscuit remained, which I could not chew. So that now, for the first time in my life, I saw what it was to want a bit of bread.

The wind, however, was not so unkind as we had apprehended; but having declined with the sun, it changed at the approach of the moon, and became again favourable to us; tho' so gentle, that the next day's observation carried us very little to the southward of cape Finisterre. This evening at six the wind, which had been very quiet all day, rose very high, and continuing in our favour, drove us seven knots an hour.

This day we saw a sail, the only one, as I heard of, we had seen in our whole passage through the bay. I mention this on account of what appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Tho' she was at such a distance that I could only

perceive she was a ship, the sailors discovered she was a snow bound to a port in Galicia.

Sunday. After prayers, which our good captain read on the deck with an audible voice, we found ourselves far advanced in 42°, and the captain declared we should sup off Porte. We had not much wind this day; but, as this was directly in our favour, we made it up with sail, of which we crowded all we had. We went only at the rate of four miles an hour, but with so uneasy a motion, continually rolling from side to side, that I suffered more than I had done in our whole voyage; my bowels being almost twisted out of my belly. However, the day was very serene and bright, and the captain, who was in high spirits, affirmed he had never passed a pleasanter at sea.

The wind continued so brisk that we ran upwards of six knots an hour the whole night.

Monday. In the morning, our cap in concluded that he was got into lat. 40°, and was very little short of the Burlings, as they are called in the charts. We came up with them at five in the afternoon, being the first land we had distinctly seen since we left Devonshire. They consist of abundance of little rocky islands, a little distance from the shore, three of them only shewing themselves above the water.

Here the Portugese maintain a kind of garrison, if we may allow it that name. It consists of malefactors, who are banished hither for a term, for divers small offences. A policy which they may have copied from the Egyptians, as we may read in Diodorus Siculus. That wise people, to prevent the corruption of good manners by evil communication, built a town on the Red Sea, whither they transported a great number of their criminals, having first set an indelible mark on them, to prevent their returning and mixing with the sober part of their citizens.

These rocks lie about fifteen leagues north-west of cape Roxent; or, as it is commonly called, the rock of Lisbon; which we past early the next morning. The wind, indeed, would have carried us thither sooner; but the captain was not in a hurry. This is a very high mountain, situated on the

northern side of the mouth of the river Tajo, which rising above Madrid, in Spain, and soon becoming navigable for small craft, empties itself, after a long course, into the sea, about four leagues below Lisbon.

On the summit of the rock stands a hermitage, which is now in the possession of an Englishman, who was formerly master of a vessel trading to Lisbon; and, having changed his religion and his manners, the latter of which, at least, were none of the best, betook himself to this place, in order to do penance for his sins. He is now very old, and hath inhabited this hermitage for a great number of years, during which he hath received some countenance from the royal family; and particularly from the late queen dowager, whose piety refuses no trouble or expence by which she may make a proselyte; being used to say, that the saving one soul would repay all the endeavours of her life.

Here we waited for the tide, and had the pleasure of surveying the face of the country, the soil of which, at this season, exactly resembles an old brick kiln, or a field where the greensward is pared up and set a-burning or rather a-smoaking, in little heaps, to manure the land. This sight will, perhaps, of all others, make an Englishman proud of and pleased with his own country, which in verdure excels, I believe, every other country. Another deficiency here, is, the want of large trees, nothing above a shrub being here to be discovered in the circumference of many miles.

At this place we took a pilot on board, who, being the first Portugese we spoke to, gave us an instance of that religious observance which is paid by all nations to their laws: for, whereas it is here a capital offence to assist any person in going on shore from a foreign vessel, before it hath been examined, and every person in it viewed by the magistrates of health, as they are called, this worthy pilot, for a very small reward, rowed the Portugese priest to shore at this place, beyond which he did not dare to advance; and, in venturing whither he had given sufficient testimony of love for his native country.

We did not enter the Tajo till noon, when after passing

several old castles, and other buildings, which had greatly the aspect of ruins, we came to the castle of Bellisle, where we had a full prospect of Lisbon, and were indeed within three miles of it.

Here we were saluted with a gun, which was a signal to pass no farther, till we had complied with certain ceremonies, which the laws of this country require to be observed by all ships which arrive in this port. We were obliged then to cast anchor, and expect the arrival of the officers of the customs, without whose passport no ship must proceed farther than this place.

Here likewise we received a visit from one of those magistrates of health before-mentioned. He refused to come on board the ship, till every person in her had been drawn up on deck, and personally viewed by him. This occasioned some delay on my part, as it was not the work of a minute to lift me from the cabin to the deck. The captain thought my particular case might have been excused from this ceremony; and that it would be abundantly sufficient if the magistrate, who was obliged afterwards to visit the cabin, surveyed me there. But this did not satisfy the magistrate's strict regard to his duty. When he was told of my lameness, he called out with a voice of authority, "Let him be brought up," and his orders were presently complied with. He was indeed a person of great dignity, as well as of most exact fidelity in the discharge of his trust. Both which are the more admirable, as his salary is less than £30 English *per annum*.

Before a ship hath been visited by one of those magistrates, no person can lawfully go on board her; nor can any on board depart from her. This I saw exemplified in a remarkable instance. The young lad, whom I have mentioned as one of our passengers, was here met by his father, who, on the first news of the captain's arrival, came from Lisbon to Bellisle in a boat, being eager to embrace a son whom he had not seen for many years. But when he came along-side our ship, neither did the father dare ascend, nor the son descend, as the magistrate of health had not been yet on board.

Some of my readers will, perhaps, admire the great caution

of this policy, so nicely calculated for the preservation of this country from all pestilential distempers. Others will as probably regard it as too exact and formal to be constantly persisted in, in seasons of the utmost safety, as well as in times of danger. I will not decide either way; but will content myself with observing, that I never yet saw or heard of a place where a traveller had so much trouble given him at his landing as here. The only use of which, as all such matters begin and end in form only, is to put it into the power of low and mean fellows to be either rudely officious, or grossly corrupt, as they shall see occasion to prefer the gratification of their pride or of their avarice.

Of this kind, likewise, is that power which is lodged with other officers here, of taking away every grain of snuff, and every leaf of tobacco, brought hither from other countries, tho' only for the temporary use of the person, during his residence here. This is executed with great insolence, and as it is in the hands of the dregs of the people, very scandalously: for, under pretence of searching for tobacco and snuff, they are sure to steal whatever they can find, insomuch that when they came on board, our sailors address'd us in the Covent-Garden language, "Pray, gentlemen and ladies, take care of your swords and watches." Indeed I never yet saw any thing equal to the contempt and hatred which our honest tars every moment express'd for these Portugese officers.

At Bellisle lies buried Catherine of Arragon, widow of Prince Arthur, eldest son of our Henry VII., afterwards married to, and divorced from, Henry VIII. Close by the church where her remains are deposited, is a large convent of Geronymites, one of the most beautiful piles of building in all Portugal.

In the night at twelve, our ship having received previous visits from all the necessary parties, took the advantage of the tide, and having sailed up to Lisbon, cast anchor there, in a calm, and a moonshiny night, which made the passage incredibly pleasant to the women, who remained three hours enjoying it, whilst I was left to the cooler transports of enjoying their pleasures at second-hand; and yet, cooler as

they may be, whoever is totally ignorant of such sensation, is, at the same time, void of all ideas of friendship.

Wednesday. Lisbon, before which we now lay at anchor, is said to be built on the same number of hills with old Rome; but these do not all appear to the water; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising above one another, and that in so steep and almost perpendicular a manner, that they all seem to have but one foundation.

As the houses, convents, churches, &c. are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflection occurred to me, that if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the antient architecture appear to him? and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several æras of these cities?

I had now waited full three hours upon deck, for the return of my man, whom I had sent to bespeak a good dinner (a thing which had been long unknown to me) on shore, and then to bring a Lisbon chaise with him to the sea-shore; but, it seems, the impertinence of the providore was not yet brought to a conclusion. At three o'clock, when I was from emptiness rather faint than hungry, my man returned, and told me, there was a new law lately made, that no passenger should set his foot on shore without a special order from the providore; and that he himself would have been sent to prison for disobeying it, had he not been protected as the servant of the captain. He informed me likewise, that the captain had been very industrious to get this order, but that it was then the providore's hour of sleep, a time when no man, except the king himself, durst disturb him.

To avoid prolixity, tho' in a part of my narrative which may be more agreeable to my reader than it was to me, the



Fielding's Tomb at Lisbon.
From a recent photograph.



providore having at last finished his nap, dispatched this absurd matter of form, and gave me leave to come, or rather to be carried, on shore.

What it was that gave the first hint of this strange law is not easy to guess. Possibly, in the infancy of their defection, and before their government could be well established, they were willing to guard against the bare possibility of surprize, of the success of which bare possibility the Trojan horse will remain for ever on record, as a great and memorable example. Now the Portuguese have no walls to secure them, and a vessel of two or three hundred tons will contain a much larger body of troops than could be concealed in that famous machine, tho' Virgil tells us (somewhat hyperbolically, I believe) that it was as big as a mountain.

About seven in the evening I got into a chaise on shore, and was driven through the nastiest city in the world, tho' at the same time one of the most populous, to a kind of coffee-house, which is very pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, about a mile from the city, and hath a very fine prospect of the river Tajo from Lisbon to the sea.

Here we regaled ourselves with a good supper, for which we were as well charged, as if the bill had been made on the Bath road, between Newbury and London.

And now we could joyfully say,

"Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur aren."

Therefore in the words of Horace,

"——hic finis chartæq; viæq;"



ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

BY AUSTIN DOBSON, LL.D.

PAGE 177, l. 25. "*from the hands of the author.*"—This would appear to be scarcely accurate. See Editor's "Introduction," pp. 170-172.

PAGE 177, l. 32. "*those innocents he hath left behind.*"—Besides Charlotte Cradock's daughter, the Eleanor Harriot referred to at p. 199, l. 19, Fielding left three children by his second wife, the youngest of whom, Allen, was born in April, 1754, not long before he removed to the "little house" at Ealing mentioned at p. 193, l. 24. The others were William, born in 1748, and Sophia, born in 1750.

PAGE 178, l. 5. "*in answer to Lord Bolingbroke.*"—The five 4to volumes of Bolingbroke's works, which provoked many assailants and apologists, were published by David Mallet in March, 1754 (see note to p. 193, l. 4). Fielding's "Comment" must have been begun in the last months of his life. He had made many notes for it from the Fathers, etc., which were preserved by his brother John.

PAGE 180, l. 6. "*doctor Zachary Grey.*"—Grey's "Hudibras" appeared in 1744, in two vols. 8vo, with "a new Set of Cuts" by J. Mynde, based on Hogarth's plates to the edition of 1726. The redundancy of the notes is unquestioned; but the erudition is extraordinary. The book was in Fielding's library, though his name does not appear among the original subscribers.

PAGE 180, l. 10. "*the late Doctor Mead.*"—Dr. Richard Mead died on the 16th of February, 1754. "Of his books," says the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November in that year (xxiv., p. 514), "there were ten thousand volumes, and among them whatever was curious, excellent, or scarce, besides a great number of *Greek, Latin,* and oriental manuscripts." They were sold in November and December, 1754, and in April and May, 1755. The catalogue was issued in August, 1754.

PAGE 181, l. 20. "*Burnet and Addison.*"—The books referred to are Gilbert Burnet's "Travels through Switzerland, Italy, etc.," 1687, and Addison's "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, etc., in the years 1701-2-3," 1705. Both were in Fielding's library.

PAGE 183, l. 34. "*things and facts of so common a kind.*"—The famous "Five Days' Peregrination" of Hogarth and his friends in May, 1732, was described by its authors "as a burlesque on historical writers recording a series of insignificant events entirely uninteresting to the reader." Goldsmith's "Journey to Kentish Town," in the "Citizen of the World" (Letter CXVIII. [CXXII.]). has a like motive; and Fielding's own "Letter from a French Gentleman to his Friend at Paris," contributed to his sister's "Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple," is also intended as a humorous "Imitation of *Horace*, *Addison*, and all Writers of travelling Letters."

PAGE 184, l. 33. "*my lord Anson's.*"—Anson's "Voyage round the World," compiled under his direction by R. Walter, M.A., Chaplain of the "Centurion," was published in May, 1748. "No Voyage," says the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that month, "was ever written with greater dignity of stile, or more regard to truth."

PAGE 185, l. 17. "*one passage in Horace.*"—E.g., *Ridentem dicere verum, Quid vetat?*—HOR., Sat. i. 1. 24.

PAGE 185, l. 28. "*the conduct of authors,*" *etc.*—This is a transparent allusion to the laudatory Preface which, under the character of the Editor, Richardson wrote for "Pamela."

PAGE 185, l. 36. "*the use of the pastry-cook to be the first.*"—Probably Fielding had in mind "Spectator," No. 85: "I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Christmas pie. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious viand, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book."

PAGE 186, l. 11. "*the Rehearsal.*"—*I.e.*, the play of that name by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, 1672. See act ii., sc. 4, where the Gentleman-Usher and Physician effect a change of government by drawing their swords and occupying a couple of chairs.

PAGE 187, l. 2. "*the Duke of Portland's medicine.*"—"This celebrated powder, which obtained its name in consequence of being recommended by a duke of Portland, was long held as a specific in the cure of gout. It is composed of the roots of round birthwort and gentian, and of the tops and leaves of germander, ground pine and centaury, dried and reduced to powder. It appears that this preparation was recommended by Galen ('Gent. Mag.,' xxii., 579), that it was called by Tournefort, the Prince of Mirandola's powder, and that a decoction of one of the ingredients, the germander, was recom-

mended by the Genoese physicians to the Emperor Charles V., as a cure for the gout. A similar preparation in the cure of the same disease is spoken of by Hoffman, from which it is obvious that it was no new discovery."—Watson's "Life of Henry Fielding, Esq.," 1807, p. 128 n.

PAGE 187, l. 4. "*Mr. Ranby.*"—Fielding had referred to Ranby in "Tom Jones," book viii., ch. 13, where the Man of the Hill speaks of a doctor "whose Name...began with an *R*," and who "was Sergeant-Surgeon to the King. He had moreover many good Qualities, and was a very generous, good-natured Man, and ready to do any Service to his Fellow-Creatures." In 1744 he published a "Narrative of the Last Illness of the Earl of Orford." He was well known to Hogarth, who left "A View of Mr. Ranby's House at Chiswick," which Mrs. Hogarth published in 1781; and there is an unconfirmed tradition that he served as the model for the hero of "A Rake's Progress" (Nichols's "Anecdotes," 1781, p. 68*).

PAGE 187, l. 15. "*Mr. Carrington.*"—Probably the person referred to by Walpole in his letter to Lord Hertford of 15th Feb., 1764, giving an account of the debate on General Warrants: "Carrington, the messenger, was alone examined for seven hours. This old man, the cleverest of all ministerial terriers, was pleased with recounting his achievements, yet perfectly guarded and betraying nothing."

PAGE 187, l. 15. "*to attend his Grace.*"—After this, in the later version, comes—"the next morning, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

"His Grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington, the very next morning, with another summons; with which, tho' in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the Duke happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman" etc.

PAGE 187, l. 16. "*Lincoln's-inn-fields.*"—Newcastle House, formerly Powis House, stands at the north-west angle leading into Great Queen Street, Lincoln Inn Fields. It was built about 1686 by Lord Powis, and was purchased by the Duke's uncle, John Holles, Duke of Newcastle. From 1827 to 1879 it was occupied by the Christian Knowledge Society, now located at Northumberland Avenue.

PAGE 188, l. 35. "*I had the satisfaction,*" *etc.*—This is confirmed by a paragraph in the "Public Advertiser" for January 1st, 1754: "A Gentleman at Genoa writes, that the Letters from Corsica are as

full of Housebreakings, Robberies, and Murders, as a London News-Paper *before Mr. F.'s plan was carried into Execution.*" (The italics are the editor's.)

PAGE 190, l. 5. "*my clerk.*"—From Howell's "State Trials," xix., 428, it appears that the clerk's name was Mr. Brogden.

PAGE 190, l. 27. "*my great patron.*"—No doubt John, Duke of Bedford, to whose "princely Benefactions" Fielding refers in the "Dedication" of "Tom Jones," and to whom he had been recommended by his friend and schoolfellow, George Lyttelton.

PAGE 190, l. 36. "*my brother.*"—This was John (afterwards Sir John) Fielding, who succeeded Henry Fielding as a Justice of the Peace for the City and Liberties of Westminster, and had been largely concerned in the "Universal-Register-Office," in which his brother held shares (see also note to p. 45, l. 13). He was the son of General Fielding by his second wife. Although blind he was a vigorous and an energetic magistrate, a fact to which (as the author of "Barnaby Rudge" has not forgotten) the "No Popery" rioters of 1780 rendered emphatic testimony by burning down his Bow Street house. There are many references to him in the periodical and other literature of the day,—*e.g.*, in Churchill's "Ghost" and Goldsmith's "Rhymed Letter to Mrs. Bunbury." He wrote several professional works; and is usually credited in booksellers' catalogues with a "Description of London and Westminster," which he expressly disavowed in the "Public Advertiser" for 6th January, 1777. He was knighted in 1761, and died at Brompton Place in September, 1780. There are two portraits of him by Nathaniel Hone, engraved by McArdell and J. R. Smith respectively, and there is a third by the Rev. M. W. Peters, R.A., engraved by W. Dickinson in November, 1778, in which he is represented in his robes as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the City of Westminster.

PAGE 191, l. 10. "*After this concession.*"—In the modern version the word is "confession."

PAGE 191, l. 32. "*the late excellent judge Burnet.*"—This was Sir Thomas Burnet, third and youngest son of the Bishop of Salisbury. After a youth much after the fashion of Fielding's own, he became an industrious lawyer, and in 1741 was made a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He published in 1724-34 his father's famous "History of His Own Time;" and, among other early political pamphlets, he is credited with the "History of Robert Powel the Puppet-Show-Man," 1715, a squib on Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. He died in January, 1753.

PAGE 192, l. 33. "*Dr. Ward.*"—Dr. Joshua Ward, commonly known, from a blemish on his face, as "Spot" Ward. He figures in Hogarth's "Company of Undertakers," 1736, and is referred to in Pope's—

"Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop."

Fielding also, in "Tom Jones," book viii., ch. 9, likens Interest to "*Ward's* Pill [which] flies at once to the particular Part of the Body on which you desire to operate." He was a quack, but a quack of parts, and often very lucky in his cures. He died in December, 1761, leaving the secret of his medicines to Mr. Page, M.P. for Chichester, who bestowed them on two charitable institutions, which are said to have derived considerable pecuniary benefit from the gift.

PAGE 193 l. 4. "*Mr. Pelham.*"—The Right Honourable Henry Pelham died on the 6th of March, 1754, being the very day, Boswell notes, on which Mallet issued the works of Bolingbroke, or, as Garrick puts it in the Ode he published in the same month:—

"The same sad morn to church and state
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double stroke was giv'n;
Black as the whirlwinds of the north
St. J—n's fell *genius* issu'd forth,
And *Pelham's* fled to heav'n!"

It was to Pelham that Fielding dedicated his "Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor," etc., 1753.

PAGE 193, l. 23. "*a little house of mine in the country.*"—This house, of which the name, Fordhook, is given at p. 41, l. 28, stood on the Uxbridge road nearly opposite the site now occupied by the Ealing Common Station of the Metropolitan District Railway. It has long since given place to, or been elaborated into, a larger building, which still retains the old name.

PAGE 194, l. 20. "*the virtues of tar-water.*"—Bishop Berkeley's "Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning Tar-Water," to which, in the second edition, the additional title of "Siris" was prefixed, appeared in the spring of 1744. What Fielding would have called its physical part, consisted in the exaltation of the mild and benign qualities of tar-water, a beverage affirmed to be so "proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, and to cheer but not inebriate" (this latter property Cowper afterwards claimed for tea), and consequently to be a remedy for all the ills of the flesh. Unhappily it has not sustained this repu-

tation, and now occupies a very modest place in the "Pharmacopœia." The metaphysical part of "Siris" went much farther, rising (in Warton's words) "from matter to spirit, from earth to Heaven."

PAGE 194, l. 22. "*the inimitable author of the Female Quixote.*"—In the modern version the words "and shamefully distress'd" follow "inimitable." The lady referred to was Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, or Lennox, whose novel, entitled at large "The Female Quixote; or, The Adventures of Arabella," had been published in 1752, and reviewed enthusiastically by Fielding in the "Covent Garden Journal" for March 24th in that year. It was to celebrate the publication of an earlier, and in part autobiographical effort, "The Life of Harriot Stuart," 1751, that Johnson organised the "all-night sitting" at the Devil Tavern, with its accompaniments of laurel and apple-pie, of which Hawkins gives so graphic an account ("Life," 2nd ed., 1787, pp. 285-7). Mrs. Lenox was the daughter of Colonel Ramsay, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and coming to England at fifteen, had been early thrown upon literature for a livelihood—a circumstance which probably explains the qualification "shamefully distress'd." But she found patrons and friends. Johnson, who thought very highly of her understanding, helped her frequently with Prefaces, etc. (he wrote the dedication of "The Female Quixote"); Richardson admitted her to his readings at Parsons Green; Goldsmith gave her an Epilogue for the play of "The Sister," which she based upon her tale of "Henrietta," 1758; and in 1761 Reynolds painted a portrait of her, afterwards engraved by Bartolozzi for Harding's "Shakespeare." Her husband, Mr. Lenox, was in the employ of Strahan the printer; and subsequently became a tide-waiter in the Customs. Mrs. Lenox died in 1804, aged eighty-four; and was buried by the Right Honourable George Rose, who had befriended her later years.

PAGE 194, l. 30, "*that tar-water might be useful in the dropsy.*"—In his private communications, if the "Public Advertiser" is to be credited, the Bishop went farther. On Sept. 9th, 1754, when Fielding was sinking at Lisbon, it published a case alleged to have been communicated by Berkeley to a Friend, "a little before his Death." It was of a dropsical soldier who had been cured by drinking two quarts of tar-water daily. The case ends: "The present is but one of several Instances, wherein the Dropsy hath been cured by Tar-Water, which I never knew to fail in any Species of that Malady."

PAGE 196, l. 18. "*Lisbon was presently fixed on.*"—It was a favourite resort of eighteenth-century invalids. Peterborough died on

his way there in 1735; Doddridge was buried there in 1751; and in 1755, Lord Drumlanrig, the son of Prior's "Kitty," only escaped the Earthquake to succumb at home of the shock to his system caused by that calamity.

PAGE 199, l. 17. "*My wife.*"—This was Fielding's second wife, Mary Daniel, to whom he had been married at St. Bene't's, Paul's Wharf, on the 27th November, 1747. She had been his first wife's maid. She died at Canterbury on the 11th of March, 1802. A portrait of her by Francis Cotes, R.A., described by one who saw it as "a very fine drawing of a very ugly woman," was sold not long since at Christie's.

PAGE 199, l. 19. "*My eldest daughter.*"—Eleanor Harriot, his daughter by his first wife, Charlotte Cradock. According to Mr. Keightley, she survived her father, but not for long. See also p. 230, l. 28.

PAGE 200, l. 16. "*Mr. Welch.*"—Saunders Welch, Esq., the father-in-law of Nollekens the sculptor, and the friend of Johnson, of Fielding, and also of Hogarth, who painted a portrait of him which is copied at p. 155 of Samuel Ireland's "Graphic Illustrations," 1794. Welch was the author of an excellent paper on Hogarth's "March to Finchley," contributed to Christopher Smart's "Student," ii., 162. At this date he was High Constable of Holborn; and in March, 1754, had published a useful series of "Observations on the Office of a Constable." He became a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, Surrey, and Buckingham, and (like Fielding) for the City and Liberties of Westminster. He was also a co-proprietor in Sir John Fielding's "Universal-Register-Office." He died in October, 1784, preceding Johnson to the grave by a few weeks, and was buried in the cemetery of St. George's, Bloomsbury. There are many particulars concerning him in Smith's "Nollekens," 1828, i., 121, *et seq.*

PAGE 201, l. 27. "*This morning,*" *etc.*—The later version reads: "This morning the captain, who lay on shore at his own house, paid us a visit in the cabin; and behaved like an angry bashaw, declaring, that had he known we were not to be pleased, he would not have carried us for 500*l.* He added many asseverations that he was a gentleman, and despised money; not forgetting several hints of the presents which had been made him for his cabin, of 20, 30, and 40 guineas, by several gentlemen, over and above the sum for which they had contracted. This behaviour greatly surprised me, as I knew not how to account for it, nothing having happened since we parted from the captain the evening before in perfect good humour;

and all this broke forth on the first moment of his arrival this morning. He did not, however, suffer my amazement to have any long continuance, before he clearly shewed me that all this was meant only as an apology to introduce another procrastination (being the fifth) of his weighing anchor; which was now postponed till Saturday, for such was his will and pleasure.

"Besides the disagreeable situation" etc.

PAGE 202, l. 2. "*that print of his.*"—Hogarth's "Enraged Musician," published in November, 1741. Fielding had a genuine admiration for the great artist to whom we owe his portrait, and often mentions him sympathetically in his works. In "Tom Jones" he refers to "A Harlot's Progress" for the graphic presentments of "Mrs. Partridge" and "Parson Thwackum," and to the prude in "Morning (Four Times of the Day)" for that of "Miss Bridget Allworthy."

PAGE 203, l. 12. "*the young society of antiquarians.*"—The Society of Antiquaries of London received its Charter Nov. 2, 1751. It had existed informally long before.

PAGE 203, l. 21. "*the great encourager of art and science.*"—Perhaps this is a reference to Hogarth, who, when the print of the "March to Finchley" was disapproved by George II., dedicated it in a rage "To His Majesty the King of Prussia, an Encourager of Arts and Sciences."

PAGE 206, l. 34. "*The captain.*"—The later version reads "The particular tyrant."

PAGE 206, l. 36. "*He had been the captain of a privateer.*"—In the later version this passage runs: "He had been the captain of a privateer, which he chose to call being in the king's service, and thence derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat. He likewise wore a sword of no ordinary length by his side, with which he swaggered in his cabin, among the wretches his passengers, whom he had stowed in cupboards on each side. He was a person of a very singular character. He had taken it into his head that he was a gentleman, from those very reasons that proved he was not one; and to shew himself a fine gentleman, by a behaviour which seemed to insinuate he had never seen one. He was, moreover, a man of gallantry; at the age of seventy he had the finicalness of Sir Courtley Nice, with the roughness of Surly; and while he was deaf himself, had a voice capable of deafening all others."

PAGE 207, l. 16. "*Scrub in the play.*"—Scrub, a character which

Goldsmith once expressed a wish to act, is the servant of Squire Sullen in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem." In act iii., sc. 3, he thus describes his multifarious functions: "Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, on Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and a Sunday I draw beer." Scrub's first exponent was Henry Norris, the "little Dickey" who gave rise to so much misconception in the controversy between Addison and Steele.

PAGE 207, l. 24. "*my friend Mr. Hunter.*"—This must have been William Hunter, for at this date John was not yet celebrated. In a letter to the former, written in December, 1778, by Sir John Fielding, he says of his brother, "He was your old and sincere friend," and he begs him to send "all his Pupils, all his Patients, all his Friends" to the "Author's Widow's night" of Fielding's posthumous play of "The Fathers; or, the Good-Natur'd Man," which was produced at Drury Lane on the 30th November, and ran for nine nights.

PAGE 208, l. 2. "*to his word.*"—After this follows in the later version: "when he had no longer any temptation from interest to break it, as he had no longer any hopes of more goods or passengers."

PAGE 208, l. 16. "*his setting out.*"—The later version adds here: "though I had, very patiently, attended the delays of the captain four days, after many solemn promises of weighing anchor every one of the three last."

PAGE 208, l. 25. "*my man.*"—William, the footman, named at p. 135, l. 2.

PAGE 209, l. 2. "*the Royal Anne.*"—The "Royal Anne" was built in 1704, at Woolwich, by William Lee. She was 1,721 tons burden, carried 100 guns, and 780 men. But Fielding must have been mistaken in speaking of her as "the largest ship ever built," as the "Royal Sovereign," built three years earlier by the same William Lee, was 1,882 tons, and carried 110 guns and 850 men.

PAGE 210, l. 2. "*the brave young prince.*"—*I. e.*, the Duke of Cumberland. The battle between the Allies and the French at the village of Val, July 2, 1747, is perhaps better known as that of Lafeldt, or Lauffield. The Duke made a skilful retreat to Maestricht.

PAGE 213, l. 2. "*Sir Courtly Nice declares.*"—He says it to Leonora in act iv. of Crowne's play of 1685, which is christened after him: "Oh! there's nothing so charming as admirable teeth. If a lady fastens upon my heart it must be with her teeth."

PAGE 214, l. 2. "*the Robin Hood society.*"—This was a debating or oratorical club, held every Monday in Essex Street, Strand. It consisted chiefly, says the "Connoisseur" for March 28th, 1754, "of lawyers clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics." The president was a baker, and freethinking was the order of the day. In Nos. 8 and 9 of the "Covent Garden Journal," Fielding had already ridiculed the society, and he made special capital out of the president's calling. But the baker must have been a notable man in his way, for it is said that Burke spoke at the Robin Hood in his youth, not without profit to his powers of eloquence. Derrick of Bath took Goldsmith to one of the meetings. The poet was greatly awed by the president, whom he thought Nature had intended for a Lord Chancellor at least. "No," commented Derrick, facetiously, "only for a Master of the Rolls" (Forster's "Goldsmith," 1871, i., 288). In September, 1754, the Robin Hoodians published a "Vindication" of their proceedings, which was given away *gratis*.

PAGE 214, l. 6. "*a young lady of her sister.*"—These were Margaret and Jane Collier, the daughters of Arthur Collier, the metaphysician. It was Margaret who accompanied Fielding to Lisbon, and she was one of the witnesses to the undated will which he executed at Ealing. She it was, too, who is supposed to have supplied Hogarth with the cut-paper silhouette from which it is alleged that he prepared the frontispiece to this volume (see note in "List of Illustrations" to this volume). In 1755-7 she retired to Ryde, from which place she wrote several letters to Richardson which are printed in vol. ii. of his "Correspondence." In one of these she speaks of having been reported to be "the author of Mr. Fielding's last work, 'The Voyage to Lisbon,'" because "it was so very bad a performance, and fell so far short of his other works" (p. 77). The second sister, Jane (who was dead in Oct., 1755), was author of "The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting," 1753, and part-author, with Fielding's own sister Sarah, of the "dramatic Fable" in three volumes called "The Cry," published by Dodsley in March, 1754.

PAGE 214, l. 16. "*An inkhorn at his buttonhole.*"—This was the badge of the exciseman or custom-house officer. The reader will recall the little vignette in Boswell of Johnson at Thrale's sale: "When the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, *with an inkhorn and pen in his button-hole, like an excise-man;* and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the

potentiality of growing rich, beyond the dreams of avarice'" (Birkbeck Hill's "Boswell," 1887, iv., 87).

PAGE 215, l. 9. "*the whimsical notion of Plato.*"—A long quotation from Plato, made on shipboard, is at first sight rather puzzling. But the edition from which it is derived was included among Fielding's library when sold, so that he must have taken the book, or one of the volumes, with him to Portugal.

PAGE 217, l. 35. "*but unluckily for me.*"—In the later version this continues: "besides a total ignorance of everything in the world but a ship, he had the misfortune of being so deaf, that to make him hear, I will not say understand, my words," etc.

PAGE 218, l. 12. "*what I thought.*"—These words are not in the later version.

PAGE 220, l. 38. "*a great lady's name.*"—In the later version follows: "the wife of the first lord commissioner of the admiralty." The First Lord in 1754 was George, Lord Anson, who had been married in 1748 to Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the Lord High Chancellor, Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke. To Lord Hardwicke Fielding had dedicated the "Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers," etc., 1752; and he pays him a splendid compliment in bk. iv., ch. 6, of "Tom Jones."

PAGE 221, ll. 26 and 28. "*of opinion*" and "*hopes.*"—These in the later version are "sure" and "assurance."

PAGE 222, l. 38. "*Mr. Addison's observation.*"—At the close of No. 117 of "The Tatler," *à propos* of the lines in act iv., sc. 6, of "King Lear." Addison's annotator, the "word-picker" Bishop Hurd, is of opinion that Addison's observation is "a quibble, not much to the credit of the writer,"—a position which he proceeds to justify with all his most arid pedantry.

PAGE 223, l. 23. "*The captain.*"—The later version reads "swaggered," instead of "being unwilling to come to anchor;" and the lines after "island" (p. 223, l. 28) to the end of the paragraph are omitted.

PAGE 223, l. 37. "*the utmost concern.*"—The later version adds, "and many bitter oaths."

PAGE 224, l. 22. "*in which innocent amusement.*"—For "they passed their leisure hours," the later version substitutes "they had passed about two-thirds of their time."

PAGE 224, l. 34. "*Ryde.*"—Ryde, now a flourishing town of 10,000 inhabitants, was at this date no more than what Fielding styles it at p. 229, l. 29, viz., "a village." He adds further (p. 249, l. 24), that

the parish did "not seem to contain above thirty houses." It was not until the close of the century that the advantages of Ryde as a watering-place began to attract attention, and even then its growth was gradual.

PAGE 226, l. 6. "*Ryde was inaccessible.*"—This state of things continued practically until the erection in 1814 of the first part of the pier. In Marryat's "Poor Jack," one of the speakers says: "At that time there was no wooden pier at Ryde as there is now, and when the tide was out, there was such a long flat of mud that there was no landing; so the way it was managed was, the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers, and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground."

PAGE 226, l. 24. "*a bubble.*"—*I. e.*, a dupe. "The players in general were disgusted with the obsolete style of the play [Ralph's 'Astrologer'], and the almost forgotten scheme of hunting for the philosopher's stone in order to cheat *bubbles* of their money" (Davies' "Life of Garrick," 1780, i., 225).

PAGE 227, l. 29. "*Mrs. Humphrys.*"—In the later version: "Mrs. Francis (for that was the name of the good woman of the house);" and "Mrs. Francis" throughout that version she continues to be styled.

PAGE 230, l. 3. "*White's.*"—This was the old chocolate-house of Addison and Steele. At this date it had been turned into a club, one of the earliest rules of which was that every member should pay a guinea per annum "towards having a good Cook." Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann in June, 1751, describes a "late extravagant dinner at White's" as dividing the talk of the town with the two Miss Gunnings. "The bill of fare (he says) is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake."

PAGE 232, l. 3. "*wind.*"—In the eighteenth century the letter "e" was often written like a "d." Hogarth so wrote it, as may be seen by the facsimile of his well-known "Eta Beta PY" invitation to Dr. King. This justifies Fielding's somewhat laboured jesting upon this theme, which, nevertheless, was not his first offence. Already in the "Letter from a French Gentleman," etc., referred to in the note to p. 183, l. 34, he had said, "There is a Liquor sold in this Country which they call Wine, (most of the Inhabitants indeed call it *Wind.*)"

PAGE 234, l. 12. "*The famous Cornaro.*"—The "noble Venetian" (or rather Paduan), Lewis Cornaro, who wrote, at eighty-three, a

volume on temperance, which was translated in 1742 by T. Smith under the title of "A Treatise of the Benefits of a Sober Life." Cornaro was commended by Addison in No. 195 of the "Spectator."

PAGE 234, l. 19. "*Cheney, Arbuthnot.*"—Dr. George Cheyne (d. 1742) wrote an "Essay on Health and Long Life," 1724; Dr. John Arbuthnot (the friend of Pope and Swift) published in 1731 "An Essay concerning the Nature of Aliments," etc.

PAGE 234, l. 21. "*the learned Dr. James's dictionary.*"—This was Dr. Robert James of the "Fever Powder" in which Gray and Goldsmith and Walpole had so much faith. His "Medicinal Dictionary," here referred to, was published 1743-5 in 3 vols. *folio*. It was his best-known work. Johnson, whose schoolfellow he had been at Lichfield, wrote some of the articles, and supplied the Dedication to Dr. Mead, which (as Boswell says) "is conceived with great address, to conciliate the patronage of that very eminent man."

PAGE 234, l. 23. "*kingdom.*"—After this, in the later version, follows: "and the college themselves were not long since very liberally entertained with it, by the present attorney and other eminent lawyers, in Lincoln's-inn hall, and were all made horribly sick by it."

PAGE 235, l. 13. "*none.*"—The later version reads "one."

PAGE 236, l. 1. "*Quin the player.*"—Quin said this of Charles Macklin's "Shylock." There was no love lost between the pair, a circumstance which prompted the following epigram, ascribed to William Hogarth:—

> "Your servant, Sir, says surly *Quin;*
> 'Sir, I am yours, replies *Macklin.*'
> "Why, you're the very *Jew* you play,
> "Your face performs the task well."
> 'And you are *Sir John Brute*, they say,
> 'And an accomplish'd *Maskwell.*'
> Says *Rich*, who heard the sneering elves,
> And knew their horrid hearts,
> "Acting too much your very selves,
> "You overdo your parts."
>
> *Biographical Anecdotes of William Hogarth, etc.*, 1781, p. 47.

PAGE 236, l. 14. "*Mr. Derham observes.*"—The Rev. William Derham, D.D., Prebendary of Windsor and Rector of Upminster in Essex. He was a philosopher and observer of the White of Selborne type (he is often mentioned in White's book); and he contributed

inter alia, a paper of "Observations about Wasps," etc., to No. 382 of the "Philosophical Transactions" for March and April, 1724 (vol. xxxiii., p. 53). But Fielding was probably thinking of the long note on "the *sting* of a *wasp*, or *bee*," which occurs in bk. iv., ch. 14, of Derham's once-famous "Physico-Theology," 1713.

PAGE 237, l. 16. "*with the censure.*"—The later version reads, "with the tacit censure."

PAGE 238, l. 13. "*for the same thing.*"—In the later version follows: "as he doth to the government, for the light which enters through his own window into his own house, from his own estate; such are," etc., an obvious, if injudicious, reference to the window tax.

PAGE 238, l. 21. "*Lucian.*"—Lucian was one of Fielding's favourite authors. Besides referring to him in "Tom Thumb," the "Champion," and elsewhere, he specially invokes him at the beginning of Book xiii. of "Tom Jones"; and in connection with the advertisement of a translation of Lucian's works by himself and the Rev. W. Young ("Parson Adams"), which appeared in the "Covent Garden Journal," he implies that he had followed him as a model. "No Man," he says, "seems so likely to translate an Author well, as he who hath formed his Stile upon that very Author" (No. 52).

PAGE 242, l. 29. "*Sir William Petty in his Political Arithmetic.*"—Petty wrote more than one tract on this subject. But that here referred to by Fielding is the "Political Arithmetick" published in 1691 by the author's eldest son, Lord Shelburne, who says, in his Dedication to the King, that it would have seen the light earlier had not its doctrines offended France. The last chapter is headed "*That the King of England's Subjects have Stock competent and convenient to drive the Trade of the whole commercial World.*" Fielding had this edition in his library.

PAGE 243, l. 24. "*with some officers.*"—The later version adds after "some" the qualification "inferior."

PAGE 244, l. 14. "*understand*" in the later version is "understood."

PAGE 244, l. 33. "*The captain.*"—After "captain," in the later version comes, "who had remained on shore all night."

PAGE 248, l. 19. "*the late Sir Robert Walpole.*"—Fielding's treatment of "one of the best of men and of ministers" had been inconsistent, to say the least. He had dedicated the "Modern Husband" to him in 1732. But in the "Historical Register for the Year 1736" he had satirized him as "Quidam." Here he returns to his first, and probably more genuine, attitude of admiration.

PAGE 251, l. 12. "*his uncle.*"—After this in the later version, the rest of the paragraph is replaced by the following: "He was what is called by some a very pretty fellow; indeed much too pretty a fellow at his years; for he was turned of thirty-four, though his address and conversation would have become him more before he had reached twenty. In his conversation, it is true, there was something military enough, as it consisted chiefly of oaths, and of the great actions and wise sayings of Jack, and Will, and Tom of our regiment, a phrase eternally in his mouth; and he seemed to conclude that it conveyed to all the officers such a degree of public notoriety and importance, that it intitled him, like the head of a profession, or a first minister, to be the subject of conversation among those who had not the least personal acquaintance with him. This did not much surprise me, as I had seen several examples of the same; but the defects in his address, especially to the women, were so great, that they seemed absolutely inconsistent with the behaviour of a pretty fellow, much less of one in a red coat; and yet, besides having been eleven years in the army, he had had, as his uncle informed me, an education in France. This, I own, would have appeared to have been absolutely thrown away, had not his animal spirits, which were likewise thrown away upon him in great abundance, borne the visible stamp of the growth of that country. The character, to which he had an indisputable title, was that of a merry fellow; so very merry was he, that he laughed at everything he said, and always before he spoke. Possibly, indeed, he often laughed at what he did not utter, for every speech begun with a laugh, tho' it did not always end with a jest. There was no great analogy between the characters of the uncle and the nephew, and yet they seem'd entirely to agree in enjoying the honour which the red-coat did to his family. This the uncle expressed with great pleasure in his countenance, and seemed desirous of shewing all present the honour which he had for his nephew, who, on his side, was at some pains to convince us of his concurring in this opinion, and, at the same time, of displaying the contempt he had for the parts, as well as the occupation of his uncle, which he seemed to think reflected some disgrace on himself, who was a member of that profession which makes every man a gentleman. Not that I would be understood to insinuate, that the nephew endeavoured to shake off or disown his uncle, or indeed, to keep him at any distance. On the contrary, he treated him with the utmost familiarity, often calling him Dick, and dear Dick, and old Dick, and frequently beginning an oration with D—n me, Dick.

"All this condescension on the part of the young man, was received with suitable marks of complaisance and obligation by the old one; especially, when it was attended with evidences of the same familiarity with general officers, and other persons of rank; one of whom, in particular, I know to have the pride and insolence of the devil himself, and who, without some strong bias of interest, is no more liable to converse familiarly with a lieutenant, than of being mistaken in his judgment of a fool; which was not, perhaps, so certainly the case of the worthy lieutenant, who, in declaring to us the qualifications which recommended men to his countenance and conversation, as well as what effectually set a bar to all hopes of that honour, exclaimed, 'No, Sir, by the D——, I hate all fools—no, d—n me, excuse me for that. That's a little too much, old Dick. There are two or three officers of our regiment, whom I know to be fools; but d—n me if I am ever seen in their company. If a man hath a fool of a relation, Dick, you know he can't help that, old boy.'

"Such jokes as these the old man not only took in good part, but glibly gulped down the whole narrative of his nephew; nor did he, I am convinced, in the least doubt of our as readily swallowing the same. This made him so charmed with the lieutenant, that it is probable we should have been pestered with him the whole evening, had not the north-wind, dearer to our sea-captain, even than this glory of his family, sprung suddenly up, and called aloud to him to weigh his anchor.

"While this ceremony was performing, the sea-captain ordered out his boat to row the land-captain to shore; not indeed on an uninhabited island, but one which, in this part, looked but little better, not presenting us the view of a single house. Indeed, our old friend, when his boat returned on shore, perhaps being no longer able to stifle his envy of the superiority of his nephew, told us, with a smile, that the young man had a good five mile to walk, before he could be accommodated with a passage to Portsmouth."

PAGE 251, l. 26. "*a brother of mine.*"—This was probably Edmund Fielding, a son of General Fielding by his first wife, and (according to Arthur Murphy) "an officer in the marine service." Lawrence ("Life of Fielding," 1855, p. 3) adds that he "died young."

PAGE 252, l. 8. "*for I must.*"—From this down to "occasions" is omitted in the later version.

PAGE 252, l. 18. "*declared.*"—"Swore" in the later version.

PAGE 252, l. 33. "*and the captain was busy on deck.*"—After this, in the later version, comes: "for he began to grow uneasy, chiefly, I

believe, because he did not well know where he was, and would, I am convinced, have been very glad to have been in Portland-road, eating some sheep's-head broth."

PAGE 253, l. 3. "*one Morrison.*"—The later version adds, "a carpenter, the only fellow that had either common sense or common civility in the ship. Of Morrison he enquired," etc.

PAGE 253, l. 7. "*with which they were made.*"—After this, in the later version, comes, "sufficiently testified the state of the captain's mind; he endeavoured to conceal it, and would," etc.

PAGE 253, l. 15. "*of any man.*"—The later version adds: "I know, to whom they could possibly be so trusted."

PAGE 253, l. 18. "*thou art now enjoying.*"—The later version adds here: "and that I should not live to draw out on paper, that military character which thou didst peruse in the journal of yesterday."

PAGE 253, l. 24. "*the captain.*"—In the later version the rest of the paragraph is varied in arrangement.

PAGE 253, l. 25. "*his night-gown.*"—*I. e.*, his dressing-gown. "A character of this kind generally receives company in his study, in all the pensive formality of slippers, *night-gown*, and easy chair" ("Citizen of the World," Letter CI. [CIV.]).

PAGE 253, l. 28. "*for a maid.*"—This must have been a common engagement, as Tom Neverout employs it to the brilliant Miss Notable in Swift's "Polite Conversation," 1738, p. 97.

PAGE 255, l. 14. "*as hath been before noticed.*"—The later version substitutes, "so he phrased it."

PAGE 257, l. 14. "*Dr. South.*"—The passage referred to is as follows: "How short of this [*i. e.*, the pleasures of religious contemplation or the 'speculation of divine things'] are the Delights of the *Epicure*? How vastly disproportionate are the Pleasures of the *eating* and the *thinking* Man? Indeed, as different as the Silence of an Archimedes in the Study of a *Problem* and the Stillness of a Sow at her Wash."—Sermon on "The Ways of Wisdom are Ways of Pleasantness" (*Proverbs* iii. 17), preached before the Court at Christ Church Chapel.

PAGE 257, l. 23. "*Mark Anthony in Dryden.*"—"As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on," is, of course, from "Hamlet" (act i., sc. 2). But Fielding was probably thinking of Antony's splendid passage in Dryden's "All for Love" (act iii., sc. 1) beginning:—

> "There's no satiety of love in thee;
> Enjoyed, thou still art new," etc.

PAGE 262, l. 5. "*Axylus.*"—Axylus is one of those personages who —as Addison says in the 26th "Spectator"—are "celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head." He is mentioned by Homer but once ("Iliad," bk. vi.), when he is killed by Diomed; and his "character," in Pope's rendering, is as follows:—

> "Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
> Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
> In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
> He held his seat! a friend to human race.
> Fast by the road, his ever-open door
> Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor."

PAGE 262, l. 11. "*captain.*"—The later version substitutes "bashaw."

PAGE 262, l. 24. "*ears.*"—"Deaf ears" in the later version.

PAGE 262, l. 29. "*duller than Cibber.*"—Fielding's antipathy to Colley Cibber was inveterate, but obscure in its origin. Probably it is to be referred to some early misunderstanding in the days of their respective relations as author and manager. But to the last, as this passage testifies, Fielding lost no opportunity of ridiculing the actor, who in his famous "Apology" describes his assailant as "a broken Wit," but does not mention him by name, upon the ground that it could do him no good.

PAGE 263, l. 16. "*Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth.*"—James Quin was a confirmed and impenitent *bon vivant*. Once, it is recorded, he was dining with the Duchess of Marlborough, who openly avowed her distaste for venison fat. After incredulously assuring himself that she was really in earnest, Quin's delighted *gourmandise* found vent in an uncontrollable—"I like to dine with such Fools!"

PAGE 263, l. 26. "*Macklin the high priest.*"—This is a reference to Macklin's famous 3*s.* ordinary, opened in March, 1754, in the Grand Piazza, Covent Garden, "next door to the playhouse," an experiment to provide good fare at a cheap rate which in the following year landed its projector in the Gazette.

PAGE 264, l. 2. "*Ends,*" *etc.*—Corrected in the later version to "Means are always in our power; ends are very seldom so."

PAGE 265, l. 25. "*the Westminster market.*"—An Act (22 Geo. II., c. 49), provided for this, and "for preventing the forestalling and monopolizing of Fish," as far back as June, 1749. But although it had a legal, it never had any actual, existence; and in 1790 the trustees were relieved of their trust, and the funds transferred to

the Marine Society (Fryer's "Relations of the State with Fisherman and Fisheries," etc., 1884, pp. 27, 28).

PAGE 266, l. 22. "*in the cabin.*"—For the remainder of this paragraph, and the next, is substituted, in the later version, the following: "when the captain's valet de chambre, head cook, house and ship steward, footman in livery and out on't, secretary and fore-mast-man, all burst into the cabin at once, being indeed all but one person, and without saying, by your leave, began to pack half a hogshead of small beer in bottles, the necessary consequence of which must have been, either a total stop to conversation at that chearful season, when it is most agreeable, or the admitting that polyonymous officer aforesaid to the participation of it. I desired him, therefore, to delay his purpose a little longer, but he refused to grant my request; nor was he prevailed on to quit the room till he was threatened with having one bottle to pack more than his number, which then happened to stand empty within my reach.

"With these menaces he retired at last, but not without muttering some menaces on his side, and which, to our great terror, he failed not to put into immediate execution.

"Our captain was gone to dinner this day with his Swiss brother; and tho' he was a very sober man, was a little elevated with some champagne, which, as it cost the Swiss little or nothing, he dispensed at his table more liberally than our hospitable English noblemen put about those bottles, which the ingenious Peter Taylor teaches a led captain to avoid by distinguishing by the name of that generous liquor, which all humble companions are taught to postpone to the flavour of methuen or honest port.

"While our two captains were thus regaling themselves, and celebrating their own heroic exploits, with all the inspiration which the liquor, at least, of wit could afford them, the polyonymous officer arrived, and being saluted by the name of honest Tom, was ordered to sit down and take his glass before he delivered his message; for every sailor is by turns his captain's mate over a can, except only that captain bashaw who presides in a man of war, and who upon earth has not other mate, unless it be another of the same bashaws.

"Tom had no sooner swallowed his draught, than he hastily began his narrative, and faithfully related what had happened on board our ship; we say faithfully, tho' from what happened it may be suspected that Tom chose to add, perhaps, only five or six immaterial circumstances, as is always, I believe, the case, and may possibly

have been done by me in relating this very story, tho' it happened not many hours ago.

"No sooner was the captain informed of the interruption which had been given to his officer, and indeed to his orders, for he thought no time so convenient as that of his absence for causing any confusion in the cabin, that he leapt with such haste from his chair, that he had like to have broke his sword, with which he always begirt himself when he walked out of his ship, and sometimes when he walked about in it, at the same time grasping eagerly that other implement called a cockade, which modern soldiers wear on their helmets, with the same view as the antients did their crests, to terrify the enemy; he muttered something, but so inarticulately, that the word *damn* was only intelligible; he then hastily took leave of the Swiss captain, who was too well bred to press his stay on such an occasion, and leapt first from the ship to his boat, and then from his boat to his own ship, with as much fierceness in his looks as he had ever express'd on boarding his defenceless prey, in the honourable calling of a privateer.

"Having regained the middle-deck he paused a moment, while Tom and others loaded themselves with bottles, and then descending into the cabin exclaimed with a thundering voice, D—n me, why arn't the bottles stoed in, according to my orders?

"I answered him very mildly, that I had prevented his man from doing it, as it was at an inconvenient time to me, and as in his absence, at least, I esteemed the cabin to be my own. 'Your cabin,' repeated he many times, 'no, d— me, 'tis my cabin. Your cabin! D— me! I have brought my hogs to a fair market. I suppose, indeed, you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will command it, d—n me! I will shew the world I am the commander, and nobody but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds? I wish I had not seen you nor your thirty pounds aboard of her.' He then repeated the words thirty pounds often, with great disdain and with a contempt which, I own, the sum did not seem to deserve in my eye, either in itself, or on the present occasion; being, indeed, paid for the freight of —— weight of human flesh, which is above 50 per cent. dearer than the freight of any other luggage, whilst in reality it takes up less room, in fact no room at all.

"In truth the sum was paid for nothing more, than for a liberty to six persons, (two of them servants) to stay on board a ship while she sails from one port to another, every shilling of which comes

clear into the captain's pocket. Ignorant people may perhaps imagine, especially when they are told that the captain is obliged to sustain them, that their diet, at least, is worth something; which may probably be now and then so far the case, as to deduct a tenth part from the neat profits on this account; but it was otherwise at present: for when I had contracted with the captain at a price which I by no means thought moderate, I had some content in thinking I should have no more to pay for my voyage; but I was whispered that it was expected that passengers should find themselves in several things; such as tea, wine, and such-like; and particularly that gentlemen should stowe of the latter a much larger quantity than they could use, in order to leave the remainder as a present to the captain, at the end of the voyage; and it was expected, likewise, that gentlemen should put aboard some fresh stores, and the more of such things were put aboard, the welcomer they would be to the captain.

"I was prevailed with by these hints, to follow the advice proposed, and accordingly, besides tea, and a large hamper of wine, with several hams and tongues, I caused a number of live chickens and sheep to be conveyed aboard; in truth, treble the quantity of provision which would have supported the persons I took with me, had the voyage continued three weeks, as it was supposed, with a bare possibility it might.

"Indeed it continued much longer; but, as this was occasioned by our being windbound in our own ports, it was by no means of any ill consequence to the captain, as the additional stores of fish, fresh meat, butter, bread, &c. which I constantly laid in greatly exceeded the consumption, and went some way in maintaining the ship's crew. It is true, I was not obliged to do this; but it seemed to be expected; for the captain did not think himself obliged to do it; and, I can truly say, I soon ceased to expect it of him. He had, I confess, on board, a number of fowls and ducks sufficient for a West-India voyage: all of them, as he often said, 'Very fine birds, and of the largest breed.' This, I believe, was really the fact, and, I can add, that they were all arrived at the full perfection of their size. Nor was there, I am convinced, any want of provisions of a more substantial kind; such as dried beef, pork, and fish; so that the captain seemed ready to perform his contract, and amply provide for his passengers. What I did then was not from necessity, but, perhaps, from a less excusable motive, and was, by no means, chargeable to the account of the captain.

"But let the motive have been what it would, the consequence was

still the same, and this was such, that I am firmly persuaded the whole pitiful 30*l.* came pure and neat into the captain's pocket, and not only so, but attended with the value of 10*l.* more in sundries, into the bargain. I must confess myself therefore at a loss how the epithet *pitiful* came to be annexed to the above sum: for not being a pitiful price for what it was given, I cannot conceive it to be pitiful in itself; nor do I believe it is so thought by the greatest men in the kingdom; none of whom would scruple to search for it in the dirtiest kennel, where they had only a reasonable hope of success.

"How, therefore, such a sum should acquire the idea of pitiful, in the eyes of a master of a ship, seems not easy to be accounted for; since it appears more likely to produce in him ideas of a different kind. Some men, perhaps, are no more sincere in the contempt for it which they express, than others in their contempt of money in general; and I am the rather inclined to this persuasion, as I have seldom heard of either, who have refused or refunded this their despised object. Besides, it is sometimes impossible to believe these professions, as every action of the man's life is a contradiction to it. Who can believe a tradesman, who says he would not tell his name for the profit he gets by the selling such a parcel of goods, when he hath told a thousand lies in order to get it?

"Pitiful, indeed, is often applied to an object, not absolutely, but comparatively with our expectations, or with a greater object: In which sense it is not easy to set any bounds to the use of the word. Thus, a handful of halfpence daily appear pitiful to a porter, and a handful of silver to a drawer. The latter, I am convinc'd, at a polite tavern, will not tell his name (for he will not give you any answer) under the price of gold. And, in this sense, 30*l.* may be accounted pitiful by the lowest mechanic.

"One difficulty only seems to occur, and that is this: How comes it that, if the profits of the meanest arts are so considerable, the possessors of them are not richer than we generally see them? One answer to this shall suffice. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they keep. He who is worth no more than his annual wages or salary, spends the whole; he will be always a beggar, let his income be what it will; and so will be his family when he dies. This we see daily to be the case of ecclesiastics, who, during their lives, are extremely well provided for, only because they desire to maintain the honour of the cloth by living like gentlemen, which would, perhaps, be better maintained by living unlike them.

"But, to return from so long a digression, to which the use of so

improper an epithet gave occasion, and to which the novelty of the subject allured, I will make the reader amends by concisely telling him, that the captain poured forth such a torrent of abuse, that I very hastily, and very foolishly, resolved to quit the ship. I gave immediate orders to summons a hoy to carry me that evening to Dartmouth, without considering any consequence. Those orders I gave in no very low voice; so that those above stairs might possibly conceive there was more than one master in the cabin. In the same tone I likewise threatened the captain with that which, he afterward said, he feared more than any rock or quick sand. Nor can we wonder at this, when we are told he had been twice obliged to bring to, and cast anchor there before, and had neither time escaped without the loss of almost his whole cargo.

"The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man, who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar around him with intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the hoy approaching the vessel, than he ran down again into the cabin, and, his rage being perfectly subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy.

"I did not suffer a brave man and an old man, to remain a moment in this posture; but I immediately forgave him.

"And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my Christianity exact this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving, if they were much wiser than they are; because it was convenient for me so to do."

PAGE 267, l. 29. "*the cabin.*"—After this, in the later version, comes a full stop, and the sentence: "I will not endeavour to describe his lamentations with more prolixity than barely by saying, they were grievous, and seemed to have some mixture of the Irish howl in them."

PAGE 269, l. 5. "*in the days of Sir Matthew Hale.*"—It is the one blot in the career of this able and otherwise blameless Lord Chief Justice, that in 1665, at the Bury St. Edmund's assizes, he condemned two women for witchcraft, in which, during the trial, he declared himself to be a believer. The poor creatures were executed.

PAGE 270, l. 28. "*and acquaintance.*"—After this, in the later version, comes: "though this foundation of intimacy seemed to her to be no deeper laid than in an accidental dinner, eaten many years

this temple of hospitality, when the captain lay wind-
bound in the same bay."

PAGE 5, l. 32. "*my teeth not being good.*"—This is evident from Hogarth's portrait (see frontispiece), which represents Fielding at the age of forty-eight, or in the year of his death.

PAGE 276, l. 28. "*Not a single cloud.*"—A writer in the "Quarterly Review" for December, 1855, says of this passage: "His [Fielding's] versatile emotions answered to every call of pleasure, animal or mental, and wherever he was, he sunned himself in the ray which was shining at the hour, and, fixing all his attention upon the genial influence, enjoyed it in spite of the surrounding shadows."

PAGE 278, l. 1. "*a snow.*"—Snow[s], like the "pinks" and "galleys" [of] common in the eighteenth-c[entury] "Ship News," were formerly much in use. They had two m[asts] and differed from brigs only in having their fore-and-aft main-s[ail] [ad]ded to a try-sail mast.

PAGE 278, l. 4. "*with an audible voice.*"—The later version has: "and with but one mistake, of a lion for Elias, in the second lesson this day."

PAGE 278, l. 38. "*in a hurry.*"—[T]he later version follows: "as he was to lose nothing by his del[ay] [T]uesday. This is," etc.

PAGE 281, l. 32. "*the night.*"—[C]ected to "the evening" in the later version.

PAGE 283, l. 27. "*hic finis chartæq; viæq;*"—Fielding started from Fordhook on Wednesday, June 28th, 1754; he landed at Lisbon on Wednesday, August 14th, being exactly fifty days, both inclusive. He had anticipated that the voyage would occupy three weeks at the most (see p. 305, l. 21). From the notices in contemporary newspapers, the mails from Falmouth to Lisbon, under favourable conditions, took from seven to eight days. Of Fielding's life in Portugal we have no particulars, except that he there wrote the "Preface" (see p. 15 n.), and perhaps the "Introduction," to his "Journal." He died on the 8th of October, and was buried in the English Cemetery.

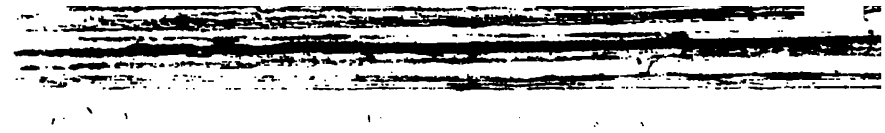
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A

FRAGMENT OF A COMMENT

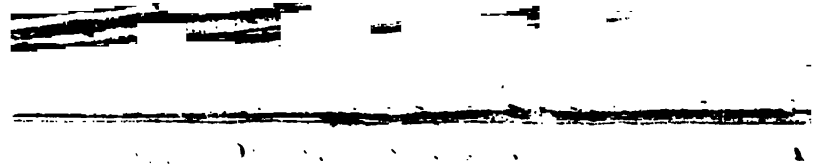
ON

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS





Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.
From a painting by T. Murray.





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A

FRAGMENT OF A COMMENT

ON

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS.

I MUST confess myself to be one of those who brought with me to the perusal of the late published volumes of Lord Bolingbroke, a very high prejudice to the doctrines said to have been established in them; but at the same time can as truly assert, that I had the highest, and strongest prepossession in favour of the abilities of the author. Such, indeed, was this prepossession, that it might, I think, be a sufficient warrant of a man's candour against any prejudice whatever: and it is in the true spirit of this candour, that I declare, upon the perusal, I have found my prepossessions greatly abated, and my prejudices not in the least removed.

Could it therefore be supposed, that all mankind were alike able to try the cause of truth, and to form their judgment on the weight of argument and evidence only, I think there could be no danger in leaving the decision of this matter upon his lordship's own reasoning, without any attempt to answer him. But when we consider how very weak the abilities of mankind in general are, in disquisitions of this nature; how much weaker they are rendered for this purpose by want of due attention; and, lastly, how apt they are to carry any little partiality which they have pre-conceived before the examination of a cause, up to the final decision of it

in their minds, it may possibly be very dangerous to the society to suffer such pernicious doctrines to stand unobjected to, with so great a name at their head. Many, I am convinced, will think the authority of this name alone sufficient to establish their own belief upon, without any farther inquiry at all. Many others will imagine very little inquiry necessary, and, tho' they did not entirely acquiesce in taking his word, will be easily cajoled with his reasons, which, however little they may have of substance, have much of the specious ornaments of wit and language, with all the allurements of novelty both of style and manner; and, finally, with an appearance, at least, of reading, very singular and extensive.

From which last particular may arise a third sort very worthy of receiving some assistance on this occasion; such, I mean, as have not the least inclination to his lordship's doctrines, nor would, indeed, assent to them on the authority of any man breathing, who may yet have wanted leisure or opportunity sufficient to provide themselves with a proper fund of knowledge, to give a ready answer to various assertions which will occur in the works now under consideration, and which, tho' they have the worst of tendencies, have in reality themselves no better support (and not always so good a one) than some very weak and slender hypotheses and are at other times built on the revival of old chimerical principles, which have been confuted and exploded long ago.

Now, to all these different constitutions, we shall endeavour to apply our several antidotes. And here, luckily for us, we are provided with an argument which must most effectually silence those, who are the most difficult of all others to be usually dealt with, in the way of reasoning: such are the persons I mentioned in the first class, who believe from authority only, and who have not yet, with the schools, given up the irresistible argument of, he Himself said it.

The force of this argument, however, even in the days when it flourished most, drew all its strength from a supposition that, if he himself said it, he himself believed it: for, if it could have been proved of Aristotle that he had asserted *pro*

and *con*, and had with the same clearness affirmed in one part of his works the same thing to be, and in another the same thing not to be, none of his scholars would have known which he believed, and all others would, perhaps, have thought that he had no belief at all in, nor indeed any knowledge of the matter.

If, therefore his lordship shall appear to have made use of this duplicity of assertion, and that not in one or two, but in many instances, may we not draw the like conclusions? Luckily, perhaps, for his lordship, we may not be driven to the same absolute degree of uncertainty as must have resulted from the case of Aristotle, as I have put it above; since our noble author himself seems to have left us a kind of clue, which will sufficiently lead to the discovery of his meaning, and will shew us, as often as he is pleased to assert both sides of a contradiction, on which side we are to believe him.

And here I shall premise two cautions; one of which I shall borrow from the rules established among writers; the reasonableness of the other I shall endeavour to evince, from a rule given us by one of the greatest lawyers whom this kingdom ever bred.

The first is, that of interpreting the sense of an author with the utmost candour, so as not to charge him with any gross and invidious meaning, when his words are susceptible of a much more benign and favourable sense.

The second is, the observation formed upon the works of judge Littleton by lord chief justice Coke: this is, that whenever that great lawyer is pleased to put down two opinions directly contradicting each other, that the latter opinion is always the best, and always his own.

To apply these to the present purpose, I first of all recommend to the candour of the reader, that whenever he shall find two assertions directly contrary to each other, (and many such we do promise to produce to him) one of which directly tends to take away all religion whatever, and the other as directly to establish natural religion at least, that he will be so kind, since it is impossible that my lord should have be-

lieved both, to imagine that he rather believed the latter; especially as this latter, from its contradicting the apparent purpose of the author, appears to have been last set down; and, consequently, will have my lord Coke's sanction in favour of the superior authority.

Lastly, if it should ever happen that his lordship's sentiments should be more clearly expressed in favour of the worse than of the better doctrine, we will endeavour all that in us lies to explain and illustrate those hints; by which, we trust, he will always assist a careful and accurate examiner, in rescuing the esoteric purity of his doctrines from that less amiable appearance in which their exoteric garb represents them.

In short, we doubt not but to make it appear as a fact beyond all contest, that his lordship was in jest through the whole work which we have undertaken to examine. If an inflamed zealot should, in his warmth, compare such jesting to his in the Psalmist; or, if a cooler disposition should ask, how it was possible to jest with matters of such importance? I confess I have no defence against the accusation, nor can give any satisfactory answer to the question. To this, indeed, I could say, and it is all that I could say, that my lord Bolingbroke was a great genius, sent into the world for great and astonishing purposes. That the ends, as well as means of action in such personages, are above the comprehension of the vulgar. That his life was one scene of the Wonderful throughout. That, as the temporal happiness, the civil liberties and properties of Europe, were the game of his earliest youth, there could be no sport so adequate to the entertainment of his advanced age, as the eternal and final happiness of all mankind. That this is the noblest conversation of character, and might, if perceived in himself, possibly lead our great genius to see the supreme Being in the light of a dramatic poet, and that part of his works which we inhabit as a drama. "The sensitive inhabitants of our globe," says lord Bolingbroke,[1] "like the *dramatis personæ*, have different characters, and are applied to different purposes of action in

[1] Vol. v., p. 377.

every scene. The several parts of the material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the actors, but for the action: and the whole order and system of the drama would be disordered and spoiled, if any alteration was made in either. The nature of every creature, his manner of being, is adapted to his state here, to the place he is to inhabit, and, as we may say, to the part he is to act." It hath been, I think, too common with poets to aggrandize their profession with such kind of similes, and I have, somewhere in an English dramatic writer, met with one so nearly resembling the above, that his lordship might be almost suspected to have read it likewise; but such conceits are inconsistent with any (even the least) pretence to philosophy. I recollect, indeed, a single instance, in the writings of Jordano Bruno, who was burnt at Rome for heresy, or, if we believe Scioppius, for most horrid blasphemy, the latter end of the 15th century; and who, from a want of a due correspondence between the passive powers of matter, and the active power of God, compares the Supreme Being to a fiddler, who hath skill to play, but cannot for want of a fiddle. This, it must be confessed, is going somewhat farther; as much farther, in reality, as to descend from the stage to the orchestra. This ludicrous treatment of the Being so universally (for half a dozen madmen must not be allowed to strip any opinion of universality) acknowledged to be the cause of all things, whilst it sounds so ill in the grave voice of reason, very well becomes the lips of a droll: for novelty, boldness, and even absurdity, as they all tend to surprize, do often give a poignancy to wit, and serve to enhance a jest. This affords a second reason why we may suspect his lordship was not over serious in the work before us.

3dly, That his lordship never thought proper to revise this performance, is a very strong argument that he could not be in earnest, either in believing himself in his own doctrines, or in endeavouring to imprint such a belief on others. That he did not in fact revise his works is manifest, from the numerous contradictions that occur in them, and these often in the same page; so that, for the most part, they could not escape the dullest and bluntest degree of penetration: surely we

cannot impute such repeated oversights to one who hath so explicitly asserted,[1] That to be liable to contradict yourself, is to be liable to one of the greatest of human imperfections! An author, in the first hurry of setting down his thoughts on a subject which warms him, may possibly, indeed, assert two opinions not perfectly reconcilable with each other; nay, there are some writers from whom we can reasonably expect no less; since, as archbishop Tillotson observes, it is hard to contradict truth and nature, without contradicting one's self. But to expunge such mistakes, is the office of revisal and correction; and, therefore, a work in which these mistakes abound, is very justly called an incorrect performance. As this work therefore doth, more than any which I ever saw, afford us instances of what his lordship calls the greatest human imperfection, charity shews me no more candid way of accounting for them, than this which I have mentioned.

Lastly, the very form and title, under which the noble lord hath thought proper to introduce his philosophy into the world, is a very strong evidence of the justice of all the foregoing observations. We may form, I think, one general precept from the trite story of Archimedes: this is, not to undertake any great work without preconcerting such means as may be adequate to the execution. Now to turn the material world topsy-turvy, is a project scarce more difficult in appearance, than to perform the same notable exploit in the intellectual. And yet Archimedes might as judiciously have fixed his machine in vacuo, as his lordship hath chosen to argue against the best established systems in the intellectual world, in fragments of essays. This method, not to mention the indignity it offers to the subject in dispute, is treating the whole body of the learned with more supercilious disrespect, than nature seems yet to have qualified any member of that body to express towards the rest of his brethren; and which must appear to be wonderful, if serious, in one who expresses so modest an opinion of his own critical talents; tho', as to his modesty, it must indeed be confessed to be somewhat seasoned with a due mixture of contempt.

[1] "Essays," p. 181.

But whatever may lessen the idea of his lordship's modesty, there is oniy one way to lessen that of his absurdity; that is to conclude that he was in jest: nay, there is one way to see this absurdity in an amiable light; for in such a light will he appear, if we suppose that he puts on the jack-pudding's coat, with the noble view of exposing and ridiculing those pernicious tenets which have lately been propagated, with a zeal more difficult to be accounted for, than its success.

That such an attempt of exposing any popular error would always prove victorious, is, I think, extremely probable. My lord Shaftesbury hath been blamed for saying, "That ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition: for that truth, it is supposed, may bear all lights."[1] Perhaps there may be some justice in this censure, as truth may by such a trial be subjected to misrepresentation, and become a more easy prey to the malice of its enemies; a flagrant instance of which we have in the case of Socrates.

But whatever objection there may be against trying truth by ridicule, there can be none, I apprehend, of making use of its assistance in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture, when once fairly convicted, out of society; and as this method is for this purpose very unexceptionable, so is it generally the most efficacious that can be invented, as will appear by some examples which will occur in the course of our comment on his lordship's essays, or fragments of essays, on which we shall now enter without further preface or apology.

SECT. I.

AND here, as a proof that we are as liable to be corrupted by our books as by our companions, I am in danger of setting out with a contradiction. Nay I must yet venture to do this in some degree with my eyes open, and must lay my defence

[1] "Essay on the freedom of wit and humour," part i., sect. 1.

on a distinction rather too nice, and which relies too much on the candour of my reader.

The truth is, our noble author's chief strength lies in that very circumstance which I have before asserted to be of itself alone a sufficient argument of his weakness; whereas on the contrary his manner affords such a protection to his matter, that if he had designed to reserve to himself the sole privilege of answering his own doctrine, he could not have invented a more ingenious or effectual contrivance. It hath been alledged as a good reason for not answering certain books, that one must be obliged first to read them; but surely we shall find few men so very charitable, or so much our friends, to give them order and method with a view only of complimenting them with an answer.

This, however, I attempted, tho' I own with no great success; and that not so much, I apprehend, from want of sufficient matter to make out such colourable systems as may be expected in such a writer, as from a certain dark, cautious, and loose manner of expressing his sentiments, which must arise either from a writer's desire of not being very easily explained, or from an incapacity of making himself very clearly understood. The difficulties arising to the commentator on these fragments, will appear to be assignable only to the former cause: for a very indifferent reader will be seldom at a loss in comprehending his lordship in his own works; but to transfer his doctrines with their authority (i. e. the *ipse dixit* of the author) into another work, is often very difficult, and without long quotations, too apt to tire the reader, impossible. In this light a very fine thought of Mr. Pope's occurs to my memory.

> "Tho' index-learning turns no student pale,
> It holds the eel of science by the tail."

The best way then of proceeding with so slippery a reasoner; the only way, indeed, in which I see any possibility of proceeding with him, is first to lay down some general rules, all of which will hereafter be proved out of his writings, and then pursuing him chapter by chapter, to extract the several

proofs, however scattered and dispersed, which tend to establish both parts of the contradictions, which I shall now set down.

Our noble author sets out in his first section, with a sly insinuation, that it is possible for the gravest of philosophers on the gravest of subjects, to advance propositions in jest. "It is more probable," says Lord B——, "and it is more candid to believe, that this philosopher (Descartes) was in earnest, than that he was in jest, when he advanced this proposition,"[1] *concerning the immutability and eternity of certain mathematical truths.* I will add, that I believe that an idea of such jesting had never any footing in a human head, till it first found admission into that of this noble lord.

In the same section, his lordship proceeds thus: "The antients thought matter eternal, and assumed that the Demuirgus, or divine Architect, composed the frame of the world with materials which were ready prepared, and independently of him, in a confused chaos. Much in the same manner such metaphysicians as the learned Cudworth have imagined a sort of intellectual chaos, a chaos of eternal ideas, of incorporeal essences, independent on God, self-existent, and therefore co-eval with the supreme Being, and therefore anterior to all other natures. In this intellectual chaos God sees, and man must endeavour to see, the natures, the real essences of things: and thus the foundations of morality are laid higher than the existence of any moral agents, before there was any system of being from which the obligations to it could result, or to which they could be applied: just as the same philosophers suppose the incorporeal essences of white and black to have existed when there was no such thing as colour, and those of a square and circle, when there was neither form nor figure."[2]

Here I am afraid the learned peer hath gone no farther for his erudition than the first or second pages of Ovid's Metamorphosis: for could he be recalled from the dead, contrary to his own doctrine, as he hath recalled Descartes, and were

[1] "Essays," page 4. [2] "Essays," page 6.

asked whom he meant by the antients, he could not certainly answer in general, the antient philosophers, for then the whole tribe of atheists would be ready to testify against him. If he should answer, that he meant the antient atheists only, and less he cannot be supposed to mean by those who are well-bred enough to suppose he meant any thing, he will be far from finding even among these an universal concurrence with his opinion. Thales, the chief of the Grecian sages, and who is said to have first turned his thoughts to physiological enquiries, affirmed the independent pre-existence of God from all eternity. The words of Laertius are remarkable, and I will render them with the most literal exactness in my power. He asserted, says Laertius, "That God was the oldest of all beings, for he existed *without a previous cause* EVEN IN THE WAY OF GENERATION; that the world was the most beautiful of all things; for *it was* CREATED BY God, &c." [1] This notion of the creation Aristotle tell us, was agreeable to the concurrent voice of all antiquity; "All," says he, "assert the creation of the world; but they differ in this, that some will have the world susceptible of dissolution, which others deny." [2] On this occasion Aristotle names Empedocles and Heraclitus, but, which is somewhat remarkable, never mentions Thales. The opinion itself is opposed by the Stagyrite; and this opposition he was forced to maintain, or he must have given up the eternity of the world, which he very justly asserts to be inconsistent with any idea of its creation. But we will dismiss the antients from the bar, and see how his lordship will support his arraignment of the moderns. The charge against them is, that they have holden certain ideas, or incorporeal essences to be self existent. Concerning these doctrines his lordship thus harangues in the very same page.[3] Mr. Locke observes, how impossible "it is for us to conceive

[1] Diog. Laert., lib. i., sect. 35, where I submit to the learned reader the construction he will observe I have given to the different import of those terms, *ἀγέννητον* and *πόιημα*; the first of which may be considered as a qualified, the latter as an absolute cause.

[2] Aristot., De cœlo, lib. i., cap. 10.

[3] "Essay," p. 6.

certain relations, habitudes, and connections, visibly included in some of our ideas, to be separable from them even by infinite power. Let us observe, on this occasion, how impossible, or, at least, how extremely difficult it is for us to separate the idea of eternity from certain moral and mathematical truths, as well as from such as are called necessary, and are self-evident on one hand: and, on the other, how impossible it is to conceive that truths should exist before the things to which they are relative; or particular natures and essences, before the system of universal nature, and when there was no being but the superessential Being." [1]

If I had any inclination to cavil, I might, with truth, assert that no such passage is to be found in Mr. Locke. His words are: "In some of our ideas there are certain relations, habitudes, and connections, so visibly included in the nature of the ideas themselves, that we cannot conceive them separable from them by any power whatsoever." It may be answered, perhaps, that the violence is done rather to the expression, than to the meaning of this truly great man; but if I should candidly admit that he seems, from the immediate context, to mean no less (I say, seems to mean: for, whoever will carefully compare what is said in another part of the same book,[2] of the powers of the mind in forming the archetypes of its complex ideas of mixed modes, may possibly think he sees sufficient reason for resolving what is here affirmed of arbitrary (not infinite) power, into the human mind only. I may yet reply, that such a violence even to the expression of such a writer on such a subject, is by no means void of blame, nor even of suspicion, when it is left without a reference to conceal itself in a large folio, where it will not be easily detected by any but those who are pretty familiarly acquainted with the original.

But it is time to close this article, which, I think, seems to establish contradiction the first: for under what other term shall we range the arguing *pro* and *con* in the same breath: for where is the force of the accusation, or, as a lawyer would

[1] "Essay on Human Understanding," l. 4, cap. 3, sect. 29.

[2] Locke's "Essay," l. 2, cap. 31.

call it, the gist of the indictment against poor Cudworth? Is it not (to use my lord's own phrase) "the laying the foundations of morality higher than the existence of any moral agents?" And what says my lord to enforce the charge? Why, truly, he alleges in defence of the accused, that it was impossible for him to have done otherwise, and produces the authority of Mr. Locke to confirm this impossibility.

The generosity of this sudden transition from accuser to advocate would convince all men on which side his lordship had here delivered his real sentiments, was it not somewhat controlled by his having concealed from his readers, that the philosopher a little afterwards, in the same book[1] hath endeavoured to prove, and, I think, actually hath proved, that there is no absurdity in what my lord Bolingbroke objects, provided the doctrine be rightly understood, so as not to establish innate principles. That the actual existence of the subjects of mathematical or moral ideas is not in the least necessary to give us a sufficient evidence of the necessity of those ideas; and that, in the disputes of the mathematician as well as of the moralist, the existence of the subject matter is rarely called in question; nor is it more necessary to their demonstrations and conclusions, than it would be to prove the truth of Tully's Offices, to shew that there was some man who lived up to that idea of perfect goodness, of which Tully hath given us a pattern. There is somewhat very mysterious in all this; but we have not promised to explain contradictions farther than by shewing to which side his lordship's authority seems to incline. And surely it is better to decide in favour of possibility, and to lay the foundations of morality too high, than to give it no foundation at all.

[1] Lib. 4, cap. 9.

Desunt cætera.

END







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